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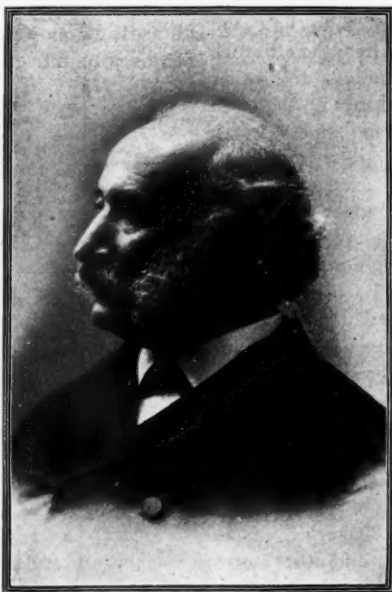
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THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

SAN FRANCISCO is a genuine city, East the feature of San Francisco life which not an overgrown town, like so many impresses him most strongly is the careless- American cities in the West. It has ness of the people in regard to everything distinctive features which make it unique; which the residents of any conservative it is as genuinely cosmopolitan as New eastern city hold most dear. The *laissez-faire* principle York, and being a seaport and the gate of a rich Oriental and South Sea trade it has many elements of the picturesque which even the great eastern metropolis lacks. More than this, it has not outgrown a certain lawlessness and defiance of the conventionalities which it inherited from the California pioneers. These men, who knew no such word as fail, have handed down a legacy of the great virtues and the chief vices of California life, and these traits are mirrored more perfectly in San Francisco than in any the streets with refuse; the encroachment other place in this far western state. of contractors on the sidewalks of main



ADOLPH SUTRO, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps to the observer fresh from the business streets and their seizure of the



G. Y. OKADA, EDITOR OF A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER IN
SAN FRANCISCO.

entire sidewalk and more than half the street in the residence quarter; the nuisance of blind hand-organ grinders and other swindling professional beggars on the chief thoroughfares; badly-paved streets which serve as catchments for dust and sand swept in clouds through even down-town avenues by the strong trade winds every summer afternoon. These are a few of the things which would be promptly remedied in most eastern cities. To them may be added the continental observance of Sunday, which permits German shooting clubs and picnic parties to march through the streets on Sunday evening to the strains of full brass bands, and which countenances the opening on Sunday of most of the theaters, variety halls, and concert gardens and all the saloons and suburban places of resort, as well as groceries, fruit-stands, bakeries, restaurants, and many stationery and other stores.

This continental Sunday is due partly to the large foreign population and partly to the pioneer resentment against any infringement of the largest personal liberty. Both the Latin and the German races are largely represented in San Francisco, and their cus-

tom of making Sunday afternoon an open-air holiday has been imitated by young Americans. Hence, though the city supports as many churches as eastern cities of its size, the congregations are smaller and the religious spirit is not so zealous. No contrast could be greater than that between Sunday in Portland, Ore., and in San Francisco. In the Oregon metropolis church-going is general and the streets in the afternoon are well-nigh deserted. In San Francisco thousands go out to the suburban resorts; the park is filled with fine teams and thousands of wheelmen, and the theaters are crowded with matinee audiences, while in the evening the streets are thronged with promenaders and amusement-seekers.

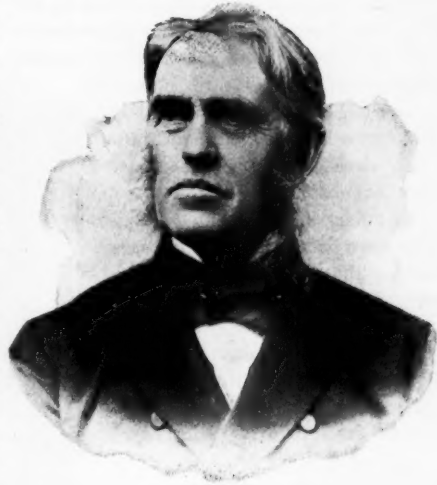
San Francisco sprawls over a sandy peninsula shaped like a clenched fist, with its face to the east and the noble land-locked bay which the navies of the world would not crowd, and with its back to the Pacific Ocean, which rolls in without a break from China, seven thousand miles away. It covers an area of twenty square miles, though much of this is built over in straggling fashion. It



JOSEPH B. DIMOND, ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S EFFICIENT
SUPERVISORS.

has thrice as many hills as Rome boasted of, but over the highest of these the cable cars climb. Seen from the bay at night, the spectacle is superb, as the streets are transformed into parallel lines of twinkling lights that seem to ascend, like Jacob's ladder, to the stars. Justin McCarthy in "Lady Judith" gives the most poetical as well as the most faithful picture of this remarkable sight of San Francisco from the bay. Had the original builders of the city adopted the Italian custom of carrying streets around the hills, with terraced gardens, San Francisco would be the most beautiful city in the world. As it is, many of the streets are merely great unsightly ditches that run in ugly parallel lines up the steep hills and through their summits. From a score of points of vantage one may get superb views of the bay, the harbor with its picturesque islands, the encircling hills, and the Golden Gate, the narrow entrance through which come and go the ships to the Orient.

The growth of San Francisco has been stimulated greatly by the system of cable and electric cars, which is one of the most perfect in this country. The Market Street



HORATIO C. STEBBINS, PASTOR OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

system includes more than three quarters of all the lines. Its roads are mainly cable. All the cars start from the ferry depot at the foot of Market Street, run up this main thoroughfare, and then branch off on various streets. The system has 38 miles of double cable track and 25 miles of electric track, besides 20 miles of steam motor and horse car track. Other cable roads have $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles of track and two electric lines have 31 miles of track. By means of transfers one may ride from the ferry to the ocean beach, nine miles, for a single five-cent fare.

What impresses the visitor to San Francisco most forcibly is the peculiar fondness for the bay window; but this taste seems natural and sensible when he is told that it is due to the necessity of getting all the sunshine that can be secured. Here, as in Italy, between sunshine and shade there is the difference between summer and winter. The San Francisco climate is the greatest climate in the world for continuous work, as the mean temperature is 65 and there is no summer heat. But it is a trying climate for any one with weak lungs or tender throat. The summer is harsher than the winter, as cold trade winds and heavy fogs render the nights chilly and make a grate fire comfortable. September is the finest



A. T. HATCH, ONE OF THE LARGEST CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS.

month in the year as the trade winds do not blow and the days are warm and sunshiny. The vagaries of the climate, the sudden changes of temperature induce equal vagaries in costume, and thus furs may be seen in San Francisco streets in July and straw hats in February.

The city government of San Francisco is about twenty years behind that of any large eastern city, so far as efficiency and checks on fraud and extravagance are concerned. The city is still administered under what is called the Consolidation Act, drafted over thirty years ago. Twice an attempt has been made to secure a charter incorporating the best features of modern municipal government, but each time the effort has failed. At the coming election another attempt will be made to adopt a charter. Meanwhile the city government is carried on as it was twenty years ago. The auditor is the only check on extravagance. There is no board of public works, no centralization of power. The heads of the various departments spend money as they please, taking care only to stop within the prescribed limit and not to arouse the suspicion of the auditor by too flagrant demands.

The city is governed by the mayor and twelve supervisors. As a rule San Francisco has had good mayors, but their influence in the way of honest and economical administration has been nullified by the supervisors. These are chosen, by a vicious method, from each ward instead of from the general body of citizens, and in this way the best quarters of the city have no larger representation than the worst. This system also encourages ward politicians to take up residence in districts where they have no fear of contest. For these reasons most of the boards of supervisors have been intent on personal profit from commissions and

fees—what the practical politician calls a "divvy." Instead of advertising for supplies for the various departments, contracts are



A TYPICAL CHINESE WOMAN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

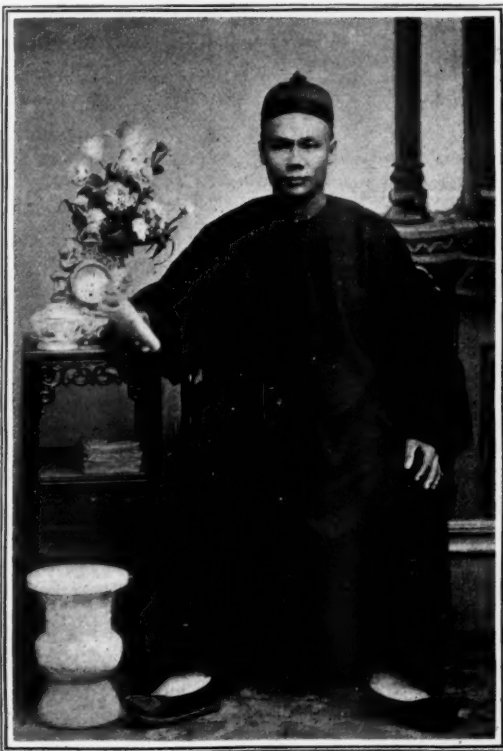
given to business houses that promise the largest "divvy." In this way during the past year it is estimated that the city has been robbed of \$250,000. With a population of 320,000 it cost during the present fiscal year \$6,400,601 to carry on the government. Although the growth in population in ten years has been only 30,000, the expenses of city government have increased over two millions. The estimate in 1885-86 was \$3,895,545. The fire department then found \$327,763 ample for its needs, but this year it used \$753,600 and it wants \$894,705 for next year; the police department then was content with \$511,586; now it uses \$764,650 and wants next year \$788,450; the street department then used \$380,181;

now it spends \$559,000 and it estimates that next year it will need \$1,558,180. The same showing is seen in all the departments.

When it was given out in May that the estimates for the new fiscal year would call for \$2,500,000 in excess of the large appropriation of \$6,400,000 for the year just ended, there was an outburst from long-suffering taxpayers. It was shown that one quarter of the rents of business property on the main streets was absorbed by taxes, with a levy of \$2.35 on the hundred. As the new estimates will demand \$3.50 on the hundred, this extra burden is not to be endured. The main hope of relief is from the new charter, which will be submitted to popular vote in November next. This charter provides for a board of public works which will keep in check the waste in the street department and which will be accountable directly to the mayor. Under the new charter the tax levy would not be in excess of \$1.17 on the hundred dollars—a rate that compares favorably with the tax rate of eastern cities of the same population as San Francisco. The signs of the times indicate that the charter will be adopted. If it be not, then there will be a popular uprising for municipal reform which will be as strong and as effective as the movement which struck down Tweed and crippled for years Tammany's evil power.

Mayor Sutro was elected on a reform platform. He gained a large vote because he had just won a bitter fight against the Southern Pacific Company, forcing it to give one five-cent fare to the ocean beach. He promised that the city should enjoy a business man's government, but he soon found that the officials were too strong for him and that he could make no reforms. Sutro, it seems to me, is an honest man, but he is eccentric and his infirmity of temper makes it easy for his opponents to so bait him in meet-

ings of the city council that his influence is wasted. He is a millionaire, owning hundreds of acres of suburban land, but unlike many rich Californians he has not waited until death came to share his possessions with the public. He has thrown open his fine grounds at Sutro Heights, on a high bluff overlooking the Golden Gate and the ocean, and the place is really a public park more beautiful than any in the city. He has also built near by the finest bathing pavilion in this country, the price of admission to which is merely nominal. He has given a site in the suburbs for the affiliated colleges of the state university, and he proposes to erect on this college quadrangle a fine building for the large library that he will give to the



A TYPICAL CHINESE MERCHANT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

city. It is easy to ridicule Sutro, because he lends himself to caricature, but no other Californian, not even excepting Leland Stan-

ford, has done so much for the people of San Francisco.

The police force of the city, which now numbers 450 men, has proved its efficiency



MRS. SUSAN B. COOPER, PRESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

on many occasions. For twenty-five years the department has been in charge of Chief Crowley, who is acknowledged even by those who do not like him to be an honest official. With him for more than a generation has been associated, as chief of detectives, Captain Lees. These two contrived to suppress the dangerous mob during the anti-Chinese excitement aroused by Denis Kearney's sand-lot appeals, and on other occasions when prompt and decisive measures were needed they have never been found wanting. Probably Captain Lees' finest work was the mass of evidence which he secured against Theodore Durrant, the young criminal who murdered two girls in a church. The police last year made 25,960 arrests, of which half were for drunkenness. The percentage of crime is not high when it is remembered that many fugitives from justice seek San Francisco as a place of refuge and that annually 400 convicts, released from San Quentin prison just across the bay, make the city the scene of their return to crime.

San Francisco, by its position at the gateway of commerce from the Orient, the South Seas, and the Pacific states of Spanish America, is sure to remain one of the great shipping ports of the world. It ranks now as the third commercial city in the United States. Despite many rivals, its trade has increased steadily. This increase will be maintained, but the opening of the Nicaragua Canal would give San Francisco and the whole Pacific coast an enormous impetus. Even now the trip from London to Hong-Kong can be made by way of San Francisco five days quicker than by the unpleasant Suez Canal route, and the return voyage is two days shorter. For thirty years wheat has been the great staple of export to the United Kingdom and South America, and for ten years, since the statistics have been kept accurately, San Francisco's sales of wheat have averaged \$60,000,000 yearly. Besides the large grain fleet for Europe there are two steamship lines to China, one to Australia and Honolulu, besides regular lines to Central and South America and Alaska, and ships for China, Japan,



IRVING M. SCOTT, A LARGE SHIP-BUILDER AND SHIPPING MERCHANT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Asiatic Russia, and the islands of the South Seas. It will astonish any one who has not made a special study of the subject to learn that San Francisco is now the chief

whaling port of the world, sending out an average of 37 vessels annually, several of which spend the winter in the Arctic. It is a curious fact, showing the change in the base of food supplies, that San Francisco to-day actually supplies Boston with her cod-fish and beans.

The business life of San Francisco is directed by the Chamber of Commerce, an organization of leading merchants which has 384 members. The president is W. H. Dimond, a large shipping merchant. It maintains a valuable library and it holds frequent meetings to discuss the needs of the city and state. The chamber has done much to stimulate interest in the Nicaragua Canal and to induce Congress to improve the waterways of California. Its adjunct, the Board of Trade, is mainly useful in settling commercial difficulties.

The city has 28 banks—16 commercial banks with capital of \$77,000,000, 10 savings banks with capital of \$115,000,000 and two national banks with capital of \$11,000,000. The clearings of the San Francisco clearing-house in 1895 were \$692,079,240, a gain of \$33,552,434 over the previous year. The internal revenue collections for 1895 were \$2,067,946 and the customs receipts were \$5,488,897.

San Francisco is the natural distributing point for the greater part of this state and Nevada. Hence it enjoyed the advantage of the enormous production of precious metals on the Comstock lode in Nevada from 1869 to 1876. A stream of gold and silver estimated at \$10,000,000 a month flowed into the city and gave an impetus to mining-stock speculation and real business such as has never been paralleled in this country. Wealth seemed within the reach of every one and the largest enterprises were entered upon with confidence. The crash came in 1878, when the silver mines ceased to produce largely, and though the reaction was severe the city recovered fully in about seven years and once more entered upon a period of rapid growth. The California mines yielded last year in gold \$15,600,000 and in silver \$1,900,000. The greater part of this treasure was handled

by San Francisco. Its manufactures in 1895 amounted to \$88,500,000. Among the most valuable of these were heavy mining machinery which is shipped to Australia and South Africa; refined sugar, of which it handled 400,000,000 pounds; woolen goods, clothing, shoes, cigars, and furniture.

While the trade between San Francisco and the Orient has been large and lucrative, the influence of the Chinese on commercial and social life has been evil. The Chinese were of enormous aid in the rapid building of the Central Pacific Railroad and of the Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to El Paso, but for the last fifteen years their presence in California in large numbers has checked seriously the development of the state. The ease with which gangs of Chinese may be hired for harvest has encouraged the maintenance of great wheat farms that are untenanted during nine months of the year, and the same influence is seen in the tendency to combine thousands of acres of fruit ranches under one manager. Without these Chinese, who camp in tents and cook their own food, it would be impossible to maintain these great ranches and they would be split up and rented or sold to small farmers, thus establishing thrifty settlements with churches and schools where now one may ride for hours without seeing a cabin or any sign of life.

The Chinese makes an ideal factory operative, for once thoroughly trained he will work for eight or ten hours a day as automatically as a machine and as tirelessly. The California argument against the Chinese is not that they work for lower wages than white men but that they spend only a trifling percentage of their wages in this country, and that they rarely settle here for life. By every steamer to China the Chinese laborer sends back the greater part of his monthly earnings to the old country, and he toils on with the hope of ultimate return to the Flowery Kingdom. If he dies, he is assured that his society will see that his bones are safely shipped to his home so that his sons may pay them the

proper rites. If a Chinese settles here permanently the reason is that he is proscribed in his own country and dares not return.

Another ground of objection to the Chinese is his refusal to drop any of his national traits or customs. Chinatown in San Francisco is a bit of the native quarter of Shanghai or Peking in its filth, its squalor, and its absolute disregard of all municipal regulations. Only by constant fines for violation of ordinances can the Chinese be forced to obey the simplest sanitary laws. Their quarter occupies one of the fairest parts of the city and is about seven blocks long by three blocks in width. Many fine old business buildings have been absorbed by the Chinese, who pay absolutely no attention to cleanliness or repairs. Old rags and papers are used to stop broken windows; blinds hang by a single hinge; the entrances of all structures are black with dirt and smoke. The many galleries and balconies, the bright red paint, the lavish gilding, and the many varicolored lanterns make the quarter so picturesque that it is the delight of artists. Its restaurants, its theaters, and its joss houses are well worth a visit, because they give so true a glimpse of Oriental life.

The Japanese have had far less influence on the life and trade of San Francisco than the Chinese, but the signs show that, like the Chinese, they will soon have to be excluded by law, unless California is willing to encourage a great servile class of aliens that regard this country merely as a temporary place of refuge. Into Hawaii the Japanese have swarmed in five years so that now they outnumber all other foreigners. The Japanese in California are willing to work for less wages than the Chinese, but they are far less valuable as farm hands or in any other capacity, since they are slighter in physique and of less stamina and power of application. Even members of the coolie class are uncertain in temper and it requires much patience to deal with them, as they are suspicious and revengeful of imaginary slights. The great majority of the Japanese now in San

Francisco are of the better class—merchants who open small curio and furniture stores and students who gladly accept menial work for the sake of securing tuition in English. These young students are bright scholars, showing unusual ability in mathematics and the natural sciences. They all discard the Japanese dress and they are quick to adopt American food and customs. Most of the Japanese women brought over here are immoral and the fate of these poor creatures is so hard that something should be done to abolish a traffic that is virtual slavery of the worst type.

The population of San Francisco is about 320,000, of which fully one half is foreign. The Americans came from all the states, and as many of them still refer to the East as "home" the close ties uniting Californians to other states may be appreciated. The South and the middle West furnished a very large percentage of the ablest pioneers, though New York and the New England States are well represented. Of Europeans, the British colony is the largest and most influential. Next to these come the Germans, the Italians, and the French. Certain streets in the northern section of the city, called North Beach, are so distinctively foreign that one hears little spoken except French, Italian, or Spanish. In the Chinese quarter are about 25,000 Mongolians.

All these nationalities have their own churches, clubs, social societies, and newspapers. This gives San Francisco more daily journals and weekly periodicals than any city of its size in this country. The two leading American newspapers are as large and as ably conducted as any newspapers in New York or Chicago and they surpass all except two New York journals in the beauty of their illustrations. The city boasts of the oldest pictorial comic weekly in the country.

Religious and charitable work in San Francisco is active, but the tourist or the transient observer sees little sign of it. Of the Protestant denominations, the Methodists lead with twenty churches; the Presbyterians have nineteen, the Congregation-

alists fifteen, the Episcopalians fourteen, the Evangelical twelve, and the Baptists eight. The Roman Catholics are very powerful, having thirty churches, including two large and costly cathedrals. The Hebrews have eight synagogues and the Greek Church is represented by the Russian Cathedral, which contains superb decorations. All these churches maintain social and charitable societies that have a great though quiet influence on the social and moral life of the city. The church congregations are large, but these cut no figure in comparison with the thousands that select Sunday as a day for out-door recreation. The bicycle fad has added to this popular craving for Sunday excursions.

Despite the great fondness of the younger generation for athletic sports, the statistics of libraries show that this is a reading community. The Free Public Library contains 75,000 volumes, and has an average of 17,000 books drawn and 1,200 readers monthly. The Mercantile Library has 70,000 volumes, housed in one of the finest rooms in this country. The Mechanics' Institute has 70,000 volumes, including many rare scientific and technical works. The Ligue National Française has a valuable French library of 17,000 volumes. The Bancroft Library, gathered by H. H. Bancroft to secure material for his history of the Pacific States, numbers 50,000 volumes, and is the finest collection of Californiana in the world.

Socially San Francisco has always betrayed its cosmopolitan character. Society is split up according to nationalities, the British, German, French, Italian, and Hungarian colonies each forming a distinct *coterie* and each comprising many people of wide culture and charming personality. The basis of American society was established by the southern families that came here in pioneer days, and among them and their descendants may be found the most influential social leaders of to-day. It is only necessary to mention the families of Tevis, Gwin, Haggin, McAllister, Hager, Coleman, McMullin, Wallace, and Thornton to show how powerfully these south-

erners, with generations of culture and good breeding behind them, have impressed themselves on the social life of San Francisco. To them is largely due the custom of suburban homes on the English system, with country houses that are the scenes of large parties. The dinner hour is a sure test of the social standing of a city. In San Francisco this has always been after six o'clock, in the European style. Many eastern visitors to San Francisco express surprise at the lack of concert between various *coteries* or sets of society; they declare that much more could be accomplished were acknowledged leaders to be given control. The winter is usually gay with balls and parties and the season lasts longer than in the East because of the lack of hot weather. Theaters and concerts are liberally patronized. In fact theatrical managers declare this to be one of the best "show towns" in the country.

This craving for amusement is seen in all classes. People of slender incomes spend far more on theaters than those of the same class in eastern cities, and they dress more expensively. Even foreigners, immigrants fresh from Europe where they have known nothing but bitter poverty, soon demand all the luxuries of their richer neighbors. It is in such extravagance in dress and food that the earnings of many San Francisco workingmen melt away. The saloons and the race track absorb the lion's share of the remainder. Last year San Francisco had the unenviable distinction of leading all American cities of its population in the number of its saloons. In exact figures there were 6,639 saloons. This year the revenue returns show that they have increased until now they are a trifle over 7,000, or one saloon to every fifty persons, men, women, and children. The liquor license is absurdly low and every corner grocery sells whisky and beer; thus its barroom is the active source of misery among workingmen's families.

Closely allied to the saloon is the pool-room and the lottery agency. It is estimated that the race-track gamblers have drained \$1,500,000 from the community

every month for nearly a year, and most of this was taken from poor people who cannot afford to lose it. Nearly every defalcation that has come to light in recent months may be traced directly to "playing the races." The police have made great efforts to shut up the pool-rooms, but they have been beaten by legal technicalities, and public opinion is not strong enough to demand the closing of these open sources of corruption of the young. Another thing which encourages gambling and drinking among young men is the failure of parents to enforce their authority. Young people of both sexes have more freedom than in most eastern cities, and getting their growth

at thirteen or fourteen years they are peculiarly liable to temptations that result in irreparable injury to character.

Some virtues of San Francisco, however, cover a multitude of faults. These are the genuine Americanism of the city, which has never outgrown pride in all honest work and failure to recognize defeat—the two best legacies of pioneer days,—and that ardent patriotism which was seen in the equipment of several regiments for the Union cause at the outbreak of the Rebellion and the contribution of a royal fund for the Sanitary Commission. With such traits as these, nothing can check the growth and development of San Francisco.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN GERMANY.

BY G. H. DRYER, D.D.

THE greatest change since the battle of Waterloo in the map of Europe has been caused by the founding of the German Empire. In many respects it is the most important adjustment of political power and awakening of national life of the century. This achievement was due to the genius of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and yet they would have been powerless to accomplish this great result but for the character of the king of Prussia and of his family. In any monarchical country the royal house represents the continuity, and to some extent the character, of the national life. This is emphatically the case in Prussia, where the government was an absolute monarchy until the middle of the present century, and where genuine parliamentary life has been in existence only about forty years, and where it is now more limited by the royal power than anywhere else in Europe, except in Russia. The staunchest republican cannot understand German history, or politics, or social life without knowing something of the character and work of the house of Hohenzollern.

The first historic mention of the counts of Zollern, or Hohenzollern, is in 1061, but tradition goes back to the tenth century.

Frederick III., count of Zollern, became count, or *burggraf*, of Nuremberg in 1191 through marriage with its heiress. In 1415 the *burggraf* of Nuremberg, a thrifty and wealthy descendant of the house which had its ancestral castle and estate at Hohenzollern in the Alps, from which it takes its name, through the Emperor Sigismund became elector of Brandenburg, in the center of what is now the kingdom of Prussia.

Things ran on as with most princely families of the time for about one hundred years, the electors showing the family traits of firm government, prudent management, and thrift. Then broke out the great Reformation. The elector Joachim I. was a strong Roman Catholic; he exiled his wife for holding Protestant opinions, but died in 1535. His son, Joachim II., succeeded him and in 1539 became a Protestant. His grandson, John Sigismund (1608-1619), became a Calvinist. Though the population was strongly Lutheran the royal family remained steadfast to the Reformed faith until the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in the German Evangelical Church in Prussia in 1817.

The son of this first Calvinist elector, George William, was the weakest prince of

the dynasty who ever reigned. He and the Lutheran elector of Saxony, John George, who ought to have been leaders of the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War, did almost as much to hinder its success as the arms of the Roman Catholic generals Wallenstein and Tilly. It was reserved for two foreigners, the Swede Gustavus Adolphus and the French cardinal Richelieu, to save it from destruction.

The curse of the cowardice and incapability of these princes rested upon Germany for two hundred years. This worthless prince was succeeded in 1640 by his son Frederick William, the Great Elector. His long reign of nearly fifty years saw his territories, which were depopulated and impoverished by the great war, placed on an excellent economic footing and the army more than sufficient for all purposes of defense. He broke down the representative institutions of the country and was the author of that royal despotic and bureaucratic (state official) administration which prevailed until the middle of the present century. He gave to his dominions, to which East Prussia was added, independence, prosperity, and the respect of their neighbors, placing them in the front rank of German states, next to the head of the empire, Austria. Considering the condition of these lands when he came to the throne and the obstacles to his success, he was one of the greatest rulers ever produced by this ancient house.

In 1700 his son Frederick became the first king of Prussia, and so was raised in title, as by the ability and thrift of his father he had been in power, above his brother electors, the foremost princes of the German Empire. The history of this famous royal house may be grouped around the names and personality of the two most distinguished women who have borne its name, living at the beginning of each of the centuries of its rule.

Sophia Charlotte was the wife of Frederick the first king of Prussia. Her favorite residence was the palace built for her about four miles from the royal *Schloss* in Berlin, in a little village which was called

after her name Charlottenburg. It now has 77,000 inhabitants and is the finest residence part of Berlin. The palace is beautifully situated on the banks of the Spree and is a large, rambling structure built of brick, two stories in height, with a low mansard roof and long ago painted yellow. In a lovely park at the rear of the palace, in a mausoleum which would be anywhere remarkable for the richness of the material, the severity of its style, and the simple dignity of its effect, lie the remains of the Emperor Wilhelm I., who died in 1888, and of his wife Augusta and his father and mother.

Sophia Charlotte had a rich and buoyant nature. She greatly enjoyed her life in the new palace here. Her husband, a small and slightly deformed man, delighted in state and ceremony. She annoyed him often by smiling at the ludicrous at inopportune times, and even by an ill-repressed yawn when the tedious ceremonial was too prolonged. She had a fine and well-cultivated mind, and was the congenial friend and correspondent of Leibnitz, the greatest philosopher of the age. In 1705, after a wedded life of about twenty years and at the age of thirty-seven, very suddenly an apparently slight illness took a fatal turn. With death so unexpectedly at hand she never for a moment lost her composure. When it was suggested that she should send for some clergymen she said, "No, I know what they will say. I have said it all to myself many times." Speaking of her husband she said, "He will have the opportunity for a great ceremonial, which he loves, at my funeral." So passed away a high and philosophic spirit. Leibnitz sincerely mourned her departure, and spoke of her knowing now the things concerning which they had held high converse. Well would it have been for her son, whose faults she discerned and tried to correct, if she could have lived a few years longer. Her rare and radiant presence seems even now to give character to the beautiful park where she walked and thought, and to the low, roomy, and thoroughly homelike palace where she lived. Her son, grandson, and

great-grandson ruled Prussia from her husband's death until the end of the century, from 1713 to 1797.

Frederick William, her son (1713-1740), laid the foundations of Prussian greatness as a royal power. He was a rude, uncultivated boor in nature and education, coarse and gross in his tastes, a selfish and cruel tyrant in his home, but he gave himself to the welfare of the Prussian state. His father had been the only prodigal prince of the Hohenzollern line. The son kept three points steadily in view: the improvement of the revenues and the severest economy in administration and expenditures; the drilling and perfection of his army until it should surpass any other in Europe; a drill equally severe and minute for the civil servants of the state, that in ability, integrity, and responsibility they should be as unexcelled as his troops. He formed the modern Prussian state official—the most diligent, faithful, and economical public servant in Europe.

His son, Frederick II., the Great (1740-1786), was the ablest general of his time, the friend of Voltaire, and the greatest of the Prussian kings. Truth compels me to add that he was cynical, irreligious, and morally unscrupulous beyond any ruler of his time—and a bad time it was for honor and truth among princes. Like his father he gave his life to the welfare and greatness of his kingdom. His disregard of morality in taking Silesia at the beginning of his reign brought on the Seven Years' War (1756-1763), which destroyed every ninth man of the population and left the country impoverished and in debt. But he kept what he took and left his kingdom to his nephew larger by Silesia, taken from Austria, and a slice of the kingdom of Poland.

He reigned for twenty-three years after the war, gave the kingdom a flourishing economic position, and enjoyed a great reputation as the wisest and ablest monarch of his time. During the life of his father he was married as a matter of state convenience, but never lived with his wife, and had no child to succeed him. He saw his wife once in several years. Carlyle tells us

that on the last occasion, some years before his death, he took dinner with her. On his arrival he greeted her, during the two hours' stay he conversed with the servants, and only addressed her again when he departed. Great in ability and in devotion to the state he certainly was, but in heart and moral nature a fit exponent of the godless philosophy which he professed. He gave greatness to the Prussian power and name and hence is almost adored by her people and historians. In the Monbijou palace are preserved his flutes, which he loved to play, his uniforms, his furniture, his clothing, even to the shirt he wore when he died, and the stuffed figure of his favorite horse. This most famous of Prussian rulers was a small man, his weight not exceeding 120 or 130 pounds. But so have been the great generals Alexander, Napoleon, and Von Moltke. The highest executive ability does not seem to require a large frame.

His successor, Frederick William II. (1786-1797), was perhaps the most stupid, as he was the most profligate, of the Hohenzollern kings. He was in size the largest of the Prussian kings. His reign began a policy without honor or principle, which culminated in the disastrous overthrow at Jena and the seven subsequent years of subjection to Napoleon. The gains of his reign in territory from the partition of Poland, including West Prussia and Posen, did not compensate for the moral decay which left Prussia defenseless in her hour of trial.

From such rulers it is a relief to turn to the second great woman of the Hohenzollern house. Queen Louise was born March 10, 1776. In her eighteenth year, on December 24, 1793, she married the crown prince of Prussia, who on the death of his father became Frederick William III. (1797-1840). Queen Louise was a woman of rare beauty, and of a gracious presence and manners which charmed and attached her friends to her. She is now as near the patron saint of Prussia as is becoming a Protestant kingdom. She had seven children. Her oldest son became Frederick William IV., the second son Emperor Wilhelm I., and a daugh-

ter, Alexandra Feodorovna, the czarina of Russia through marriage with Nicholas I. (1825-1855). Her grandson was the Emperor Frederick III., whose untimely death Germany will long mourn. Her great-grandson is Wilhelm II., the present emperor of Germany. Queen Louise was the stay of her husband during the evil years that followed Jena, but she did not live to see the deliverance which came in 1813. In 1810, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, the cruel disease cancer, which smote her grandson, Frederick III., struck her down.

At the old palace of Monbijou they preserve the playthings, embroidery frame, the furniture, including the cradle and bed, of Queen Louise. On the walls are portraits taken at different periods of her life, and a touching group of her children's portraits taken in childhood. In all the stores are photogravures and reprints of famous pictures of her. In the Thiergarten is a life-size statue which was dedicated in the last years of his reign by her son, the Emperor Wilhelm I., then ninety years of age, who to the day of his death almost adored her memory. On the tenth of March, the anniversary of her birth, this statue is surrounded with flowering shrubs and plants. But the most beautiful representation of her and the one which most justifies contemporary accounts of her beauty is the recumbent statue which rests above her grave at Charlottenburg. In the park Sophia Charlotte loved so well lies all that is mortal of Queen Louise. There the marble form shows how death outstripped age and, though he took her life, left her beauty untouched; it not only preserves the beauty of the true-hearted and gracious queen but made the fame of the sculptor Rauch.

Her husband lived on twenty years to mourn her loss. Stolid, unbending, and with narrow perceptions, Frederick William III. fell into the bad politics of the rulers of the times after the overthrow of Napoleon and tried to force Prussia back into the eighteenth century instead of advancing in the path of liberty of the nineteenth.

At his death his son, Frederick William IV. (1840-1862) came to the throne. His accession was hailed with acclamations by the brilliant throng of painters, sculptors, musicians, philosophers, and learned men who were the glory of his kingdom and his age, and whose friend and patron he was in many cases. They hoped he would be as liberal in his politics as his father had been the reverse. But he was a dreamer, unfitted for rule, failing lamentably in the Revolution of 1848. He fell into the reactionary policy of the kings about him, especially favoring the Roman Catholics and Jesuits, influenced perhaps by his wife, a princess of Baden. He became insane in 1858, and, as he was childless, on his death in 1862 the crown passed to his brother Wilhelm.

Wilhelm I. (1862-1888) was a ruler of whom the Germans may well be proud. Simple in tastes, straightforward in character, and thoroughly loyal and devoted to his conception of duty, in a great and splendid place he did not fall below its requirements. Had he been a greater man or less able or conscientious he would not have accomplished his work. The founder of the New German Empire, he left behind him a monument more lasting than marble or bronze.

His son, Frederick III., was perhaps the best fitted to rule of any monarch who has come to the Prussian throne. Instead of long years he bore the imperial title only a few brief months, and those were days of torment and pain from which those who loved him best prayed for a blessed deliverance.

Wilhelm II., son of Frederick III., came to the throne June 15, 1888. He was then twenty-nine years of age. He married in 1881 the Empress Augusta Victoria, the daughter of the duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The empress is nine months older than her husband, and the mother of seven children—the crown prince, Frederick William, now fourteen years of age, Eitel Frederick, Adalbert, August Wilhelm, Oscar Karl, Joachim, and Louise. The emperor is indefatigable in the performance of his duties as king and ruler.

The princes of the house of Hohenzollern have some strongly-marked characteristics. They have been prudent and economical in regard to financial matters. They have strong military tastes, they have known the trade of war, and been brave in battle. With two exceptions the monarchs of the house have been faithful husbands and set a good example to their subjects. With the same exceptions they have been personally religious. While in the main they have

been good managers of a great estate, only two of them have been men of superior abilities, the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. Wilhelm I., his son, and grandson, have been men of high character; Frederick William IV. and Frederick III. men of cultivated tastes. The family life of the present emperor is pure and attractive; the royal home is a happy one. The court is perhaps as free from scandal as any in Europe.

HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

BY J. T. MCFARLAND, D.D.

IT is now fifty years since Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the distinguished superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, undertook the education of Laura Bridgman, a girl at that time not quite eight years old, who was blind, and deaf, and dumb, and with the senses of smell and taste so nearly destroyed as to be of little value as avenues of perception. To her imprisoned soul there was open but one avenue of approach, the sense of touch. The loss of her sight and hearing took place at the age of twenty-six months, so early that she had no recollection of sights and sounds. Up to her time this double misfortune of blindness and deafness had only rarely been observed, and in no case had much ever been done to relieve the deplorable state of such exceptional wretchedness. Indeed such cases had through the most of human history been considered beyond the hope of any help, and had not been treated even with the tenderness of compassionate sympathy. Among the ancients even the deaf and dumb who were not without sight were remorselessly destroyed as monsters lacking souls. The laws of the nations until comparatively recent times regarded the deaf and dumb as on a level with idiots, and accorded to them no legal rights. Even the great English jurist Blackstone, speaking of cases where blindness and deafness are combined, says:

"A man is not an idiot if he hath any glimmerings of reason so that he can tell his parents, his age,

or the like matters. But a man that is born deaf, dumb, and blind is looked upon by the law as in the same state with an idiot, he being supposed incapable of understanding, as wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas."

It was before the prison-house of a soul in this most pitiable bondage that Dr. Howe sat down—a "soul built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help that an immortal soul might be awakened." To one capable of appreciating high achievement in the realm of mind and spirit, or of sympathizing with that highest and most beautiful type of philanthropy which attempts to extend help to the most helpless and to bring hope to the most hopeless, the history of Dr. Howe's unselfish and noble enterprise, so patiently and earnestly wrought out to a success far surpassing the expectations of the great philanthropist himself, reads even now like a section from some transcendent romance. The heart must be cold that will not kindle and the blood sluggish that will not tingle as the story of that siege of the castle of silence and darkness is recited. Slowly, slowly with a patience that is almost incredible, week after week, month after month, he waited before that citadel, knocking at the one only gate through which entrance could be hoped for, until the soul within should give some answering sign to the mind

that was trying to lead it forth. At last that token of recognition was given, and the pitiful hand of the little prisoner was extended to take from the strong hand of the man the key that was to open the doubly-barred doors of ignorance and darkness—the magical key of language.

It was fifty-eight years ago that this immortal achievement was accomplished. The fame of it spread rapidly around the earth. It sent a thrill of joy through thousands of hearts, and breathed a new quickening and inspiration into the souls of philanthropists and educators in all lands. The steps of the progress of her education were followed eagerly by the greatest minds of the world, and Dr. Howe, because of the noble thing he had done, was admitted into the lasting friendship of the noblest spirits of the age—Carlyle, and Dickens, and Florence Nightingale, and Sydney Smith, and Harriet Martineau, and Maria Edgeworth, and Mrs. Sigourney, and scores of others eminent in letters and philanthropic service.

But both the master and the pupil now belong to the silent past of history. In 1876 Dr. Howe closed his illustrious career of reformer and philanthropist, a career surpassed in exalted motives and fruitful achievements by few if any in this century of great men and great deeds. In May, 1889, at the age of nearly sixty years, after a life of cheerful usefulness spent chiefly in teaching in the institution where she herself was taught, Laura Bridgman followed her great liberator into the unseen world, where, with unveiled eyes and unsealed ears, she sees and hears things hidden from the fleshly senses. At the memorial services held in Music Hall, Boston, February 8, 1876, in honor of the character and work of Dr. Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes recited a poem, in which occurred the following lines:

"He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

"He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveler's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

"What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first the depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt—

"Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star!"

I thus set in the foreground of this article a picture of Dr. Howe and Laura Bridgman, because Helen Keller is the intellectual child of Dr. Howe, and Laura Bridgman is the permanent prototype of all blind deaf-mutes who have been since, or in the future shall be, led out into intellectual and spiritual light.

Helen A. Keller was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., June 27, 1880, and so is now about sixteen years of age. She has most excellent hereditary advantages, her parents being superior people, physically vigorous, and more than ordinarily endowed in mind and moral qualities. The sickness which destroyed her sight and hearing occurred at the age of nineteen months. In the case of Laura Bridgman the sense of sight was not wholly destroyed until about her eighth year. From the time of her severe sickness, at the age of twenty-six months, which totally destroyed her hearing, Laura was able until her eighth year to dimly distinguish light from darkness, being able to locate a window in a room. At the eighth year, however, the last ray of light disappeared, and left her in unbroken darkness as she had been in unbroken silence; but in the case of Helen Keller, both sight and hearing were entirely destroyed at the earlier age of nineteen months. It seems certain that from the time the fever flamed in her eyes in that dreadful sickness all sight perception entirely ceased, and no sound ever again entered her brain.

Nothing was done toward her education until she was seven years old. At that time Miss Anna Sullivan was employed as her teacher. Miss Sullivan was peculiarly qualified for the important work to which she was called. She entered upon it with an enthusiasm born out of her own experience of almost total blindness during the greater part

of her life. She was herself educated in the institution made famous by the labors of Dr. Howe and was intimately familiar with the methods pursued in the education of Laura Bridgman. By a skillful surgical operation her own sight, in her more mature years, was restored to such a degree as to enable her to see with comparative clearness. She entered upon the work of Helen's education March 2, 1887. I cannot do better here than to quote from Miss Sullivan's own account of the first steps which she pursued in awakening and drawing out the imprisoned mind of her little pupil. She says:

"I found her a bright, active, well-grown girl, with a clear and healthful complexion and pretty brown hair. She was quick and graceful in her movements, having fortunately not acquired any of those nervous habits so common among the blind. She has a merry laugh, and is fond of romping with other children. Indeed she is never sad, but has the gaiety which belongs to her age and temperament. Her sense of touch is so acute that the slightest touch enables her to recognize her associates. She inherited a quick temper and obstinate will, and owing to her deprivations neither had ever been subdued or directed. She would often give way to violent paroxysms of anger when she had striven in vain to express intelligibly some idea. As soon, however, as she learned the finger alphabet these outbursts ceased, and now she seldom loses her temper.

"When I had been with her long enough for intimate mutual acquaintance I took her one morning to the schoolroom and began her first lesson. She had a beautiful doll which had been sent her from Boston, and I had chosen it for the subject of this lesson. When her curiosity concerning it had been sufficiently satisfied, and she sat quietly holding it, I took her hand and passed it quietly over the doll. Then I made the letters *d-o-l-l*, slowly with the finger alphabet, she holding my hand and feeling the motions of my fingers. She immediately dropped the doll and followed the motions of my fingers with one hand while she repeated the letters with the other. She next tried to spell the word without assistance, but rather awkwardly. She did not give the double *l*, and so I spelled the word once more, laying stress on the repeated letter. Then she spelled *doll* correctly. This process was repeated with other words, and Helen soon learned six words, *doll, hat, mug, pin, cup, ball*. When given one of these objects she would spell its name, but it was more than a week before she understood that all things were thus identified.

"One day I took her to the cistern. As the water gushed from the pump I spelled *water*. Instantly

she tapped my hand for a repetition, and then made the word herself with a radiant face. Just then the nurse came into the cistern-house bringing Helen's little sister. I put Helen's hand on the baby and formed the letters *b-a-b-y*, which she repeated without help, and with the light of a new intelligence beaming from her expressive features. On our way back to the house everything she touched had to be named to her, and repetition was seldom necessary. Neither the length of the word nor the combination of letters seemed to make any difference to the child. Indeed she remembers *heliotrope* and *chrysanthemum* more readily than she does shorter words.

"Helen now understood that everything has a name and that by placing the fingers in certain positions we could communicate these names to each other. Since that day my method of teaching her has been to let her examine an object carefully and then give her its name with my fingers. Never did a child apply herself more joyfully to a task than did Helen to the acquisition of new words. In a few days she had mastered the manual alphabet and learned upwards of a hundred names. At the end of August she knew six hundred and twenty-five words."

It now became manifest to Miss Sullivan that her pupil was no ordinary child, but that she had awakened a mind of most extraordinary quickness and power. Compared with Laura Bridgman she in every way excels her. It required Dr. Howe nearly three months of most patient and persistent effort to awaken Laura's mind to the perception of the fact that things have names which can be communicated by signs. Helen grasped this idea within a week after her instruction began. And comparing them in their subsequent development Mr. Anagnos, the present superintendent of the Perkins Institution, says of Helen, "The sum total of knowledge which she acquired in four months exceeds that which Laura Bridgman obtained in more than two years."

Helen's education has been carried forward with great wisdom under Miss Sullivan's direction, her method being to deal with her pupil as nearly as possible as with a seeing and hearing child, encouraging and stimulating her in the acquisition of knowledge of things about her, and as she became able to read putting into her hands books in the raised letters and point characters for the blind, and permitting her to read at her will, thus constantly enlarging her sphere of knowledge and enriching her vocabulary.

From the beginning she manifested a remarkable facility in acquiring a knowledge of language and a rare faculty for its employment. Her memory seems never to loosen its hold upon anything which she once learns. Her compositions, of which there are many preserved, must amaze all who read them; and it is safe to say that among children not beyond her age there is not one in the United States who in conversation and composition can employ the English language with a correctness and skill surpassing her, if indeed there is one that can equal her; and I do not regard it as extravagant to say that she has a knowledge of history and language and literature such as nine tenths of the young women who graduate from our best high schools have not attained, and that many of her compositions are of an absolute degree of high excellence independently of the age and deprivations of the author, and are literary gems of the first water.

Out of a great variety of examples illustrating the astonishing quickness of her mind and the capacity she has for detecting and appreciating the finest qualities in literature, together with the brilliancy of her own imagination, I select almost at random a few instances. When Helen was but eleven years old she was one morning reading for the first time Bryant's poem, "Oh Mother of a Mighty Race!" Miss Sullivan requested her, when she had read the poem through, to tell who she thought the "mother" is. When she read the line,

"There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,"

she exclaimed, "It means America! The gate, I suppose, is New York City, and freedom is the great statue of Liberty."

As illustrating her keen appreciation of natural beauty, take this extract from one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, also written in her eleventh year:

"I could imagine how beautiful the leaves were, all aglow, and rustling in the sunlight. . . . Sweet, wise Mother Nature thought we might miss the wondrous summer days, so she sent us September with

'Its sun-kissed hills at eventide,
Its ripened grain in fields so wide,
Its forest tinged with touch of gold,
A thing of beauty to behold.'"

All that she has ever read seems to come to her by spontaneous suggestion in connection with every new object or experience. Visiting the Abbot Academy, when she touched the head of a bust of Zeus she gave at once the quotation from Homer relating to Athena:

"She sprang of a sudden from out the immortal head, shaking her pointed lance; huge Olympus was shaken to its base under the weight of the gray-eyed goddess, and all around the earth groaned terribly."

While examining a baby figure, when her hand touched the baby forehead she quoted the lines,

"A brow reflecting the soul within,
Untouched by sorrow, unmarked by sin."

In a company at one time, a clergyman having made some inquiry concerning her religious knowledge, she was asked, "Do you pray?" to which she at once replied in the lines,

"I pray the prayer of Plato old,—
God make me beautiful within,
And may mine eyes the good behold
In everything but sin."

Even her teacher was not aware that she knew these lines of Whittier's, and the effect of her beautiful response upon the company was tenderly impressive. Mr. Wade, of Hulton, Penn., who relates the incident, says: "A cry of delight burst from the auditors, followed by the comment from one of them: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, oh Lord!'"

Or take the following extract from another letter to Mr. Anagnos, written in August, 1891, as showing the vigor of her imagination:

"We have had several thunder-storms this summer, and teacher and I have watched from our window the great black clouds chasing one another swiftly across the sky, seeming to growl angrily when they met, and sending bright flashes of lightning at each other like swords. I like to fancy that there was an army of warriors living on the planet Mars, and another army of giants living on Jupiter, and that all the noise and tumult was caused by a great battle going on between them."

As this extract indicates, some of Helen's most beautiful thoughts are expressed in her letters, which she is very fond of

writing. To one whose letter had indicated that his heart was sad about something she wrote:

"I wish I knew the magical word that would dispel the darkness that you say has descended upon your spiritual sight; but sometimes by simply waiting things come right. The darkest night brings with it its own lamp, and while we are waiting for God to light it we can multiply sweet acts of love and hold out a tender helping hand to those more unfortunate than ourselves."

To another, speaking of a photograph of her teacher and herself which she sent as a New Year's remembrance, she writes:

"In it my teacher is reading to me and I am catching (when they do not fly too fast) the words as they escape from the wonderful language box in her throat, and taking hold of them with my fingertips as a magnet picks out the iron filings. And what curious things they are! One hardly knows what to do with them at first; but when we examine them closely we find they are as wonderful as they are curious—strange, transparent things, shaped and colored by the thoughts and feelings of those who send them forth. . . . Sometimes they are bent and twisted to express the evil that has somehow crept into the hearts of God's children. Occasionally they are radiant and beautiful like splendid tropical birds. These are the gifts of the Great and Wise to the world of thought, and happy are we if any of them find a sheltered nest in our hearts, for some day we shall find that our beautiful birds have laid golden eggs, from which in due time shall come love, and wisdom, and happiness."

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom she dearly loved, she wrote in 1890:

"Your beautiful words about spring have been making music in my heart these bright April days. I love every word of 'Spring' and 'Spring Has Come.' I think you will be glad to hear that these poems have taught me to love the beautiful spring-time, even though I cannot see the fair, frail blossoms which proclaim its approach or hear the joyous warbling of the home-coming birds. But when I read 'Spring Has Come,' lo! I am not blind any longer, for I see with your eyes and hear with your ears. Sweet Mother Nature can have no secrets from me when my poet is near. I have chosen this paper because I want the spray of violets in the corner to tell of my grateful love."

To Mr. Millais, the famous English artist, to whom she wrote her thanks for a contribution he had made to a fund she was raising for the education of Tommy Stringer, a blind deaf-mute little boy, she said:

"I used to think, when I read in books about your great city, that when I visited it the people would be strangers to me, but now I feel differently. It seems to me that all people who have loving, pitying hearts are not strangers to each other. I can hardly wait patiently for the time to come when I shall see my dear English friends and their beautiful island home. My favorite poet has written some lines about England which I love very much. I think you will like them too, so I will try to write them for you:

'Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak with rooted grasp
Her slender handful holds together,
With cliffs of white and bowers of green
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between,—
Our little mother isle, God bless her!'"

And she closes this letter thus:

"To-morrow [the letter was dated April 30, 1891] April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May. I wonder if the May-days in England are as beautiful as they are here."

Did ever child of eleven years write such letters as these?

It is important that the reader should know that Helen is no longer dumb. She has for the last five years employed articulate speech as almost her sole method of communicating with those who can hear. She was not quite ten years old when one day she startled Miss Sullivan by spelling upon her fingers, "I must speak." She had learned of a deaf and blind child in Norway, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught to speak. At once the determination seized her that she also would speak. Nothing could discourage or dissuade her; and so she was taken to Miss Sarah Fuller, of the Horace Mann school, to receive her first instruction in articulation. Details of the process of that instruction cannot here be given. Suffice it to say that "in less than a month she was able to converse intelligibly in oral language." Only eleven lessons and the child was talking more distinctly than the majority of deaf children under the best instruction in articulation are able to do after several years of effort! There is something which touches the fountain of tears in the pathetic yet exultant words of the determined girl when she found herself

able to speak: "I am not dumb now!" It was the writer's privilege at Chautauqua, in July, 1894, to have repeated opportunities to converse with this most interesting child; and while her articulation was by no means perfect, there was but little difficulty in understanding all she said. It was the writer's privilege also to personally test her remarkable ability in lip-reading by touch. He found her able with great facility to understand in a protracted conversation what was said, by putting her fingers upon his lips.

During the past two years Helen has been under instruction in the Wright-Humason school, in New York City, where, while her general education has been systematically carried forward, particular care has been given to her lip-reading and speech. In *The Educator* of March, 1895, the valedictory number of the periodical published under the auspices of the Mt. Airy Institution, of Philadelphia, Mr. Humason gives a very interesting account of the work that had been done by their pupil up to that date. The effort, he explains, has been "to correct her faults of tone formation, and to render her voice pure and clear, and to give it flexibility." And he says:

"So remarkable have been Helen's attainments in this line, and so delicate has her sense of touch proved, that she is now able to distinguish differences of pitch, in musical instruments or the voice, as small as a half tone; and what is more wonderful, she can, by placing her hand on the throat of a singer, determine the pitch of the tone she is singing, and can produce a tone of the same pitch with her own voice. The effect of this work upon her voice is such as we expected; the average pitch is higher than it was six months ago, the flexibility is much increased, and the quality is improved."

The following extract from a personal letter to the writer from Mr. John D. Wright, of the Wright-Humason school,

dated June 19, 1896, brings the statement of the progress of her education up to the close of the present school year. Mr. Wright says:

"You know that she came to us primarily for the purpose of cultivating the faculty of reading the lips with her fingers, and of receiving special instruction in speech and voice training. We are told by all who have known her in the past and meet her again now that her speech is much improved, and she is now able to understand the speech of most people with considerable ease and readiness.

"We have found in teaching her to read the lips that it is quite analogous to teaching a foreign language to an ordinary pupil. She thinks in the manual alphabet almost exclusively, though with every year that she lives now, using speech so entirely, her thought processes are becoming more and more like ours. Speech-reading, therefore, for her must at the present involve mental translation into her thought vernacular. This in itself is a complex process, and is the chief obstacle in the way of her rapid and fluent understanding of speech. We have now given her such a start that if she continues to use it as a means of communication she will gain great facility.

"In addition to her speech work on these two lines her studies have been carried on in mathematics, history, literature, and the languages. She has acquired the ability to read and write both French and German quite correctly, and to speak them with sufficient intelligibility to make herself understood by Frenchmen and Germans. It is now proposed that next year she enter a school for young ladies in Cambridge, Mass., and continue her studies in preparation for entrance to Radcliffe College (formerly Harvard Annex). She is now quite capable of doing this. She will, of course, require a companion who can interpret to her and guide her, but she will pursue the same course as the hearing and seeing young women of the school."

We close our sketch with the words of Dr. Job H. Williams, principal of the Institution for the Deaf, at Hartford, Conn.: "Laura Bridgman was a brilliant example of what may be accomplished under great difficulties. Helen Keller is a prodigy. There is no one, nor ever was any one, to compare with her."

FLAVIA.

BY ANDRÉ THEURIET.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

I.

WHEN I recall my memories of childhood there is one especially which appears to me mild as the dawn, sweet as the honeycomb—the one which the morning of Palm Sunday gave me. I can still feel on my cheeks the harsh caress of the north wind and the tears of the April showers which were falling every few moments from the changing sky, now gray, now blue. The weather was not settled, and we received more than one downpour on the way from our house to the vestry. But all the same you could see that spring was near. In the gardens by the river bank the plum trees were blossoming, the black-birds were whistling. On the very porch of the church, which you would reach fairly soaked, you could breathe in a keen and acrid odor through the drippings of the wet umbrellas. Every worshiper held in his hand one of those boxwood branches which we call in our country "Easter twigs." There were baskets full of them on the flagging of the choir, and that abundance of freshly cut twigs made a green shimmering in the dark nave.

I loved Palm Sunday for its chiming bells, its spring perfumes, and also because it opened the period of Easter vacation. My father was a judge in the court at Villotte. I myself was a day scholar at the academy, and the festival of Palm Sunday gave the signal for a fortnight's escape to the country. We owned a little house in the village of Ériseul, a little house which bore the picturesque name of Chèvre-Chêne, where we used to go regularly and pass both the Easter and the long vacation. As soon as high mass was over and a hasty lunch swallowed we would shut the doors and windows of our house in Clouères Street, put on our traveling suits, and followed by Scolastique, our servant, laden with baskets, we would take our way

to the Verdun diligence office where a *coupé* had been reserved for us and whither our trunks had been sent in advance. On our way the neighbors would peek out of a corner of the curtain in their curiosity and would whisper, "There's the judge Du Condray and his son James starting for Chèvre-Chêne." I was flattered to attract public attention thus, and I would straighten up proudly beside my father, while the passers-by would bow to us and wish us a pleasant trip.

We would climb, with some difficulty, into the *coupé* of the modest yellow coach drawn by three horses. At exactly one o'clock Vautrin, the driver, his silver-laced cap cocked over one ear, his register book between his teeth, would lumberingly mount the steps to the outside places and seat himself under the leather top, by the side of a furious white wolf-dog, his traveling companion. Then he would rouse up his horses with a shrill whistle, a wide-sweeping flourish of the whip, and off we would go.

The road that we followed for twelve miles had nothing particularly attractive about it. After we left Naives forest it would rise and fall through monotonous fields of grain, with here and there a coppice or a farm roof on the horizon. Now and then we would go through a village with its low houses bordered by dung heaps; we would perceive as in a vision the dumpy church, whence would come the humming of the vesper service, the public square planted with lindens where boys in blue blouses were playing nine-pins; then we would fall back into the flat desert of fallow and cultivated fields which the aerial warbling of larks alone enlivened. Scolastique was asleep, her nose on the handle of her basket; my father was reading his newspaper, and I—I was enjoying in anticipation the joys which that fortnight of complete freedom was promising me. What a delight it would be to run through the woods

or prow around the village gardens in company with Tintin and Flavia Brocard, our neighbors' children!

Tintin—his real name was Saintin—was a boy a little younger than I, son of the elder of the Brocard brothers, Nicholas the lumber dealer. Small, with light hair, a quick eye, a skin full of reddish spots, he looked like a squirrel. He had the quickness, the agility, and the wayward humor of one. It was a pleasure to go with him into the woods; we were always sure of making some astonishing discovery there, such as hedgehogs rolled up into balls, tomtits' nests, black-birds' or thrushes' eggs. Tintin was reputed to be the most zealous bird-finder, the most lucky frog-catcher in the country. With him we never came back checkmated. And then he was endowed with many gifts which excited my envy and admiration. He could cut sonorous whistles from the sappy branches of the willows, he knew how to chirp with an ivy leaf between his teeth and imitate the singing of every bird, he could make ingenious cages out of bits of reed, to hold grasshoppers.

But I prized the company of Tintin's cousin Flavia even more than I did his. She was the daughter of the younger Brocard, the maker of brush handles and chair rounds. For her I had more than admiration. I was attached to her by the ties of a tender friendship. Although she was nearly six years older than I we felt ourselves attracted toward each other by a secret affinity. When at about the age of seven I first knew her, she was already a tall girl and promised to become a very pretty one. A brunette, slender and lithe, with very white skin and blue eyes shaded by long eyelashes, she resembled a youthful Madonna. At our first meeting she conceived an affection for me. My city ways and clothes, contrasting with the primitive manners and neglected dress of the village urchins, doubtless gained for me her preference. She adopted me as a kind of page or attendant squire. She played little mother with me, giving me lessons in good breeding, setting to rights my rumpled dress, scolding me in a tone that was severely affectionate whenever I did any

foolish act, but also rewarding my docility by winning embraces. Her girlish lips which at times rested on my forehead were all the more sweet to me because, having lost my mother when very young, I had been forced to do without feminine caresses. Ordinarily Scolastique was the only one who would peck at me from time to time; but her clumsy, harsh kisses were very much like as many bumps with a pig's snout, while Flavia's lips were delicate and cool.

From the beginning of our acquaintance we used to see each other twice a year, at Easter and in September. Flavia went to school at the convent in Verdun and her vacations coincided with mine. Each year, on Palm Sunday, I found her more charming. Her black school dress, relieved by a pink ribbon, gave her a serious air which suited her wonderfully and which penetrated me with an admiring deference. As she grew up she treated me with more reserve. No doubt in her convent they had told her that a good, modest girl should not allow herself to kiss boys, even when they were six years younger. During the first few days of vacation she would keep me at a distance and seemed to avoid my too lively expressions of friendship. Little by little, however, under the influence of the open air and free country life, her apparent coolness would evaporate and her affectionate disposition would show itself anew; for it was the essence of her nature.

What friendly afternoons we would pass together in the meadows of the Fosse-des-Dames or on the outskirts of Chânois wood! The convent atmosphere had quickened Flavia's religious soul, and her mind liked to turn toward pious deeds. We would employ a part of our time in plucking spring flowers destined to adorn the altar of the Virgin. I would help her make many chaplets out of the cowslips which abound in our meadows, by stringing them on a long string.

Now you will understand all the better the inward joy I felt on that Palm Sunday when this story commences and the jolting mail-coach was carrying us three, my father, Scolastique, and myself, along the Verdun road. I was then entering on the fourteenth

year of my age, and being fed on classical and romantic reading I was already getting a clearer knowledge of myself. I distinguished more exactly the nature of the emotion which was agitating me at the prospect of seeing Flavia again. My affection for her was not as unselfish as it had been in its beginnings. Henceforth I associated her in my mind with Virgil's Lycoris, and Amaryllis, and Galatea. Often in thinking of her I would repeat that verse of the Seventh Eclogue, which sounded in my memory like exquisite music :

"By the coming of our Phyllis all the woods will flower."

But it was not Phyllis, it was Flavia I was thinking of, while looking at the white road winding through the grain and the coppices budding on the horizon. The horses were trotting altogether too slowly for me, in spite of the crackings of Vautrin's whip. From time to time the savage barking of the wolf-dog rang in from the outside, where he was insulting in his own tongue the cows who were browsing on the sides of the road. Cradled by the rocking of the coach, I was repeating to myself, following the cadenced rhythm of the sonorous-hoofed horses, "I am going to see Flavia again, and the woods will flower." As the distance decreased I felt my nascent love pushing forth higher than the woods' new shoots. A slight trembling took possession of me when I asked myself in what disposition of mind and heart I should find my last year's friend.

At Heippes the coach stopped suddenly before Mangeot's saloon with its sign of a juniper bush waving and reeling like a drunken man in the east wind. There Coco Jacquin, our farm hand, was waiting for us with his carryall hitched to a farm horse. We got out and installed ourselves as best we could in the midst of bundles of hay designed to deaden the joltings of the cart, which had no springs. The coach soon disappeared amid the noise of the barking of the dog and crackings of the driver's whip. Coco whipped up his beast too and the wagon ran down the Heippes road, whose deep ruts and

recent fillings-in made fat Scolastique fairly dance on her straw-covered bench.

The sun was already bending toward the woods of Benoite Vaux, and was pouring a flood of purple and gold over the loam of the ploughed lands, the grayish wastes of the hillsides, and the fresh verdure of the meadows. Above the noise of bells and the rattling of the old iron on our wagon I could hear at intervals the short and gay roundelay of the chaffinches in the plum orchards. And suddenly my heart thumped when at a sharp turn in the road I distinguished the slate belfry of Ériseul half-way up the slope. In a few more turns of the wheel the entire village met my happy gaze. At first, way down below us at the edge of the woods, two little white houses stood out against the tender green of the meadows like lost sentinels. Then came the main body of houses spreading out below the church or straggling over the Fosse-des-Dames brook, which runs along the narrow valley with a hurried air and flutelike warblings. Above the roofs blue smoke was rising straight toward a sky sheathed with salmon-colored clouds. Through the filmy smoke I could see on each side of the stream two broad, tall buildings. One, with its slate roof, was the house of Nicholas Brocard, the elder brother. The other, pierced with many windows now reddening in the setting sun, topped with a narrow chimney whence came a filmy vapor, was the factory of the younger Brocard, and there lived Flavia.

I had scarcely time as we passed by to get a glimpse of the porch covered with honeysuckle and the open door of her dwelling. Coco's horse, scenting the stable, had quickened his pace and dashed like the wind along the only street of Ériseul, at the end of which our country house of Chèvre-Chêne showed its main structure, flanked by a square tower, led up to by a linden-planted terrace. A quarter of an hour later we were busy with getting settled. Night overtook us in the midst of our preparations. After a hasty meal the household, tired out, went to bed and slept without a break until early morning.

I was awake at dawn, roused by the resounding crowings in the barnyard. If I had but hearkened to my desires I would have gotten up at once and run to Flavia's house. But it was too early and I was forced to exercise some patience. I killed time by paying extreme attention to my toilet and loitering before my window which opened on the orchard. From it I could see the sloping meadow planted with plum trees, the fields of lucern, and the waving of Chânois woods. The sun, still pale, was touching the ridges and the treetops. In the background the roofs of the houses were beginning to appear, drowned in a grayish mist. Voices of men, lowings of cattle, cluckings of hens, were coming up to me from the midst of that fog. A streak of white vapor was creeping along toward Récourt, hiding the road, while overhead the sky was growing blue and was echoing with the songs of invisible larks. I said to myself: "At this moment Flavia is waking up and is hearing the same music, the same noises scattered in the fog."

I mused thus until breakfast time, then, judging that the hour had come when I could decently present myself at the younger Brocard's house, I hurried into the street and reached the edge of the stream along which lay the buildings of the brush factory. I had not taken twenty steps when I ran into my friend Tintin. Straddling a willow log he was watching the movements of a school of gudgeons in the clear water. Bareheaded, dressed in a short blouse made of red cottonade, with his quick eye and turned-up nose, he looked more than ever like a squirrel. His rumpled hair had in it yellow shades, and his face was all spotted with freckles. He saw me coming and hailing me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes said:

"You here, Jim? Good! I know of a screech-owl's nest near Pontoux. If you like we will go and get it this morning."

"Thanks," said I disdainfully, "I'm going first to Flavia's house. Won't you go with me?"

A shadow came over Tintin's bright face, and with a shake of his head he answered:

"By no means! Papa has forbidden me to."

"Hah! Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"Because—because we are out with the factory people. We don't speak to them any more. You won't come with me? Once—twice—thrice—you understand? Then I will go alone to Pontoux."

We left each other rather coolly and I ran toward the factory. The news of this quarrel between the two brothers rang in my ears. "What has happened?" I said to myself with an uneasy curiosity, while going up the porch steps leading to the kitchen.

I entered, and the first person I saw in the room, which was shining with copper kettles and frying-pans, where a sparkling fire of boughs was brightening up the fireplace, was Flavia occupied in skimming some milk pans ranged along the dresser. Wearing a gray woolen skirt and a tightly fitting black waist with a little flat collar showing part of her throat, she seemed to me to be decidedly a grown person.

"How do you do, Flavia?"

At the sound of my voice she turned around, smiling. Yes, she was taller, and how pretty! Her slender figure was growing round, her blue eyes had taken on a deeper color—they seemed almost black now. Her hair fell low on her cheeks in separate brown folds, making a soft frame for her oval face, slightly tanned, where two dimples showed themselves at the corners of her lips when she laughed.

"How do you do, James? I am very glad to see you. How is your father?"

I found her so tall and so imposing in her fresh blossoming beauty that I remained motionless, opening my eyes wide with astonishment and not daring to speak. She evidently saw my confusion, for she added with a shade of mockery on her lips,

"Well! Is that all you have to say to me after a seven months' absence? Don't look so stupid but come nearer to me."

She was not obliged to say this twice, for I rushed forward to kiss her. But when I got to the dresser where she, her sleeves

rolled up, was still filling a red beflowered salad dish with cream, I was again seized with timidity. While before I had been in no way embarrassed at kissing Flavia I was now paralyzed by a foolish reserve. The caresses that a boy of my age could bestow on a girl of nearly twenty appeared to me in a new light. The common and allowable kiss which consists in touching with your lips a cheek that is mechanically offered you seemed to me insufficient to express my affection and satisfy my heart. On the other hand I was afraid of making Flavia angry by showing my tenderness too pointedly. Suddenly I noticed her bare arm and taking it quickly in my hands I bestowed on it a fervid kiss.

She seemed surprised and asked me with a roguish smile:

"Come, Master James, who taught you to kiss young ladies' hands in that way?"

"No one," I stammered. "It came to me of itself."

"It's nice and not vulgar!" she murmured. "Now if you wish we will go to the garden and you may help me pick up the washing."

As soon as she had put her pans away she opened a door which led to a flight of out-door steps that went down into the garden. This garden had already made its spring toilet. The beds had been hoed and raked. The seed, however, had not come up yet and only the pear and cherry trees in bloom were scattering their white petals over the bare gray earth. Here and there, however, the stalks of the purple lilies and tulips in the flower beds were pushing out their green shoots, the gooseberry bushes were budding, and tufts of white violets were perfuming the morning air.

When we had taken the linen from the hedge where it was drying we brought an armful of it to a stone table built in the shade of a walnut tree and surrounded by seats. There while Flavia folded tablecloths and napkins I could admire her at my ease in her active work, lighted up well by a pink ray of sunlight, and I thought about that dispute which had arisen between

the Brocard brothers with an itching of curiosity.

"Listen, Flavia," I said. "Is what Tintin says true?"

She knit her eyebrows and in a rather disturbed tone of voice exclaimed:

"What nonsense is Tintin saying?"

"He says he has been forbidden to come to your house, and that his father has had a quarrel with yours."

My friend's smooth white forehead grew darker.

"It is true," she sighed, "we don't see my uncle any more."

"What has happened, then?"

"Nothing new. Things hadn't gone on well for some time on account of my aunt, who is a wicked woman. In fact," Flavia added, "you are a good enough friend of ours for me to make no mystery of the matter with you, and I can tell you about this whole wretched business."

II.

UNDER the rustic roof of the walnuts, through whose unfolding leaves the bright sunlight could still penetrate, Flavia talked for a long time, and yet I did not find the time long, for while she was talking I was looking at her brown hair and white throat flooded with light, her blue eyes which dark points spotted like the black stamens of an ideally blue flower, and this sight was a feast to my eyes.

According to what she told me and what I learned elsewhere this is the sum and substance of how and why the two brothers had become embroiled with each other:

Nicholas Brocard and his younger brother Numa had formerly been as closely united as the fingers on your hand. From childhood on their close friendship had been proverbial in the village. Older than Numa by three years, Nicholas would yet never leave his younger brother. At school their mutual affection was so well known that in order to win the obedience of one the master had only to threaten to hold the other responsible for the freaks of his companion. They had entered a boarding school at Verdun on the same day, had left it at

the same time, and their friendship had been further strengthened by the restrictions of their school life, just as certain plants subjected to hothouse air burst the more rapidly into flower.

Returning to the paternal roof they passed their early youth at home, engaging in their father's trade of lumber dealer. Little attracted by the passion of love and not thinking it was worth as much as the pleasure of living with each other, they stayed very much at home, taking very little part in the dissipations of the village youth. The force which drew them together was in no way weakened by their difference in disposition.

The younger was more demonstrative, more sensitive, and also more chimerical. He liked to attract attention, to show off his advantages. At the same time he lacked determination and yielded easily to outside influence. Quite handsome in figure, lithe and of fine carriage, he had a long narrow face, staring blue eyes, a high and retreating forehead indicative of an easy-going, credulous nature inclined to take its own defects for good qualities.

The elder, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, was better balanced. His square forehead, his keenly observant gray eyes under bushy eyebrows, his prudent and crafty mouth, his massive jaws gave you an impression of strength and intelligence. He was very positive, somewhat underhanded, not saying what he really meant, and speaking frankly only when he intended to. You could not easily read on his face what he was meditating in his mind, and, besides, when he was concerned in any serious undertaking he had the habit of frequently passing his broad hairy hand over his mouth for fear that the expression of his lips might betray his thought. Therefore he was always cited as a great hand at driving a bargain. His competitors were as afraid of him as of fire when they saw him appear at lumber auctions, and those with whom he would make a trade were almost sure to find themselves more or less worsted by the able, stubborn, and crafty merchant.

The two Brocard brothers, therefore, did not resemble each other at all, and yet they

loved each other, no doubt on account of the law of contrasts. So long as their parents lived they neither of them thought of marriage, and when the old Brocards died, three years apart, their children remained together in business and continued to dwell together in the paternal house. They had already passed the age of thirty and had been classed as hardened bachelors, when Numa took a notion to marry.

One fine day it was learned that he was going to marry a Mlle. des Encherins, daughter of a Sonilly notary. He had met Des Encherins, the father, in a hunt. The latter had invited him to his house, and Numa had allowed himself to be cajoled by the airy ways of the young lady, who had been educated at the Sacred Heart convent, and who possessed a very fair dowry. Perhaps he had unconsciously yielded to still another motive. Vanity was his besetting sin and he felt flattered at entering into a family which boasted of belonging to the nobility—gentry, the evil-speakers would say, the Des Encherins being merely the descendants of noble glass manufacturers.

On the Brocard brothers, whose grandfather had been a simple peasant, the title of nobility exercised the fascination of the serpent's eye. Even the positive Nicholas did not show himself insensible to that frivolous consideration. The dowry was a fine one. The father-in-law was a notary, and that vainglory of being allied with nobles, entering over and above into the bargain, had brought about his final conversion to the idea of seeing his junior break his vows of celibacy. "I have no intention of marrying," he said to him, "and it would be an unpleasant thing to me that our property should fall, after us, into the hands of distant relatives. You have therefore acted wisely in thinking of reestablishing the Brocard family. Mlle. Lucia des Encherins is merry, amiable, well provided for. She is what I call a good pigeon. Bring her home. We will see that the cage is worthy of the bird, and we will all three of us live like pigs in clover."

The marriage took place at Sonilly, and five days after Numa brought the bride to

the Ériseul house, where Nicholas Brocard indulged her to the utmost. Madame Numa Brocard was a dainty brunette with lively eyes and quick motions. Elegant in person, supple and wheedling, she concealed under a demure appearance an insinuating spirit, a selfish character, and a devouring appetite. At first all went well and Brocard senior seemed to let himself be managed by his sister-in-law. As for Numa he was past recovery. He could deny his wife nothing, being very much in love with her. On the birth of Flavia, Nicholas of his own accord offered to be her godfather, and at the dinner which followed the christening he let it be understood that being determined to remain a bachelor he would not only make the child his goddaughter but his only heir also.

Nevertheless from the beginning of the second year the delight of Brocard senior in his pretty sister-in-law seemed to lessen. Having once got a foothold in the house and completely sure of her rule Lucia judged it useless to further restrain herself. She showed herself such as she was, vain, capricious, extravagant, liking finery, dress, and fond of hoodwinking people. Vain and weak of character himself, Numa Brocard was by no means armed to resist the whims of his wife. The elder risked a few remarks which met with a cool reception. Seeing that his discreet remonstrances were not heeded Nicholas spoke more decidedly and stated that in his position as a business partner he had a vote in the matter, since the money which was foolishly spent came out of the common capital.

Shortly afterward the younger Brocard came with an embarrassed and uneasy air to find his senior, and revealed to him his desire to divide the paternal estate and set up for himself. He wanted to buy a chair and brush factory, located a few yards from the family home, which was for sale just then.

"You understand," he said, "that when you have a wife and child the situation is no longer the same and you must think of the future. Our parents' old dwelling is too small for two establishments to live in comfortably. I will turn it over to you, you

will pay me for my share of it, and I will buy Raulin's factory. It's a chance I shan't find again, and I think there's money to be made in the manufacturing of brush handles."

"That," answered Nicholas with a movement of his eyelid, "that is a notion of your wife's, my poor brother. It would never have suggested itself to you alone. Well, just as you please! I have never intended to be a hindrance to you. We will settle up our business affairs and live each by himself. That is better than to quarrel."

Like a wise man Nicholas Brocard took his bad fortune calmly, but in his inner soul he kept a deadly grudge against his sister-in-law. The partnership was dissolved, the accounts squared, the factory bought, and Numa moved his family into the new house. All this took place without any argument, without bitterness. But people noticed that after the firm had separated the elder was rather reserved and rarely entered his brother's house. Their relations were still apparently cordial, but all intimacy had ceased, and henceforth Madame Lucia could live as she pleased without having to fear her brother-in-law's remarks.

Numa Brocard, however, still preserved some illusions. He had no consciousness at all of the wound inflicted on his brother's self-esteem, being one of those heedless and superficial characters who imagine their wrong-doings are blotted out the very moment they themselves forget them. He felt in his own heart the same spring of warm affection for his senior, and would have been much offended to learn that Nicholas' affection had considerably cooled. He began to suspect it only the day when the latter entered the factory, sat down in the room where Madame Lucia was embroidering, and with a gleam of irony in his keen eyes and a pretended good nature on his shrewd lips addressed the married couple somewhat as follows:

"My good friends, the proverb is right that you should not say, 'Fountain, I will never drink your water!' I had sworn to myself to die a bachelor, and I indeed believe if you had helped me I would have

kept my oath to the end. But you left me in the house by myself and I can't stand solitude. I was bored, and I decided to marry in my turn. I shall marry a person you know well, a widow, Madame Leclerc. The wedding will take place in a fortnight and I have come to ask you to it."

Widow Leclerc was a woman some thirty years of age who had lived in Ériseul since her husband's death. She had a daughter named Celenia and owned good farm lands. With a bilious complexion and flashing eyes she was neither ugly nor pretty. People said she was very close and of a difficult disposition to please.

The Numa Brocards naturally greeted this unwelcome and unexpected news with a forced pleasure. They put on a good face, however, and dryly congratulated Nicholas. But when he had gone Madame Lucia's wrath exploded like a handful of torpedoes. She already saw herself deprived of her brother-in-law's inheritance, considered his breaking his word insulting to her, and was loud in her affirmation that he had acted like an ill-bred man. Numa Brocard did not hide his disappointment either. But being of a good-natured disposition he tried to calm his wife by pointing out to her that the future bride might not succeed to Nicholas' fortune, and that at all events it was not a wise thing to quarrel with him.

Madame Lucia yielded and dissimulated her rancor. She was present at the wedding, complimented the bride, and even succeeded at first in obtaining her good graces. But when, two years later, a son was born to this union anger flamed anew in Lucia's breast, and she was unable to conceal her vexation. The relations between the two sisters-in-law grew tense, and a few sharp words were exchanged. However, they continued to see each other now and then. They dined at each other's houses on the great holidays of the year, and the two brothers remained on good terms.

"You see, James," Flavia said to me in finishing her story, "when the hearts don't agree hatred always comes to the surface,

and this was bound to end badly. My mother is a good woman, but not patient. Last winter some meddlesome persons told her that my aunt said that young Madame Brocard was ruining her husband. Mamma could not keep from reproaching her sister-in-law to her face for being a bad relative. Aunt answered that truth alone wounds. The quarrel grew bitter, they applied to each other such words as are never forgotten, papa and my uncle fell out, and this time it is a quarrel to the death. We don't speak to them any longer, and Uncle Brocard has forbidden Tintin to enter our house. He has even hinted to our mutual friends that they may have to choose between his house and ours, and I believe, my poor boy, that if you continue to come to see us you also will run the risk of falling out with Tintin."

"That's all the same to me," I answered, taking Flavia's hands. "Between Tintin and you my choice is made, because it is you that I love more than anything in the world."

III.

Yes, I loved Flavia with all my might, and on seeing her again that year, at Easter, in the young springtime, when all is springing up, fermenting and budding, I felt that my affection had entered on a warmer, more exclusive and more absorbing condition. Besides, people around me noticed it. My father and the Numa Brocards would not call me anything but the "lover" or the "husband in embryo" of Flavia. In their eyes the infatuation of a fourteen-year-old boy for a girl who was going on to twenty meant nothing at all. They were amused at it and joked about it, which angered me, especially when the teasing took place before the young girl. I would lose my composure, would blush, stealthily watching Flavia all the time. If she had laughed I believe I would have had hysterics. Fortunately she maintained her calm little air, and when our relatives had turned their backs she would console me by saying, "Don't listen to them, James. All that is pure joking."

And in comforting me she would fix her

sweet blue eyes on me, and then that would produce the same effect on me as when on leaving the darkness of a forest you are suddenly flooded with the friendly light of the full moon. My heart would expand, a warm tremor would run through my veins, and I would bury my eyes in the pure eyes of Flavia.

During that happy Holy Week it was a delight for me to go and visit Flavia early in the morning. I would run up the porch steps, hasten through the shady kitchen, and climb the staircase to the first story, four steps at a time. When I had reached Flavia's room I was so moved that my heart pounded away like a bell-clapper and I could hear the pulsations of my arteries. I would knock timidly at the door. A clear voice would answer me and I would enter radiant, as one would enter paradise. Flavia had been up for a long time already. She had ended her toilet, had set everything to rights, and the little room was as shining and neat as a water-wagtail's nest. Through the open window the sun threw a golden shaft of light on the waxed flooring. There was nothing expensive in the room. Blue paper on the walls, cretonne curtains of the same shade, a walnut bedstead with white spread, two small rugs before the bed and bureau, four straw-seated chairs, and that was all. Besides the two flower pots where crocuses were blooming the mantelpiece was decorated with the photographs of school-girl acquaintances and those inexpensive trinkets that you get at village festivals, such as shell boxes, boats of spun glass, chaplets with red and black beads, and porcelain flower vases. The toilet table was becomingly furnished. Flavia used pure water for a cosmetic, and owned only one bottle of cologne, from which she would shake a few drops on her handkerchief.

When I happened to find her smoothing her brown hair before the oblong mirror I would turn over and over in my hand this precious bottle, looking covetously at it. Merely by my gestures she would guess my thoughts.

"One moment, James," she would say. "Come, let me perfume you."

She would turn a little cologne into the hollow of her hand and would gaily rub my neck and chin with it.

When she had finished settling her room she would take some crochet work from her work-basket and would sit down near the window. I would seat myself in front of her on a low chair and we would gossip away, while the cherry trees in the garden were scattering their snowy petals over the gray earth. The bells had "gone to Rome" on a pilgrimage. You could have said that the life of the village had gone with them. With the exception of the gurgling of the stream the deep silence of Holy Week brooded over the green country. A kind of religious repose was in the air. We ourselves kept still or spoke only in low tones, as in a church.

On Saturday of that week we passed the day in coloring Easter eggs. I had brought some basil wood, onion peel, and anemones and with the aid of these coloring matters we obtained shades which gave our eggs wonderful iris tints and marblings. When we had colored several dozen Flavia said,

"That's enough, friend James. For your trouble I am going to treat you by taking you to-morrow to our pew to hear high mass. We will have a twofold pleasure, in the first place by being together, and then of vexing Aunt Brocard and her long bean-pole of a Celenia."

Sunday morning I was ready with the second ringing for mass. I had put on for the ceremony my new jacket and a certain pair of pearl-gray trousers which, to my notion, were bound to dazzle the people of Ériseul. The village seemed entirely given over to Easter happiness already. The bells were ringing out full peals. Their sound was borne through the woods from one parish to another. A rather cool east wind brought us the merry chimes of Heippes, Sonilly, Récourt, and Benoite-Vaux, each in turn. Up the rise of ground leading to the church the worshipers in Sunday clothes were already hastening, the women in plaited bonnets of immaculate whiteness, their shoulders covered with Indian shawls fastened by a pin below the neck, the men with their square

cut jackets or their wedding frock coats, wearing silk hats of styles no longer in fashion. Before the porch where urchins were playing with red eggs, chattering like a flock of sparrows, I stopped a moment to wait for Flavia. A swain who is watching for the arrival of his sweetheart at the trysting-place is not more impatient than was I during the five minutes I was waiting.

At last I saw her coming. Prayer-book in hand, with a step both light and gliding, she walked a little ahead of her father and mother. Madame Numa, whose movements were still very youthful, was proudly displaying a dress of flaming silk with a cape of the same material. Dress became her, and she followed the fashions closely. Her husband, incased in a gray frock coat and very proud of his wife's finery, was looking to right and left to glean the marks of admiration which Madame Lucia's ornaments were bound to provoke. As to Flavia, she was simply clad in a blue merino dress, her eyes were laughing under her straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons, and the chilly air had brought a rosy hue to her cheeks. All three greeted me kindly. We entered the church together. I hastened to the font of holy water and dipping my fingers in it I presented the water to Flavia.

We were scarcely seated in our pew when the Nicholas Brocards made their entrance and seated themselves in the one next to us. No nods were exchanged. The two brothers turned away their heads and assumed a meditative appearance. But the women stared at one another and their hostile glances crossed like so many daggers. Madame Nicholas, dry as a stick, was dressed entirely in black. A cape with trimmings of jet covered her sharp shoulders, and under her black bonnet adorned with bunches of pansies her bilious face looked like a lemon. Celenia, her daughter, thin like her mother, was slyly looking at us with a disdainful smile. As for my comrade Tintin, he had espoused the feuds of his family and already was evidently including me in his aversion, for while his parents were kneeling he winked at me behind their backs and put out his tongue irreverently.

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On Easter Monday, in the lands along the Meuse, it is the custom to spend the afternoon in the woods and take tea there. Each family invites its friends and picnics are gotten up. It is the first out-of-door recreation, the first excursion to the country after the imprisonment of winter. Entire villages flock to the forests with baskets overflowing with provisions. You sit down near a spring, under the thin shade of newly budding beeches, and a noisy gaiety runs throughout the coppice. It had been agreed upon the evening before that we should go and spread our cloth in the woods of Benoite-Vaux with Brocard junior and his daughter. The next day at noon I was promptly at the meeting place. Flavia was wearing that day for the first time a bright-colored dress, and

sweet blue eyes on me, and then that would produce the same effect on me as when on leaving the darkness of a forest you are suddenly flooded with the friendly light of the full moon. My heart would expand, a warm tremor would run through my veins, and I would bury my eyes in the pure eyes of Flavia.

During that happy Holy Week it was a delight for me to go and visit Flavia early in the morning. I would run up the porch steps, hasten through the shady kitchen, and climb the staircase to the first story, four steps at a time. When I had reached Flavia's room I was so moved that my heart pounded away like a bell-clapper and I could hear the pulsations of my arteries. I would knock timidly at the door. A clear voice would answer me and I would enter radiant, as one would enter paradise. Flavia had been up for a long time already. She had ended her toilet, had set everything to rights, and the little room was as shining and neat as a water-wagtail's nest. Through the open window the sun threw a golden shaft of light on the waxed flooring. There was nothing expensive in the room. Blue paper on the walls, cretonne curtains of the same shade, a walnut bedstead with white spread, two small rugs before the bed and bureau, four straw-seated chairs, and that was all. Besides the two flower pots where crocuses were blooming the mantelpiece was decorated with the photographs of school-girl acquaintances and those inexpensive trinkets that you get at village festivals, such as shell boxes, boats of spun glass, chaplets with red and black beads, and porcelain flower vases. The toilet table was becomingly furnished. Flavia used pure water for a cosmetic, and owned only one bottle of cologne, from which she would shake a few drops on her handkerchief.

When I happened to find her smoothing her brown hair before the oblong mirror I would turn over and over in my hand this precious bottle, looking covetously at it. Merely by my gestures she would guess my thoughts.

"One moment, James," she would say. "Come, let me perfume you."

She would turn a little cologne into the hollow of her hand and would gaily rub my neck and chin with it.

When she had finished settling her room she would take some crochet work from her work-basket and would sit down near the window. I would seat myself in front of her on a low chair and we would gossip away, while the cherry trees in the garden were scattering their snowy petals over the gray earth. The bells had "gone to Rome" on a pilgrimage. You could have said that the life of the village had gone with them. With the exception of the gurgling of the stream the deep silence of Holy Week brooded over the green country. A kind of religious repose was in the air. We ourselves kept still or spoke only in low tones, as in a church.

On Saturday of that week we passed the day in coloring Easter eggs. I had brought some basil wood, onion peel, and anemones and with the aid of these coloring matters we obtained shades which gave our eggs wonderful iris tints and marblings. When we had colored several dozen Flavia said,

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it was a delight to see her walking slowly along the foot-path which leads through the forest to Benoite-Vaux. Numa Brocard, with a broad felt hat on, led the way, carrying the luncheon in his game-bag. We followed him far in the rear, delaying often to pick the liverworts and cowslips which were blooming in masses among the dry leaves. Through the high bare branches a silky blue sky was laughing above us and the warm rays of the sun were scorching our shoulders. A tender odor of violets was perfuming our way, and we were fairly intoxicated with sunlight and the springtime by the time we reached the brook where we were to have our tea.

Numa Brocard, who was a heavy eater, did honor to the provisions. The rest of us, less famished, nibbled away at a slice of cake dipped in a glass of pale wine. You would have said that the April airs had already satiated us and that a spring fever was taking away our appetite. As for me my hunger was appeased by a secret languor and I was only looking for the moment when, the lunch over, I could enjoy to the full the pleasure of roaming the woods with Flavia. This desired moment came at last. After having cleaned a small ham to the bone and emptied his bottle, Brocard, wishing to visit several customers scattered through the hamlet, left us near the church, where Flavia went in for a moment to pray to Our Lady of Benoite-Vaux. Left alone we went first to visit the miraculous fountain to which at certain periods the people of the surrounding country go on a pilgrimage. This fountain, shaded by lindens, works wonders with its water, which gushes forth from a stone basin. It cures fevers, sore eyes, and rheumatism. Besides it serves as an experimental laboratory for girls who wish to marry. They throw pins into its current. If the pin sinks straight to the bottom they will find a husband within a year.

Flavia knelt on the edge of the basin, dipped her hands in the water, then bent over to look through the bubbling of the transparent and boiling spring at the glistening bed made up of thousands of pins. In this posture she was even more attractive,

with her brown hair falling in a low knot at the back of her neck and her calm rosy face over which the reflections of the water spread luminous spots. Standing behind her I was watching the prettiness of her lithe movements. Suddenly she took a pin from her waist and threw it into the reservoir. This unexpected motion gave me a disagreeable impression, something like a pricking of jealousy. What need had she of consulting the fountain since I was there, I who adored her? The pin wavered a moment in the eddies of the spring, then the strong current bore it away before it had time to sink to the bottom. I experienced from this an inward relief but Flavia seemed annoyed by it. Her pretty mouth puckered sorrowfully and rising suddenly she went toward the wood.

We sat down in silence on the turf, which was thicker near the coppice. Before us a strip of meadow was growing green between two wooded slopes. Bright yellow butterflies were flying there, and in the grass cowslips with little bunches of yellow flowers were blooming by the hundred. Flavia sitting with her feet drawn up under her, her head leaning on her arm, would look at the deep blue sky and the thick bloom of the cowslips in turn. Then she would sigh.

"James," said she to me after a moment, "the meadow is full of cowslips. Go and get me a bouquet of them, please."

I should have preferred to remain with her and I went off rather sulkily. I picked the cowslips in a rage and soon filled my hat with them. Their delicate penetrating odor entered my nostrils. In my hurry I still found time to look slyly at the young girl lying on the slope with her parasol over her head, and I found her still prettier in that unconscious pose, which brought out the soft lines of her throat and chin. I returned to her and treacherously poured over her face and shoulders the contents of my hat.

"Have you got enough?" I asked with an accent in which a little ill humor could be distinguished.

"Wretch!" she cried without stirring, "could you not tie the bunch with a stalk

of grass instead of throwing it at me in that way? Come, pick up the cowslips."

This task pleased me better than the first one. The cowslips were scattered everywhere, on her lap, on her neck, and in the ruffles of her waist. I picked them up one by one very slowly. Then, my task over, I seated myself by Flavia's side, while she sheltered my head from the sun with her parasol.

"Flavia," I asked suddenly, "why did you consult the spring? You don't need to ask it for a husband. You know very well that I love you entirely and that I will marry you as soon as I grow up."

My reproach evidently touched her, for she turned toward me, smiling her sweetest smile, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Dear James," she sighed, "I love you very much also. You are a good boy and a good little friend."

It seemed to me that her kisses were more tender, more responsive than formerly. All the joys, all the sunlight, all the enchantments of April poured into my heart.

"Yes, I love you very much," she began, "and I am very happy to see you. For this reason I have planned a surprise for you. Day after to-morrow Vitalina Perrin is going to be married, and I am to be her maid of honor. In order to keep you near me I have had you asked to the wedding. Are you glad? You don't seem so!"

Well, no! I wasn't glad at all. I had counted on passing all my vacation alone with Flavia, and this wedding, where she naturally would be forced to busy herself with others, seemed to me an act of robbery of which my affection was the sole victim. This piece of news spoiled the rest of our afternoon for me, and when Numa Brocard came to get us I had become silent and gloomy.

We went back across the meadows already invaded by a cold shadow which froze the pools, here and there in the grass, into violet hues. On the edge of the wood the budding oaks stood grayly out against the brown mass of the beeches. Here and there at long intervals the golden dust of a dogwood in flower or the grayish green of a willow would brighten up the dark tints; but nevertheless the whole view took on the austere look of deepening twilight. The melancholy impression which came from it, further increased by the harsh tones of the stony fields and the last whistle of the black-birds about to choose a lodging place for the night, was in harmony with my state of mind. All my pleasure was spoiled by the prospect of that unlucky wedding. I accompanied Numa Brocard and Flavia to the door of the factory in sadness.

"Wednesday!" said my friend on leaving me. "Don't forget! We will take you up at Chèvre-Chêne."

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[September 6.]

IT is evident that there must be more than one kind of agnostics—I took it for granted they had given up inquiry.

Many of them have. Said one, "I never discuss the subject, or even talk about it." Said another, "I am satisfied that no book you can send me will make any difference." Twenty, fifteen, ten years ago unbelievers were eager for discussion. To-day they

attend lectures, even where questions are invited, in greatly diminished numbers, and apparently rather from the hope of getting an "intellectual treat" than from interest in the subject. It would almost seem as if the *mot d'ordre* had gone forth, "No more discussion!" Lectures on Christian evidences are, perhaps, better attended than ever; but those who go are for the most part of two classes, Christians who seek

confirmation of their faith and doubters who wish to believe. Some agnostics do not seem to have any wish of the kind; the old earnestness, such as made Mr. Bradlaugh a power, seems to be dying out. Call it indifference, call it despair, call it cynicism, it is a melancholy spectacle. But whether cynical, despairing, or indifferent, this agnosticism is confessedly unscientific. An earnest agnostic turns from it in disdain. There is one comfort. As I have said elsewhere, if the theory of evolution be true, it cannot last. Unbelief has passed through every possible form, and has finally reached in silent agnosticism a terminus. But movement there must be, and the only movement possible is in the direction of Christ. Nevertheless there are many agnostic doubters of another type. Perhaps these really earnest inquirers might take for their motto, "There is much we do not yet know, but we hope to know."

I look upon agnosticism as the turning point of unbelief. If we look at the subject historically we shall find that, step by step, every article of the faith has been called in question; there is not a single point which has not been denied. The blessed Trinity has been given up, and the world has been asked to believe in three distinct Gods, or in one God under three distinct names. The incarnation has been assailed on every conceivable side. Instead of the eternal Son incarnate, truly and properly God, the opinion has been set forth that the Son was in fact a creature of superhuman, superangelic excellence and dignity, but still a creature. Instead of truly and properly man, the human nature has been represented as body only. Instead of the human mind in its integrity, there was offered a mental machine without a will. And then the incarnation was given up altogether. Jesus Christ was still regarded as if divinely commissioned; the authority of the Holy Scriptures was not denied; the reality of miracles was taken for granted. But in time the divine commission was reduced to that which any good man may be supposed to have; the authority of the Scriptures was leveled to that of any other sacred writings,

and miracles were regarded as imaginations.

Then there arose questions as to whether the Christian story was not altogether a myth; and the incarnation, alike on its divine and human sides, passed out of the sphere of skeptical thought. Still, belief in God was left to men; but not the God of Christianity. Pantheism made its appearance, and the universe became God, or God the universe. That was not satisfactory, and deism asserted its claims. This in its turn was examined and found wanting, and atheism stepped to the front, denying, not the possibility, but the existence, of adequate evidence. Then came, as apparently the last step, positivism, denying that, on such a subject, there could be any evidence at all. Here the terminus was reached, and no further step could be taken, except by turning round in the direction of the faith.

That returning step has been taken. It is called agnosticism. Now, when you see a man at the end of a road terminated by an insurmountable wall, he is still at the end, whichever way he looks. But it makes a great difference whether it is his back or his face that we see. If it be his back, then we know that he has gone as far as he can, and apparently means to stay there; but if it be his face, we know he has turned round, and we hope he is coming to us again. That is the way with unbelief. It has gone as far as it can get, but in agnosticism it has turned toward us. Give it time enough, and it will come back all the way. Some have already started on the return journey.

Still, are you not in some danger of giving the inquirer too much sympathy? You state his case warmly.

My brother, I have not forgotten my own experience. But I do not consciously sympathize overmuch. My aim is simply to be just. But I do not think there is much danger. In fact the earnest seeker ordinarily finds himself in great isolation. Amidst the crowd of disputants who rally to the attack or the defense of the Bible, he is as one in some forgotten city garden,

walking alone, while the roar of many voices fills the air around him. He ponders deeply questions which the disputants ignore; they seem to him to be fighting about the history of wells, while his one desire is to draw and drink the living water.

Believers and disbelievers desire to make good their contention as to how the wells are to be regarded: these say their sources are in God; those affirm their sources are in man; some that the waters are deep enough to spring from the fountain where the life of God and man are one; few remember that the quality of the water is to be ascertained by drinking it. The disbeliever especially errs. He is ever seeking to prove the Bible is of human structure; not seeing that, even so, he is but dealing with the walls of the wells, not with the water that rises within them. For my part, the amazed seeker may say, I am more desirous to know how much of the Bible is divinely true than how much is humanly false; nor am I content to die of thirst by refusing to drink until I am able to discern and separate the divine and the human elements in the living waters. The disbeliever seems to act on the principle that he will risk the loss of great truth rather than risk the acceptance of some error; he will perish of hunger with the bread of life before him, while microscopic criticism is endeavoring to pick out mistakes. The man who will risk no error will receive no truth. It is better to risk believing ten small things that are false than to risk the rejection of one great thing that is true. Better truth with error than no truth at all.

[September 13.]

I HAVE laid down principles which may, I think, rightly guide the inquirer, but it is absolutely necessary to consider some more of his points. Let us begin with the Holy Scriptures. The first thing, perhaps, that strikes him in looking into the Bible, is that it was written not for the doubter but the believer. This is manifest in every page of the Old Testament. It is true that in the New Testament only St. Luke says what

his object in writing was, but the others, as much as he, imply knowledge of, or belief in, Christ, on the part of those for whom they wrote. Some of them had probably seen the Lord, a much greater number probably had not; but to all the Gospel was evidently a familiar story. Very much, therefore, that one might expect in a gospel addressed to thoughtful, scientific students who were not themselves eye-witnesses must not be expected. The contact of Christianity with Jewish unbelief, however, is marked enough in the gospels and in the Acts; and the latter gives information as to its contact with Gentile unbelief also.

The next thing to be noted is the implication that we have only a number of selected writings. This, we need not doubt, is true of the whole Bible; it is certainly true of the New Testament. St. Luke makes it clear that there were many narratives besides his own. He does not seem to have considered the story he wrote for Theophilus to be superior to other narratives, but only better adapted than they to his correspondent, who probably felt the need of more systematic statement than other narratives gave. How many stories perished we have no means of knowing, but the way the three other gospels begin shows no indication of the intention to write any connected and formal history.

St. Mark begins with the words, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God," implying that those whom he addressed knew without further explanation who Jesus Christ was. St. Matthew begins a little more formally, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ the Son of David, the Son of Abraham," and then gives the genealogy and birth, but in such terms as imply that readers had other sources of information. The opening of the fourth gospel is really an exposition rather than a narrative, and implies knowledge elsewhere obtained. In the Acts one notes an opening similar to that of the third gospel. The Epistle to the Romans begins with a statement which implies familiarity on the part of his readers with the story of Christ. It would be absurd to

complain that we cannot know all that was then known, for a like complaint might be made of all history, except that which we make ourselves. At the same time it is right to bear the fact in mind, for otherwise we may be unfairly called upon to give assent to things about which it is impossible to have the certainty either of the writers or of those to whom they addressed themselves in their writings.

Another thing which must strike the reader is the peculiar character of the contents of the Bible, the strangeness of the events narrated and of the doctrines set forth. Confining ourselves for the present to the New Testament, the first words of St. Mark's gospel are sufficiently startling: "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God." But when we turn to St. John we meet a series of statements more startling still: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that hath been made." Scarcely less surprising is the commencement of the Acts of the Apostles or of the Epistle to the Romans. The evidence needs to be very strong which renders these assertions credible, stronger still to make them credited. For one thing they are apparently outside of our own experience, and all reasonable inference therefrom. For another, some of them are outside of any immediate experience we can conceive possible. We cannot imagine John knowing directly that the Word was in the beginning, that the Word was God, and that the Word made all things. If knowledge at all, it can only be in the sense of inference from observed facts. It does not, of course, follow that John was wrong. His inference may, for anything we have yet seen, turn out to be as fully justified by the facts as is the modern theory of universal ether. But the statements are in themselves so little in accord with what we personally know as to warrant the demand for the most trustworthy and decisive evidence.

[September 20.]

WE have now to observe the way in which the question is affected by the distance of time and difference of language. If Christianity is to be rationally accepted by the people on any other ground than that of the authority of the church, it must be presented, as we have seen, in a form that does not demand scholarship on the part of the acceptors. It is true that many of the results at which learned men have arrived are easily appreciated even by those who have little learning of their own; but this is really a case of acceptance on authority, whether on the one side or the other.

It is, as every observer knows, entirely inaccurate to imagine that it is Christians alone who follow the leadership of others. It may even be that, in proportion to their whole numbers, there is more of such dependence on the part of skeptics than on the part of Christians. At all events I have met many who appeared to have no other reason for their unbelief than the supposed example of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Laing, and Renan. In comparison with such submission of the judgment to great names, the course pursued by the average Christian seems positively scientific, because, besides the weighty authority of the whole church, he has the witness of his own experience to the beneficent effects of Christianity. But unless the question is to be settled by comparison of authorities alone, in which case Christianity has decidedly the best of it, so far as historical learning is concerned, we must be able to fix on some simple and central propositions, as important to the most as to the least learned, on which ordinary men are capable of forming a judgment.

Speaking in broad terms there are very few thoughtful men who are not as competent as scholars to determine these two fundamental questions: Is it possible to account for the Bible in general on any other supposition than that of its substantial truth? Is there, in particular, any other adequate explanation of Christianity than that it requires the God whom Christ

reveals to account for the Christ the New Testament presents? If these two questions can be truly answered in a hostile sense essential unbelief will have shown itself well founded; if they can be truly answered in a favorable sense essential belief will stand forth scientifically justified. But nothing of any real moment will be determined until these two questions are answered. Happily, for the solution of these great problems no more learning is needed than is within reach of most, if not all, of those who are interested in the evidential aspects of Christianity.

In the lapse of time there has come a change of another kind, one whose full import can hardly be realized without reading the whole of the sacred books—the contrast between what may be called the religion of the Bible and the kind of Christianity with which we are most familiar in contemporary life. One can quite understand why it is that, on the part of all kinds of opponents, attacks on the church are much more severe and longer sustained than those directed against its Founder.

The usual reason given for this, though true, is not the whole truth. It is, indeed, much easier to find fault with historical Christianity than to shock almost universal sensibility by setting one's self against a character of such supreme moral loveliness. But there is yet another motive. If it can be proved that Christianity is a failure, and that there is no probability of its being anything else than a failure, then it may be in fact disposed of without directly attacking Christ at all. Englishmen are pre-eminently practical, and if Christianity cannot prove itself true to their moral and religious experience, and of power sufficient to meet the moral and religious needs of their nature, they will ignore it as completely as its half-unconscious absorption into their lives will permit. At the same time its relation to the evolution of society cannot be justly overlooked. Whether supernatural or not in its origin, whether continuously supernatural or not as a divinely imparted life in each soul that receives it, it is yet manifestly subject to

natural laws of growth, and it would therefore be unscientific to examine what it is at any point without regard to what it has been and what it is becoming. Possibly from the standpoint of evolution it may yet be acknowledged that history shows no other success that comes within measurable distance of it.

What about the Bible and current scientific philosophy?

The subject is of grave interest. If the New Testament is to be held responsible for what scientific men suppose to be the teaching of the Old as to the formation of the worlds, the origin of species, the descent of man, the story of the fall, the history of the flood, and perhaps one or two other points, the problem will be speedily solved in opposite senses by different men. Some will back the Bible against science, and some will back science against the Bible. But a doubter, if of scientific spirit, may well decline to be bound by any such alternatives.

This is not one of the subjects on which the church has pronounced judgment, and therefore, from the standpoint of the faith, one is not bound to have any opinion at all as to which is right, or as to whether both are right. But, putting aside the church, I may answer for the inquirer that neither in logic nor in honor is he bound to reject Christ because of any decision in favor of Darwinism. He may well say, "I have to reason the matter out with the aid of what light I can get from all sources, and I know of nothing in the philosophy of science which obliges me to put a peremptory end to all inquiry at its very threshold by deciding for or against genesis or geology. Even were I compelled to abandon, as unscientific, half a dozen pages of the Bible, that in itself is no scientific reason why I should give up all the rest." Surely this is right. The questions already described as fundamental do not involve for their settlement any such points as the scientific accuracy or inaccuracy of the two or three chapters which touch on points of science. The ultimate inquiry will probably be, not how the errors, but how the truths, of the Bible are to be accounted for.

[September 27.]

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of the writers of the Bible is their calm unconsciousness of any other needs than those which it supplies. This is probably explicable enough, but it must be confessed it is a little provoking. The apostles and evangelists do not seem to have any idea that one might legitimately have other interests than those distinctively called religious. In some of their writings there are manifest signs of strain, of high tension, as of those who were literally waiting for the coming of their Lord. It is difficult for the doubter to feel that this is a justifiable attitude. The Sunday atmosphere may well be the highest, but there could be no highest without a higher, no higher without a high, and no high without a low.

Now, to keep up the tension of Sunday all through the week may be possible to apostles, saints, and heroes, but it is not possible to ordinary men. Besides God is God of Monday as well as of Sunday. The business of the world is God's business. Allow as much as one may for human freedom, it is still a freedom with limits. The human will directs forces, but even the direction is limited by law. If the direction be man's, the forces and their laws are God's. But the direction itself is limited not only by laws of forces but also by laws of evolution, as science phrases it; by divine providence, in the language of religion. Overruling all the purposes of man is the purpose of God, a fact peremptorily declared in the Bible times without number, and recognized in all departments of human experience. Agriculture, manufacture, commerce, industry of all kinds, government, social institutions, public and private amusements, family and individual life have as really as the Bible a divine as well as a human element. The songs of love, and hope, and trust, and joy, touching earth and earthly interests, derive their melody from him. The nursery, the playroom, the school, the college, the study, the boat, the cricket-field, the gymnasium, the public house, the theater, the lecture hall, the chamber of legislation, the offices of government, the farm, the mill, the shop, the merchantman

and man-of-war, the drill ground of volunteers and the barracks of the soldier, the hospital, the asylum, the refuges for the poor, have all their *Shekinah* as well as the church and the place of private prayer. God moves the great world, and the great world moves in God. Life is not only rhythmical, it is full of rhythms. It is not possible to continue in one state. But in reading the New Testament one seems to be always in church.

There may, however, be good reason for this. Perhaps it was not possible adequately to emphasize the truths to be conveyed without a temporary increase of strain under which ordinary interest would slacken for the time. Perhaps it was for this that the natural misconception of the apostles as to the date of their Lord's return was allowed to pass. Perhaps there could be no adequate feeling of the eternal without diminished feeling of the temporal. Perhaps it is the tension of the climber, who for the while forgets all else than the lofty height he must reach, but who, when he returns to lower earth, carries back with him to common life a vision which henceforth never leaves him. Perhaps it is a rising as on eagles' wings, though the altitude nearly strain blood and eyes to bursting, that we may see the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, as God sees them, and that we may never forget that sight when we come back to earth, and that, in the strength it brings we may run and not be weary, walk and not faint.

These are, at least, possibilities; and should it appear that what looks at first like excess of emphasis is really a revelation of the eternal in the temporal, given not to destroy but to direct aright all earthly interests, then this peculiar feature of the New Testament will tend to the acceptance of Christianity as specially divine. So far forth it will be regarded not as a substitute for, but as a special revelation which interprets, all other teaching. Through the atmosphere of the world a finer atmosphere will penetrate at every point. Spiritual glory will encompass and enrich human life. The light of God will shine into and on all the ways of men.—*Alexander J. Harrison, B.D.*

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

BY E. A. HEMPSTEAD.

THE library of Congress, for the accommodation of which a new building has been in course of erection at the national capital for the past ten years, was begun in 1800. It was burned in 1814 in the fire by which the English army destroyed the old Capitol. Soon after the close of the war Congress started the library anew by the purchase of the collection of Thomas Jefferson, who was short of money and sold his books to the government to relieve his needs. In 1851 the library had grown to 55,000 volumes, when it was again destroyed by a fire, this time accidental. The following year Congress appropriated \$75,000 for the third beginning, and this sum, with an average annual appropriation of about \$11,000, a few gifts, and the two free copies of each book copyrighted in the United States which are by law exacted as a part of the copyright fee have served to bring the library up to its present magnificent proportions. It now contains about 750,000 bound volumes and 220,000 pamphlets, and includes the valuable collection of scientific books of the Smithsonian Institution, the donation of Dr. Joseph M. Toner, of Washington, numbering originally 27,000 volumes, to which the generous giver makes frequent additions, and the law library of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The library is especially rich in books, periodicals, and pamphlets relating to American history, and all departments of literature are well represented.

This great collection is primarily for the use of members of the two houses of Congress, and they and a small number of government officials are alone privileged to take books away. The general public can use the books in the library every day in the year (Sundays excepted) between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., or during the session of Congress until the hour of adjournment. Dur-

ing the session the daily visitors are numbered by the thousands, and a considerable portion of them come to read and study. It is not unusual for visitors to travel hundreds, even thousands of miles to consult books which can be found here. It is perhaps not too much to hope that, when finally arranged in its magnificent and commodious new home, this great collection may be made more popular and available; that instead of readers coming long distances to see the books here, the books may, under proper restrictions and with proper safeguards, be sent for a brief time to them.

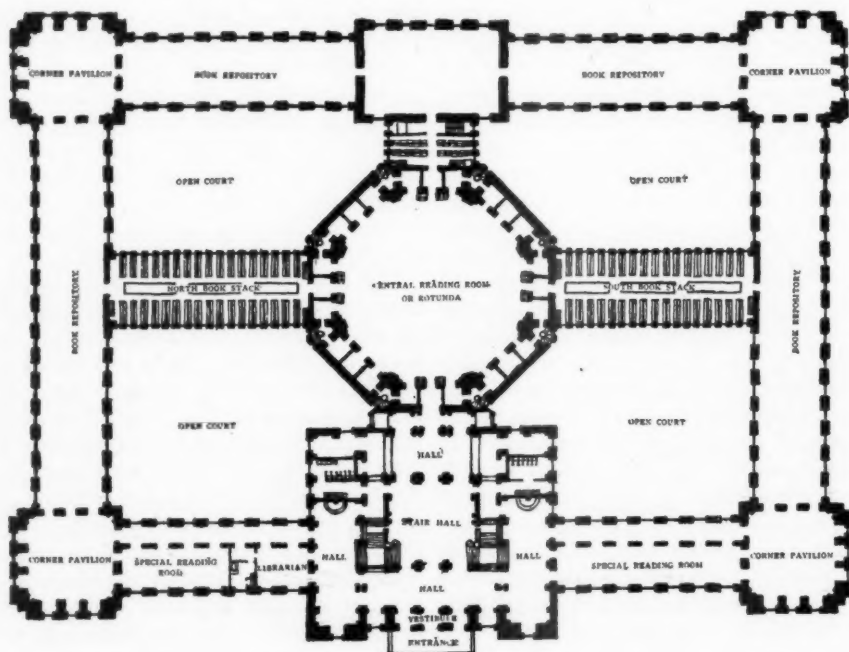
The new building for the library had its inception with Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the efficient and accomplished librarian. In his annual report in 1872 he first called attention to the growing necessity for more and better room for the proper housing of the large and rapidly growing collection. It then filled and now much more than fills the large projection of the Capitol on its western front. Books and periodicals are piled everywhere, several feet deep on the main floor, and ceiling-high elsewhere, and many of them are and have been for years almost inaccessible because there was not shelf room nor room for more shelves. The room now used long since became wholly unsuited for the purposes of such a library as this, and there will be a great sigh of relief from library officials and users when, sometime during 1897, the removal has been accomplished and every book, however little known or used, and every periodical is made accessible on a minute's notice to any citizen of the republic who may wish to consult it.

In 1873, in response to a request of Congress, seventy-nine plans for the proposed new building were submitted in competition by prominent architects. After a long consideration by the joint committee on library of the two houses of Congress, the plan of

Mr. John L. Smithmeyer was adopted, the site condemned, and under the provisions of the act of April 15, 1886, the work was entrusted to a commission of three persons.

Two years later some dissatisfaction was felt with the progress of the work and it was feared the cost of the building would largely exceed the first estimates, as too often had been the case with large public buildings.

army at the time, devolved the duty of preparing them. He employed as architect Mr. Paul J. Pelz, who, under the direction of General Casey, drew the modified plans which have since been used. General Casey, early in his administration, wisely addressed a letter to Mr. Spofford, the librarian, asking for details as to the interior arrangement of the building to meet the require-



PLAN OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING, FIRST STORY.

Accordingly, by the act of Congress approved October 2, 1888, the plans then in use were abandoned, all contracts rescinded, provision being made for compensation to those who might be damaged thereby, the commission which had charge of the work up to that time abolished, and the entire control of the enterprise placed with the chief of engineers of the army. This officer was directed to have prepared general plans for the entire construction, which were to be submitted for the inspection and approval of the secretary of war and the secretary of the interior. Upon General Thomas Lincoln Casey, who was chief of engineers of the

army at the time, devolved the duty of preparing them. In his answer Mr. Spofford gave an outline of the needs of the institution and of those who would use it, which was at once so simple and practical that it determined the general arrangement of the interior, and has no doubt largely and properly dominated the work of architects, engineers, and superintendents.

The library is a noble, imposing, monumental structure, by far the finest building in the national capital, in many respects the finest public building on the continent, and, in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the finest library building in the

world. That a building of its size, solidity, thorough construction, and elaborate and artistic embellishment should be completed ready for occupancy for less than seven million dollars is a matter for national congratulation. Not only will it be completed for less than the original estimate, but within the time limit set nearly nine years ago. It is, therefore, both a monument of good taste in architecture and the decorative arts and a testimonial to the ability of the government, acting through its regular officials, to plan and direct great public works, to finish them within the time originally fixed, and to keep within original estimates of cost—and these are no slight gains.

The location of the library building, next to that of the Capitol itself, is the best in the city of Washington. The library it is to house, as its name indicates, is first and foremost a library of Congress, and it is of course desirable above all else that it should be near the Capitol, where Congress does its work. It occupies, with the approaches, driveways, and lawns, the southern half of the entire block of land lying directly east of and adjoining the Capitol grounds and extending from First to Second Streets.

The building is of course fire-proof. Little that will burn has been used in

its construction. The exterior walls are of gray granite. The interior or court walls are of creamy white glazed brick. The framework of the roofs and ceiling of the dome surmounting the rotunda is of iron and steel. Fire-proof material has been used between the iron girders in all floors, and the partition walls are of brick. Floors and wainscoting, stairways and balustrades are nearly all of marble, and there is good authority for the claim that more of this material has been used in the building than there is in any other building in the world. With the exception of the colored marble in the rotunda it is nearly all American marble.

The dome above the central rotunda is covered with gold leaf, and many and various are the estimates as to the cost of this par-



AN ALCOVE IN THE ROTUNDA.

ticular portion of the structure. The lowest estimate in circulation in Washington was \$8,000; the one in most general circulation was \$70,000, and often one heard that several hundred thousand dollars of the good money of the taxpayers of the republic had been used in paying for the gold leaf exposed to the natural elements on the outside of the roof. This latter estimate is designed to make the people in some parts of the country lose their sleep o' nights. For their benefit, and that of all others, it may be stated on the authority of Mr. Bernard Green, the engineer in charge of the construction, that the entire cost, including the labor of putting it on, of the gold used in gilding the roof of the dome and the small lantern which crowns it was \$3,750, no more, no less.

The building covers a large area, although not quite so large as the Capitol. Its dimensions are 471 feet in length and 340 feet in breadth. The drawing of the first or main floor plan which forms one of the illustrations of this article shows at a glance the general arrangement of the interior. The basement below and the story above are arranged upon nearly the same lines. It is a rectangle, built around a large court, the outer lines of the four long walls being broken by stately pavilions at the corners and by a noble and imposing pavilion, con-

taining the main entrance or vestibule, which projects beyond the front lines on the west side. The free use of columns in these pavilions adds a strong touch of the classical to the academic effect of the exterior lines. The dome surmounting the great central rotunda is, from the exterior, the least satisfactory feature. From many near-by points it is barely visible. Indeed, spacious as

are the grounds surrounding the library, there is no point near it from which can be had a good view of the whole structure, the dome included. The steps of the balcony on the east front of the Capitol afford perhaps the best view.

The main entrance is in the central pavilion on the west front. It is reached from First Street by four flights of granite steps—two on each side of a large fountain—which end in a broad esplanade. From this a single broad flight of steps leads to the great doorway. The main hall on this floor extends around three sides of the grand staircase and communicates through a broad passageway with the main floor



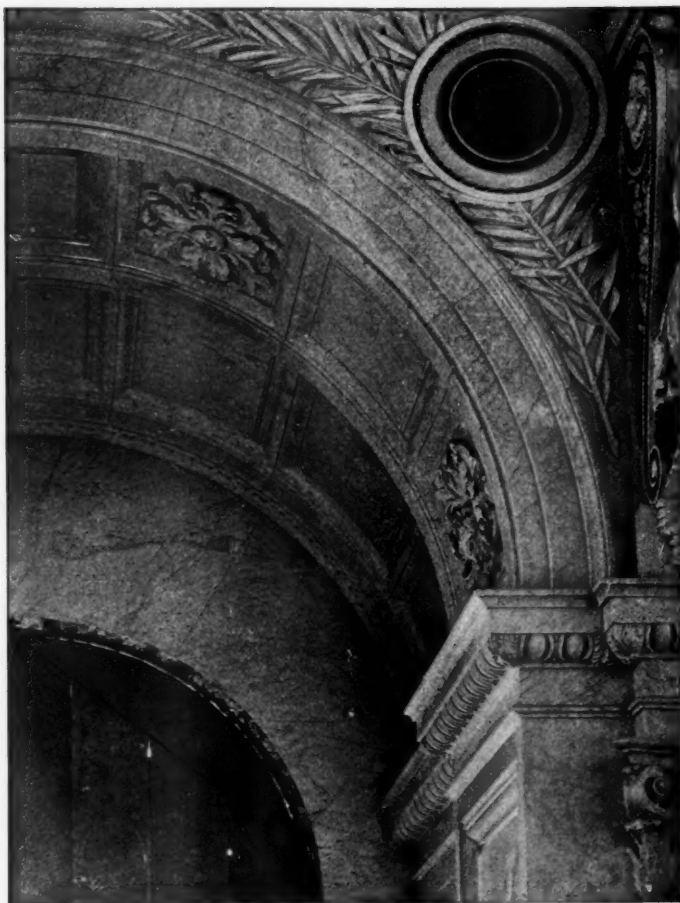
A STATUE IN THE ROTUNDA.

of the rotunda or central reading room, and by corridors bordering the interior courts, with the Senate and House reading rooms and the many other rooms of the southern, eastern, and northern curtains of the building. The staircases leading from this hall to a similar hall on the floor above are bordered by

heavy marble balustrades deeply and exquisitely carved. These staircases terminate in a magnificent *foyer* surrounded on three sides by a great hall. The latter is characterized by much artistic work in carving, sculpture, gilding, and other ceiling ornamentation. The *foyer* and surrounding hall are separated by many marble columns connected by a heavy balustrade. These columns support the lofty ceiling of the *foyer*, with its great skylight and beautiful ceiling. A short flight of steps leads to a passageway to the balcony or promenade surrounding the rotunda,

and to the north and south open vistas of the magnificent corridors, pavilions, and halls set apart for various exhibits of rare books, maps, and engravings.

In the great central court, a little in the rear of the center of the building, is the octagonal rotunda or central reading room. It is connected by a broad corridor with the main vestibule in front, and by book stacks with the north, south, and east façades. Covering this magnificent room, 100 feet in diameter and 125 feet from the floor to the ceiling of the lantern, is the great gilded dome or roof, supported by groups of massive and stately piers and



SECTION OF A WINDOW ARCH IN THE VESTIBULE.

columns of rich African marble. Alcoves with fronts of Siena marble fill the spaces between these groups. Passageways to the stacks and other parts of the building occupy the first floor of these alcoves, rooms for special readers, with books or magazines, the second floor, and on the third is an uncovered promenade around the entire room, just below the spring of the arch of the dome, for visitors who wish to be merely "lookers on in Vienna" of the busy scene below. In the center of this great reading room is to be located the elevated desk of the librarian in charge, below and around it the desks for his



FIGURES IN THE MAIN HALL, SECOND STORY.

separate the piers; the great windows, one on each of the eight sides, opening upon the courtyards, flooding the whole interior with abundance of light; the finely carved capitals of columns and piers; the paneled and coffered ceiling; the broad collar between the ceiling and lantern of the dome, embellished with Mr. Blashfield's beautiful paintings; the ceiling of the lantern, with its artistic group in fresco, also by Mr. Blashfield, and a wealth of statuary surmounting pier and balustrade, form together one of the

assistants, and on the level floor surrounding these desks three rows of desks for individual readers, about one hundred and fifty in all. The central desks are connected with the book stacks by specially designed automatic book-carrying apparatus, and through the basement, directly underneath, with the library terminus of the tunnel to the Capitol.

The rotunda or central reading room is the crowning feature of the library, in design, in construction, in ornamentation, and in practical, everyday usefulness. It is the heart of the library and its administrative center. Its magnificence cannot be told in words. The massive piers and graceful columns of rich, rose-colored marble, from which spring the great arches of the dome; the alcoves which

most magnificent interiors wrought, in recent times at least, by the skill and art of man.

While for years to come the building will have much space which can be devoted to other than library uses, it is first and foremost of all a library building and a home for the library of Congress. In the alcoves adjoining the central reading room or rotunda is room for many thousands of books, and here will be kept those in most frequent use. Leading to the north and to the south from the rotunda are the two main book stacks, each nine stories in height and fitted with iron bookcases and shelves, of special design, and so perforated that the great desideratum of a library, perfect ventilation for the books, will be secured. The floors or decks of the book stacks are of

marble. By a novel arrangement they are left open around the sides so that attendants on any floor can speak with those on any other floor, when in search of a book, doing away with the necessity of speaking tubes, and making each of these great stacks with its nine floors practically one room. By aid of the automatic carrying apparatus specially designed for this library by Mr. Bernard Green, the very efficient and capable engineer in charge of the construction since 1888, the books from either of these stacks are carried to the basement and thence upward to the central desk in the rotunda. The time required to procure any book will be

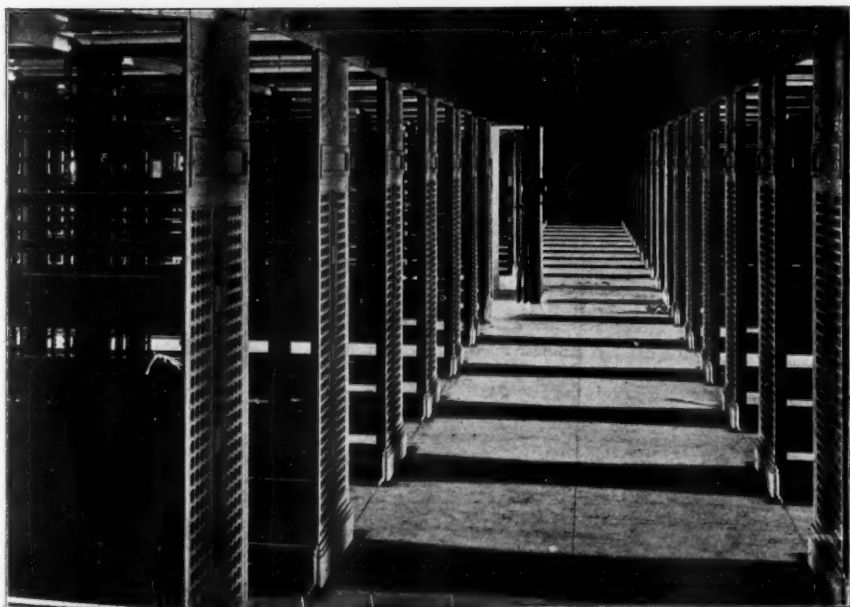
almost unappreciable, though it be on the topmost shelf of the farthest case. The side view of one of these stacks, showing its nine floors, and the interior view, both included among our illustrations, give a very fair idea of their construction and capacity. Con-

necting the rear of the rotunda with the east front of the building is a short book stack, of the same height as the larger ones.



SECTION OF THE BALUSTRADE OF THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

The library at present contains over 750,000 bound volumes besides 220,000 pamphlets. The three book stacks now completed, together with the alcoves immediately adjoining the central reading room, will hold 1,168,000 volumes, which



INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH BOOK STACK.

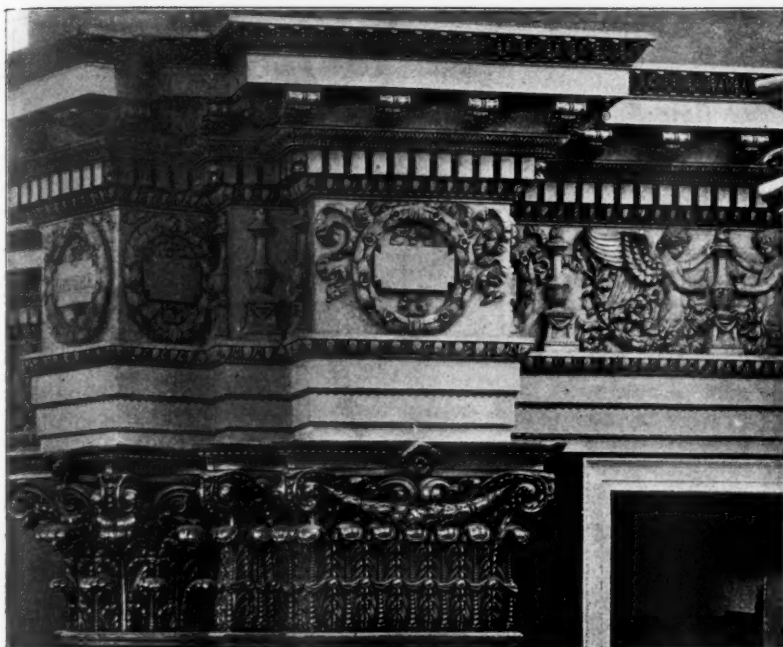
will provide for the growth of the library for 15 years at the present rate of increase, about 30,000 volumes a year. The unassigned rooms will hold 1,047,000 volumes, which will provide room for all additions for 50 years. For the growth after that date, the main rooms of the first and second stories of the north, east, and south sides will hold, on the stack and alcove systems of storage, 1,322,000 volumes, increasing the total capacity to 3,537,000 volumes, which will be sufficient for about 90 years from this date. This capacity can be still further increased by 1,100,000 volumes by the building of one-story stacks in the interior court-yards, without in the least interfering with

the light in the second and third stories and only slightly obstructing the light in a few interior corridors of the first or basement floor. Unless the additions shall be more numerous than is now expected the new building will, therefore, prove ample for the needs of the library for 125 years, its total capacity being about four million volumes.

Besides quarters for the library of Congress, the new building will contain, in the basement, rooms for general storage and for several working administrative departments, including that of the repair and binding of books. Here, also, are the immense steam-heating plant, with its



A CORRIDOR IN THE BASEMENT.



CAPITAL OF A COLUMN IN THE ROTUNDA.

scores of miles of pipes and great fresh air chambers and ducts for the heating and ventilation, the electric light plant, the machinery of the automatic book-carrying apparatus, and the terminus of the tunnel to the Capitol. This tunnel, which was opened during 1895, is six feet high and four feet wide. It will contain the apparatus for carrying books, pneumatic message tubes, and telephone wires for communication with various rooms in the Capitol. It is large enough to permit of the passage of a workman to make repairs to the book carriers, tubes, and wires. The transfer of books from the library to the Capitol through the tunnel will require not more than two minutes.

On the main or first floor, on the west front, are the large rooms devoted respectively to the reading rooms for senators and members of the House. On the second floor the great art hall, 35 feet wide by 217 feet long, will occupy the entire façade on the south side. This will be devoted to an exhibition of works of the graphic art. To

reach this hall one passes through a magnificent corridor and pavilion at the southwest corner. These are to contain, in glass cases, early printed books. Another corridor will be devoted to rare and precious volumes, largely American. The corresponding hall of the same size on the north side of the second floor will be devoted to the storage of maps. A suite of rooms will be given over to the copyright department of the library, and a number will of course be used by the superintendent and other library officials, but the rooms in the building are as yet largely unassigned.

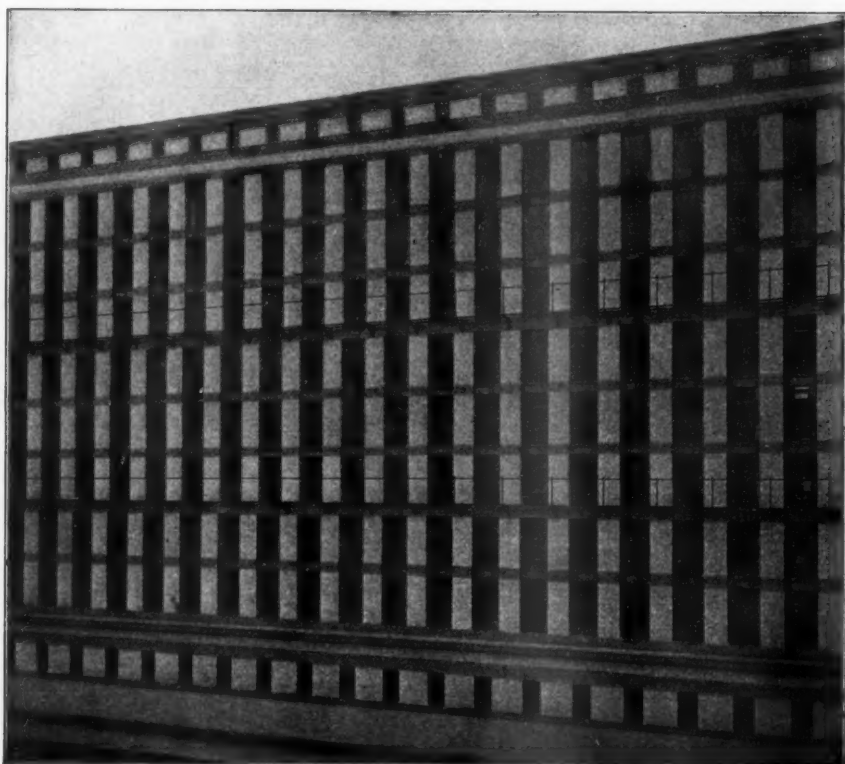
The frescos, carving, statuary, and other art features have only been touched upon in passing. The building is in many particulars a great work of art. Upon its decoration carving, painting, and sculpture have been largely employed and with most admirable results. This branch of the work was entrusted to Mr. E. P. Casey, and he has employed in it many leading American artists and sculptors, who, when their work is done, will have something to show lovers

of art worthy of the noble building and of the great people whose representatives have directed its erection. Some artists whose work is already open to public view are Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Elihu Vedder, and Mr. George Wiloughby Maynard.

Mr. Vedder has five groups on the main floor between the vestibule or entrance hall and the rotunda under the dome. In them he symbolizes the development of self-government. Good and bad government are pictured in bold and statuesque figures, and their natural concomitants, peace of the one and anarchy of the other, are most admirably depicted. The ideal of all government is represented in the central panel, on which is shown a woman seated between two genii. The woman holds in one hand the scepter of righteous rule and

in the other a tablet inscribed with Lincoln's immortal words, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." These panels will add to the high reputation of the illustrator of Omar Khayyam for strong and original work, and are worthy of the prominent place they occupy.

Passing from Mr. Vedder's panels one enters the great rotunda and almost involuntarily glances upward as though to measure the great height. As the eye rests at last upon the broad collar, 150 feet in circumference, just below the lantern and separating it from the dome, it is met with a view of Mr. Blashfield's masterful and beautiful composition representing the intellectual evolution of the human race. Twelve figures are shown, each representing a different department of art, letters, and science. The English nation is named as representa-



SIDE VIEW OF THE SOUTH BOOK STACK.

tive of literature, France of emancipation, America of science, Egypt of written records, Judea of religion, Greece of philosophy, Rome of administration, Islam of physics, Italy of the fine arts, Germany of the art of printing, Spain of discovery, and the Middle Ages of modern languages. The wings of the figures overlap and form an effective background for the strong and admirably drawn images with their appropriate insignia. A single group, filling the ceiling of the lantern of the dome, fittingly crowns the artistic interior of which it is a part.

Mr. Kenyon Cox has two panels in the splendidly decorated corridor of the second floor (third floor, calling the basement the first) leading from the main entrance hall south to the pavilion at the southwest corner. The woodwork of the corridor is ivory white, the ceiling of ivory white and pale blue. The corridor itself and the pavilion to which it leads cannot fail to be object lessons in color to the multitudes who will pass through it in the years to come. One panel is devoted to the arts—poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, and ceramics; the other to the sciences—mathematics, physics, astronomy, botany, and zoology. The work shows Mr. Cox at his best and will add to the reputation he had already earned as one of the strongest, boldest, and most original draughtsmen and clever colorists among American artists.

In the southwest corner pavilion, just beyond, Mr. George W. Maynard has four panel groups, representing respectively adventure, discovery, conquest, and colonization, and another group in the center of the arched ceiling.

But few other of the art features may be mentioned here. Over the windows of the exterior of the main entrance pavilion are busts by well-known sculptors, and in the same pavilion spandrel figures by Mr. Bela Pratt. On the main floor of the interior of this pavilion there is a wealth of carving in the white marble wainscoting, in ceilings of the arched windows and doorways, and in the stair balustrades and capitals of the columns. This carving is almost bewildering in its variety and beauty. The basement

itself, like all other portions of the building, is floored and wainscoted in white and colored marbles, and the coloring of the walls and ceilings would attract attention in any ordinary building for its artistic grouping and contrasting of colors.

In the rotunda, the tops of the great piers and the balcony balustrades are to be graced by statuary by eminent artists. One of these statues is shown in an accompanying illustration. Mr. Niehaus will have figures of Gibbon and Moses, Mr. St. Gaudens of Homer, Mr. Baur of Beethoven, and Mr. Macmonnies of Shakespeare. Other figures are Plato, Bacon, St. Paul, Herodotus, Columbus, Michael Angelo, and Newton. A few only of these are now in place, but all will be put in position during the present year. Mr. J. W. Alexander is decorating one of the corridors with a series of six frescos in which the evolution of the book will be shown. Messrs. Edward Simmons, Charles S. Pearce, Gari Melchers, Walter McEwen, W. L. Dodge, A. H. Thayer, H. O. Walker, and Carl Guthertz are others who contribute of their artistic skill in the decoration of this superbly finished interior. The whole, judging from what is now open to the public view, will redound greatly to the credit of American art.

In conclusion, the new building for the library of Congress is in every way a credit to its architects, to the men who have superintended its designing and construction, and to the artists who have given freely of their best talent in its decoration. It will be a lasting monument to the great free people whose representatives have caused its erection. To view it will be worth a journey from the remotest corner of the republic, and with its unapproachable stores of literature, its opulence of statuary and mural decoration, it is sure to become one of the great centers of the intellectual and art life of the nation. If the Congress which has provided so well for the building will now treat the library itself with the generosity which its importance would seem to merit, it may in time be made, as it should be, the greatest library of the world.

ON CONVERSATION.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, D.D., D.C.L., OXON.

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II.

AT the close of my last paper I was speaking of the moral duty of not tolerating for one instant in conversation allusions or anecdotes which are not morally clean, and I added that in Ireland at least our wits are not subject to this charge, and that Irish fun, even though it be coarse in expression, is as a rule sound and healthy. This topic leads me to speak of the serious or improving side of conversation, which I had carefully kept out of my book. It was not without every precaution that I did so. I urged that in discussing conversation as such it was expressly social converse, the relaxation and amusement of society, which was in question, and not the higher uses to which it could be applied. It is a means to many such higher ends, but in my book of theory I was regarding it merely as an end in itself. How often will it be necessary to repeat that there is no theory on the subject possible which does not so regard it, and that this proves the seriousness, and not the frivolity of my analysis? It is only when this is admitted that I am ready to confer with my readers upon the serious aspects which our conversation may take, and say some practical words upon its uses for weighty purposes beyond its own sphere. Every theorist should be prepared to discuss the practical applications of his speculative system, and show that none of them conflict with his analysis.

The educational uses of conversation seem to me strangely neglected in the present day. That is due to two causes: first to the spread of that modern pestilence, competitive examinations; secondly to the diffusion of text-books or handbook, wherein the student imagines he can learn a subject far more quickly than by the oral teaching of a master.

Competitive examinations are not abso-

lutely bad in themselves, and there may be occasions when they afford the best means of finding a fit man for a vacant place, but the spread of these examinations, the vast number of the candidates, the various centers at which they are held, have led men to be content with examination by papers, without using the vital test of *viva-voce* questioning. In Trinity College, Dublin, we have saved ourselves from this deprivation, and in all our important examinations *viva-voce* questioning forms an essential department, which most of us regard as a surer test than mere paper answering. At the examinations for the higher degrees at the German universities a *colloquium* is arranged, at which the candidate is questioned by a board of examiners in the subjects which he has announced as his specialty. Unless a student can give an account of his work by word of mouth, unless he is ready with a reason when asked for it, we do not hold that he has really mastered his subject.

This is the reason why the ancients were so much better educated than we are. They knew indeed less about science, they cared not to have many languages, but what they knew they knew perfectly, and they were better able to follow an argument than our average man. Look at the epistles of St. Paul. The ordinary audience which understood and followed his arguments, though not the higher or intellectual classes, were far more acute, far better versed in subtle reasoning than any modern congregation. That means that they were better educated, in the strictest sense. I believe the main difference not to have been in their superior intellects, but in their superior training, because they were not trained by reading books, but by conversation. We see the whole process most completely in Plato's "Dialogues." He insists upon all philosophical instruction being by dialogue, that is by conversation, where

teacher and pupils all take their part. The schools of the other philosophers were worked after the same method; all the deepest studies were prosecuted by talking about great subjects. That is still the basis of our universities—the really teaching universities. The student who resides in them has the advantage not only of reading books, which requires no university, but of having these books explained by men eminent in the subject, of going daily to their class rooms, and putting to them the difficulties which perplex him, of discussing not only with them, but also with his fellow students all the problems of science, of philosophy, and of literature.

Here then conversation is the great vehicle of higher teaching and a method which no private study, no hurried reading of handbooks, no answering of examination papers can replace. Let us suppose that a really great man has been secured as professor in a university. The highest and best work which such a man does is not the writing of books or the conducting of examinations, nor even the delivery of formal lectures, but the daily intercourse with the young men, the habit of talking with them familiarly and discussing with them their difficulties—the position of a spiritual father to whom they will come for intellectual advice, encouragement, and consolation. For all this the necessary vehicle, and the only vehicle, is conversation. Any man who has long experience of teaching knows well that if he can persuade a pupil to walk with him, to join him in leisure and recreation as well as in the class room, that pupil will learn far more from him in this way than in the hours of formal instruction. All this is the very essence of university education, wherein the *word* is the beginning and the end of all real teaching, nor do I think there can be any worse sign of the system of Maynooth College, where the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood is trained, than the traditional habit of the professors to have no intercourse with their pupils save in the class room.*

* This most reprehensible practice is admitted and discussed in the "Centenary History of Maynooth," pp. 467 *sq.*, by Bishop John Healy. Dublin, 1895.

This function of a university, bringing growing boys into colleges, where they reside as in a large family, and securing for them the conversation of both intelligent equals and superiors, is only the prolongation of what ought to take place in every intelligent home. When I was a lad in Trinity College we all looked forward to commons (dinner) as an intellectual treat. We knew that a group of friends would sit together and discuss the affairs of the college and the world with keenness and with humor.

The education of children at home should be conducted on the same lines, by conversation of the family at meals, and at such other times as they sit together. Parents who have any knowledge will best convey it by discussion, by conversation, by drawing out the child, as well as by telling what they know, and it is for this reason that the children of an educated house, with traditions of good books, of learning, of refinement all around them, have a start in life which is very hard for the rest of the growing world to overtake. Here too, at the home table, is laid the foundation of an agreeable habit of talking. When the children of the house look forward to their meals as moments of pleasant intercourse, they naturally bring what news they can, what pleasant reading they have just left, what problems they have attempted, to the common fund, and thus acquire a habit very different from that of Roman Catholic theological seminaries or of some girls' schools, where silence or the use of a foreign language is compulsory during dinner—a stupidly unsocial arrangement.

The habit of discussing things in intelligent conversation at dinner is the real reason why civilized people have adopted that form of hospitality above all others. Those who have been taught for years to be silent at that hour of the day may find it difficult to undo the mischief and acquire the habit of free and friendly conversation.

Thus I would supplement my book of theory by showing the constant serious indispensable uses of conversation in education. I will not add any system of rules concerning these branches of the art, except

the old and trite observation that in talking at table for the mutual benefit of the members of a family, or of intimate friends, the discourse should be about things, and not about people. The aphorism requires a word of explanation, for *people* only means our friends and neighbors, not the great men and women who have taken their places in history. These must be classed among the things, or impersonal topics that are the proper subjects of an instructive and ennobling talk. This caution that the conversation is not to occupy itself with the people around us and their affairs is not only valuable but needful, seeing that to most people gossip is exceedingly amusing, especially if it assumes the aspect of scandal, and consists in divulging and discussing things about our neighbors which they desire to be secret, because of the fault and feebleness of character which these things imply. There is no form of conversation more seductive in its way, and none more mischievous, not only in what it may circulate, but in debauching the mind of him who indulges in it and making it unfit for, or averse to, higher and purer pleasures.

What I have further to say on this subject is said so fully and carefully in sections 36-7 of my book on conversation that I am loth to go over the same ground here; for I am in good hopes that those of my readers who take an interest in the subject will obtain the book and read it for themselves. But there I admitted that so far as conversation was merely recreation, which is commonly the case, so far, and so far only is gossip of a harmless kind, an excellent amusement in which almost any company will readily join. Here, as we are concerned with the serious uses of conversation, I will conclude with the loftiest of all, its use in religion. The theory of the Church of Rome, quite apart from services and sacraments and sermons, requires an intimate dialogue, which can only be held by personal intercourse and in words between each member of the flock and the priest. By this means only can the priest sound the inmost character and estimate the principles of those whom he

has under his spiritual charge. It is usual for Protestants to inveigh loudly against the confessional as liable to actual or possible abuses of the gravest kind, but how thoroughly the Church of Rome has understood the problem of reaching individual souls is shown by the practice of the extremest revivalist preachers, who frequently invite those of their congregation who feel anxious or doubtful about their salvation to have a private conference with them. Thus the ultra-Protestant agrees with the Roman Catholic that conversation, the intimate and personal dialogue between spiritual teacher and pupil, is the best and surest way to promote religious knowledge.

Nor is the use of conversation in religion confined to these most solemn moments. How can the mother teach her child, the father his growing son, the teacher his pupil, in things moral and spiritual, how can he wean him from what is trivial or base to what is serious and noble, how can he gradually probe and draw out his higher nature by any other process than by constant friendly, encouraging, stimulating talk, making the youthful mind blossom out in answer and in argument, meeting its objections, respecting its difficulties, soothing its ebullitions, feeding its higher aspirations? There is one youth in a thousand whose spirit can be influenced by the mere reading of books. The mass of men can only be worked upon by the personal contact of another mind, and that personal contact can only be obtained by constant, serious, affectionate conversation.

In these manifold and far-reaching employments it is however not an end, but a means, and therefore did not come into the theory where conversation as such was only considered. It may be here added that as a means of knowledge it is not only in most cases necessary, but in the remainder preëminent above other means by its insinuating, seductive, subtle influence. Under the guise of recreation, under the cloak of banter, the sympathetic talker will sow his seed. The ancients have shown us one of the greatest examples in Socrates, the philosopher who never wrote down a word of

his system but who nevertheless created all the subsequent schools by the force of his personality, manifested in constant and stimulating conversations. We have two accounts of this eminent man from his intimate pupils, one from Xenophon, a man of the world, who turned the training he had received to practical life, the other Plato, a man of the academy, who clothed his own high thinking in the form of Socratic conversations. We know from these trust-

worthy sources that Socrates would not even give a continuous lecture; he insisted upon question and answer; he desired that every one present should take part, should contribute, should show that he was attending and thinking. If modern teachers were more alive to this method, if they modeled their lessons on the pattern of the old Greek master, we should have less cramming, less dull "making up" of books, less dead knowledge, but more living thought.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO HORTICULTURE.

BY DAVID B. ALSTED.

THE obligations we owe to horticulture in its broadest sense are new every morning and fresh every evening, not to say anything about the midday meal, which is also made up largely of the fruits of the field, orchard, and garden. If it were possible for one to be transplanted back in time to the dawn of civilization, or, more exactly speaking, to the days when mankind fed upon the products of vegetation as they were found in the natural condition, it would be strikingly evident that much has been done to improve the crops that now feed the world. In short, the better races of the human species would not fare well, even if they could exist, should the native forms suddenly take the places of the various kinds of cultivated plants.

The systematic growing of various groups of plants falls under several heads, none of them very distinct from each other, and therefore the term horticulture as used in the heading of this paper stands generally for plant culture, and this may include agriculture (field culture), floriculture (flower culture), sylvaculture (forest culture), of which there is far too little in this country, and a long list of cultures from viticulture (grapes) to agariculture (the growing of mushrooms).

The number of species of plants that have been subjects in the molding hands of the horticulturist are among the thousands, but so far as food products are concerned only a few hundred. It is not the place here to

attempt an enumeration and the writer must be content, in the short space at his disposal, with giving some idea, of course general, of the changes that have been effected in plants through the processes of culture. It is doubtless true that some plants possess greater possibilities than others as food plants for man, just as certain species of animals seem to have been designed specially for service. It is, so-to-speak, as natural for the wheat to yield grain as the pig to lay on fat, and the beet to become large-rooted as the sheep to be covered with a textile material. Cows are for milk and horses for strength and speed, while certain plants are rich in starch, as the potato and the corn, and others have their seeds covered with long hairs that yield our cotton or produce seeds that are rich in meaty substances (beans) and cause their culture and improvement to be a profitable industry.

As a rule the plant itself suggested to man in the early days of his development the particular product for which it might be grown, and if it were the purpose here to trace the history of cultivated plants it would be shown that the first step from the wild state was the locating, fencing in, or in some way declaring ownership of certain wild plants. Following this was the partial exclusion of the undesirable plants from the area chosen, and this protection and stimulus in themselves were causes for further development. No one kind of plant can be

good for everything, for one quality often excludes the possibility of another, as for example superiority for heavy draught precludes high speed in a horse. If one grows a certain crop for the closely condensed tender leaves that compose the so-called "heads," as in the cabbage, he must forego the idea at the same time of producing the choicest blossoms for buttonhole bouquets. In like manner the turnip produces its most valuable product below ground and is not grown either for its fruit or as a shade tree. These remarks seem absurd at once but the serious thought is that among cultivated plants there is a great division of labor, and those persons who have had the most to do with developing our choicest fruits and flowers were impressed with the fact that they must as a rule work for a single end in any one species of plant.

It has been seen that the plant in the wild state gave the hint and upon that man has acted, and the results are seen wherever a field of grain yellows for the harvest in the summer sun, an orchard is fruited deep in autumn, or a bed of pansies turns its bright face-blooms toward the morning light.

The world's debt to horticulture is truly great and the writer realizes his own inability to make the reader feel his obligations in the matter, because of its vastness and constancy. A person does not weigh and measure his indebtedness for the air he breathes each moment or the sunshine that bathes him in floods of gold. It therefore remains to show something of the progress that has been made in the culture of plants and to point out however briefly some of the methods by which the improvements have been effected.

Horticulture as its name indicates is garden culture as distinguished from agriculture, which is the culture of the field. Farm crops are agricultural and all others are conveniently placed under horticulture, and those of the orchard are considered as among the leading ones. It is therefore to our purpose to consider horticultural methods as they are met with in the orchard. The list of fruits that are grown for the table is a long one and the mere mention of them by

name would fill several lines of this printed page.

As the apple heads the list alphabetically arranged it may be well to glance at it as a type for all the others. This fruit has been cultivated for more than four thousand years and grows wild throughout Europe south of the Caucasus Mountains. That improvements have been made in it goes without saying, and one only needs to contrast a fair specimen of a standard sort with the small, tough, and bitter natural fruit of our wild species to be struck with the advances made.

The writer is appalled at the task before him in attempting to treat of apple culture in a paragraph. It is a vast subject in itself; to it millions have given a large part of their lives and upon it many persons have left the impress of their best thought through long years. Instead of the worthless wild fruits there are thousands of cultivated sorts, each with its distinct characteristics and its own individual history, long or short. Before me lies Downing's "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," with its thirteen hundred pages, giving descriptions of apples from A to Z (Abbott to Zoar). Some are large, some are small, some are early and some are late, some are sweet and some are sour—seemingly enough for all and of qualities sufficiently varied to suit every one. It almost makes one's mouth water at the sight of these hundreds of kinds tastefully arranged upon plates at a horticultural show. So attractive are they that one may naturally forget all the pains that it has required to bring them to such perfection. If space permitted it might be shown how the seeds were sown in nursery rows and afterward the sorts desired were budded or grafted upon the stocks, and how still later the nursery trees were set in orchards where they needed almost daily care.

A pause might be made here to enlarge upon the fact that the growth to perfection of fruits is attended with an almost constant strife against their enemies. It would seem as if the artificial development of certain parts of plants as found in our field, orchard, and garden crops rendered those parts more than ordinarily susceptible to attacks

of various blights and insect foes. A volume could be filled with the descriptions of the worms, beetles, flies, rusts, molds, mildews, blights, and the like, that infest the orchard and render apple-growing not only a high art but a warfare in which the spraying pump is one of the weapons by means of which when loaded with compounds of arsenic and copper the insidious enemies are kept in check. More than this it might be interesting to consider the complicated structure of the flower and show how the beneficial insects are needed to carry the pollen from one bloom to another to make it possible for fruit to follow the flower. Still further it would be interesting to show how by this process a cross can be secured between two sorts, and a new variety obtained that possibly may so combine the superior qualities of both parents as to be more valuable than either. In short there is a breeding of apples in the same sense as there is of horses or sheep and for the same end; namely, the improvement in them of the qualities for which they receive attention.

While America may well be proud of her apples, as they bring the highest prices in the markets of the world, it is our grapes that may well make us still more exultant. The apple came into use from the Orient, an ancient fruit even in the early colonial days, but the grapes of our vineyards are largely of our own making. Our climate is unfavorable to the growth of the foreign grapes, and their culture, after repeated failures out of doors, is now confined to the greenhouse save in the sub-tropical sections of the country. For our vineyards it was necessary to start with the native grapes, of which there are several species. If we indulge a trifle in history just here it may be stated that a grape discovered growing wild by a gardener to William Penn and afterward bearing his name (Alexander) began the systematic growing of American grapes with the opening of the eighteenth century. The older readers may remember when the Isabella was the leading variety of grape. The introduction of this sort of grape brings us to the beginning of our own century. The Isabella and the Catawba were the lead-

ing varieties a half century ago. Just what blood flows in the veins of the Catawba is not well known; possibly in the attempts to grow the foreign grapes in this country may be reason enough to account for the strong suspicion of European parentage in part.

To-day, while the Concord is styled "the grape of the million," there are many other varieties that have a better flavor. Of late there has been a fondness for the so-called "white grapes" and the Niagara and a long list of this group have been introduced and grown so that it is no unusual thing in the city markets to see grapes of a dozen tints of amber, black, and green displayed side by side. The best of all is that they are grown so abundantly that this truly American fruit is within the reach of every one.

In the production of this fruit there are many points of culture that have been worked out after much careful experimentation, particularly the methods of pruning and exposing of foliage and fruit upon the trellis. The viticulturist has learned much in recent years concerning ways and means of combatting the black rot, the mildew, and a whole host of other fungus diseases and can put his choicest products within the reach of all. Surely in grapes alone the world's debt to the viticulturist is very great.

If we should at harvest time visit the large peach orchards of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, or, further west, the peach belt of Michigan there would be no question about this Oriental (Chinese or Persian) fruit being a factor in the orchard industries of our country. From the standpoint of esthetics it represents the type of beauty in fruits and gastronomically considered it never fails to give a maximum of satisfaction. When the crop fails, as all realize is too frequently the fact, there is a species of mourning that is sensible when the news is spread by the public press that the frosts have done their deadly work. It is a sad but certain testimony to the greatness of the debt the world owes to this branch of horticulture.

And so the whole range of orchard fruits could be gone through, forgetting not those

sub-tropical forms grouped together under the generic term of Citrus fruits. For beauty nothing surpasses the fruit-laden trees of an orange grove save the fragrance and charm of the blooms that preceded. Should the frosts cut off the Florida and California crop of lemons we find consolation in the certainty of the groves in Sicily and the border states of the Mediterranean. While letting our thoughts in passing reach out to the tropics with its wealth of fruits and nuts, a few only of which reach the northern markets, as the date, fig, pomegranate, banana, pineapple, and cocoanut, we will return to a small, humble, prostrate plant that has endeared itself to every lover of deliciousness. Of it a noted divine once said—and he was quite a horticulturist, by the way—"The Lord might have made a better fruit, but he did not."

The horticulturist finds much of interest in the strawberry as related to his art. It is one of these garden fruits that come into bearing quickly and the one who is striving for new and improved sorts need not resort to grafting upon trees of fruit-bearing age, as in case of the orchard fruits generally. He can mix the blood of two species and within two seasons is able to gain a good idea of what the result is to be from the standpoint of productiveness, quality, and the like. Also it is a plant that propagates very rapidly by means of its runners, so that when once a choice kind is produced it is soon easy to have enough plants to set out an acre. In many other ways the strawberry differs from ordinary fruits. The botanist finds in it an instance where the fruit, strictly speaking, is not edible but are numerous minute single-seeded fruits scattered over the surface or sunken in small pits of a fleshy, not to say delicious, receptacle. In short we eat the dry fruits and crack them between our teeth for the sake of the pulpy environment, being thankful, nevertheless, for the possibilities which the horticulturist has found and developed in this luscious receptacle. In briefly disposing of this earliest and to many best of all our fruits it may be only fair to it and to the strawberry experts to remind the

young readers that they enjoy in the matter of perfection and plentifulness of this fruit what their grandparents not even dreamed of. In short the improvement in the fruit, although great in many ways, has been closely followed by a growing sentiment that any one with ordinary land can enjoy the pleasure of raising and eating his own strawberries. This feeling that fruit-growing need not be confined to the few is one of the large debts that the world owes to horticulture.

There is space for only a glance at the market garden and its long list of vegetables. If we glance at beans alone what progress has been made! Instead of the tall poles and straggling pods the bush sorts stand in close rows showing scarcely other than golden wax fruits—at least in the gorgeous seedsmen's catalogues. Some of our college graduates are employed by the seed firms to combine qualities and make improved sorts, so that truly it may be said that a few persons at least are beginning to "know beans."

But a word must be said about the tomatoes. Our grandmothers raised a few plants in the yard grounds and placed the small, rough, red fruits upon the mantel as ornaments, calling them love apples and pronouncing their seedy, watery contents poisonous. Now tomatoes are not only eaten but there is no end to the ways they come upon the table, and at all seasons of the year. The writer can well remember when the bulk of the fruit of the garden plants was cut off by the frost and only picking saved them. Future generations may look back to us and remark that we did not know what tomatoes were or how to grow them. This may prove true, for we should not be so conceited as to hold to the view that we are nearing the end of progress in this line of horticulture. Only a few months ago the writer was informed by a tomato breeder that he had put a beautiful blush upon a yellow sort and believed that some day he could place tomatoes upon the market that would vie in beauty if not in flavor with the choicest rareripe peaches. I am not so sure, but

already the tomato has gained such a foothold in the culinary department of the world's people that for general usefulness it stands ahead of the peach. Imagine the dismay if the tomato crop should fail! We are indebted to a long line of tomato breeders who with pollenizing kits of tools and pruning knives have blessed the world with large, smooth, solid fruits that come true to seed, and abundantly, every year.

Thus far the debt we owe to horticulture has been glanced at entirely from the side of food production. This perhaps should come first, but there are many other views to be taken and this paper should not be closed without a word in connection with hygiene. It is not contended that the orchard and garden furnish bone and sinew, so-to-speak, of our food stuffs. Our bread and our beef come from the farm; but there is great need for those lighter articles of diet that come to the table as fruits or vegetables. They are the more palatable portions of our diet and being so argues their importance from the standpoint of hygiene. No lengthy plea is needed, for it is borne out by statistics that the fruit-eating people are the healthier.

But there is another phase of this whole subject, namely the healthfulness of the exercise, mental as well as physical, that is needed in the growing of orchard and

garden crops. The advances in horticulture have increased the range of products as to fruitfulness and profits of the same, not to forget the lively interest in the practical operations of the art. In short, advancing horticulture makes the people healthier not only by producing a longer list of fruits and vegetables for the table but by inducing many to exercise more in the open air. For the half sick and the semi-invalid often nothing could be better than an acre of fruit and garden plants among which to live and grow strong.

Then there is the flower garden deserving a whole paper by itself. This is the poetical side of horticulture. The progress here has been more than great, and new societies of growers of roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, etc., are being formed each year. The reader may have visited some of their floral shows. Floriculture makes the world more beautiful and our debt in this direction cannot be easily estimated.

Enough has been hinted at in this paper to lead the reader to the conviction that every person every day is placed under obligations to the great array of earnest men who have tamed the wild plants of the earth by training them for special service, some to yield fruits, others vegetables, and others flowers, and of the kinds that add to the blessings of a cultured humanity.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF THE BALLOT.

BY LEE J. VANCE.

AS this is a presidential year it may not be amiss to call attention to the subject of voting. There are many interesting facts connected with the ballot which it is well sometimes to remember, and in its growth it has taken such varied forms as to make a suggestive study.

In those good old days when all civilized peoples were ruled by kings there was not much need of a ballot. An independent, self-governing tribe like the ancient Germans was satisfied with *viva-voce* voting. The Jews, before they had kings, were

more or less a self-governing people. However, their theory of government consisted in putting everything in the hands of God, and strictly speaking it was a theocracy. So that if a public officer had to be elected he was named by the priest or prophet, who was God's representative.

Another method was to cast lots, and it was calculated that God would send the right lot to the right man. Sortilege, or the casting of lots, was practised among ancient heathen peoples as well as the Jews. The use of the lot received divine sanction,

as in the story of Achan related by Joshua. Later on the practice fell into the hands of the sorcerer, the name signifying lot-taker. But before taking a vote it was customary to offer up a prayer. In the mouth of the sorcerer the prayer became a mystic incantation, or magic formula.

Now there are good reasons for believing that our modern custom of "counting-out" is simply a survival of sortilege, or divination by lot. Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, who has made a study of this subject, thinks he has proved that the counting-out rhymes and doggerels which are found all over the world are relics of the spoken charms used by sorcerers in ancient times in conjunction with their mystic incantations. Curious indeed it seems that when our children, wishing to choose who is to be "it," begin with,

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John," etc.,

they are "repeating in innocent ignorance the practices and languages of a sorcerer of a dark age," and yet such is probably the fact.

There were several different ways of voting in ancient Greece. The use of a pebble was one means; the show of the hands was another, and often officers were appointed by lot. The Greek ballot was originally a pebble; a perforated one for a "no" and a whole one for a "yes" vote. Sometimes a stone was used, and it was simply dropped into a "yes" or "no" box, or receptacle of some kind. Such was the kind of ballot used in enacting laws and in courts where there were a number of judges.

When the Greeks chose officers by lot the voters used white and black beans. It is said that those who were chronically hungry for office were called "bean-eaters." But the Greek idea of dividing the offices was a simple one. Every citizen of the state was supposed to be good enough for almost any office, and every one was considered to have an equal show. It was perhaps a more impartial way of dividing the spoils than the modern method of giving them to the victors of a party fight.

The Greeks used the secret ballot to vote

against certain men. It was never employed to vote for candidates, as in modern times. When factional spirit ran high, and a leader was growing too strong, it was regarded as the right thing to order a vote of exile. Whereupon each citizen wrote a name on an oyster shell and put this vote secretly into the box. If there was a sufficient majority against him the leader was obliged to leave the state for ten years. Sometimes this peculiar institution, called ostracism, did not work right. As classical scholars will remember, on a certain important occasion lightning failed to strike either of the prominent leaders, but hit a comparatively inoffensive person. The facts in the case are not as clear as they might be, but we know that soon after this event ostracism fell into disfavor and went out of use.

Just when the ballot was introduced into Roman politics is not known. In the latter days of the Republic the voter cast his vote on a waxen tablet. The tablets were made of wood covered with wax, and were used by the Romans for various purposes, chiefly for writing letters and the like. There were several sizes, none of them large, and one kind, called *pugillares*, was small enough to be held in the partly-closed hand. A sharp iron instrument called a *stilus* was used to make the lines and marks. One end was pointed for scratching on the wax; the other end was flat and was used as an eraser. Two tablets were fastened together with wire, which served as a hinge. When the writer finished his letter he tied his wooden slate by a strong cord, made a knot, and after placing wax on the knot stamped it with his signet ring.

In voting the names of all the candidates were written on this waxen ballot. The Roman voter made holes with his *stilus* in the wax opposite those of his choice and dropped the tablet in the box. In the days of the Empire there was no use of a ballot. The Prætorian Guards, or the army, did most of the voting, and the only safe way to dispute the count was with another army. After the downfall of the Roman Empire voting again came into favor and fashion,

and some curious and cunningly-devised ballot systems were invented during the Middle Ages, especially in the small states and councils of that period.

Undoubtedly the most elaborate system of voting was that in vogue in Venice. The method of choosing a doge was hedged in by an absurd number of details, and the election was really determined by the use of the lot.

When a doge was to be chosen the great council consisting of four or five hundred members was called together. The first thing was to bar out from the proceedings all those below thirty years of age. The names of the rest were written on slips of paper, and then a small boy was called from the street and brought in to draw out thirty names. Of the thirty, nine only could go on with the election. They were allowed to choose forty others, as follows: four of them nominated five each, five of them four each, and then each of the forty had to be confirmed by a two-thirds vote of the nine.

The forty thus selected in their turn cast lots to decide upon twelve names. The twelve in the same way chose twenty-five others, as follows: the presiding officer nominated three, and each of the others two. A three-fourths vote was necessary to elect. Of these twenty-five, nine were taken by lot. The nine in their turn chose forty-five others, of whom eleven were picked out by lot. The eleven in the same way nominated forty-one to choose the doge, and each of the forty-one must be confirmed by a majority vote of the great council.

The forty-one now got down to business. They were locked up together in a big council chamber, and not allowed to have any communication with the outside world till at least twenty-five of them agreed on a doge. There was nothing too good for the forty-one while they were locked up. Each of them could have whatever he asked for, regardless of expense, but all had to be treated alike. Thus it is related that once an elector delayed matters by wanting a copy of *Æsop's Fables*. His whim was gratified, but not till all the libraries of

Venice were searched to find the necessary forty-one copies. At another time one of the electors ordered a rosary, and of course forty-one rosaries were distributed around, and no elector could complain that he had been slighted.

Not so complicated as the Venetian system, but elaborate in its carefulness, is the form of electing a pope. This form has been pursued for more than a thousand years, the chief object being to secure secrecy and independence in the voting.

When a pope is to be elected the members of the college of cardinals are called together. Their right to choose a pope dates back to the time when the parish priests of Rome elected the bishop of the diocese, who was then merely the bishop of Rome. This is the principle still applied to the election of the pope, for the members of the college of cardinals hold their places as titular pastors of parishes within the Eternal City.

The time fixed to elapse before the cardinals assemble and the conclave is closed has been nine days. But this interval was arranged at a time when all the cardinals were within nine days' journey of Rome. How are the American, Canadian, or Australian wearers of the red hat going to reach Rome within the prescribed time? Clearly they are barred out by the present arrangement. The cast-iron rule has been so far relaxed as to allow cardinals who are sick and unable to take the journey to vote by proxy.

The conclave is held usually either in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal, or in the Sistine when in the Vatican. Each cardinal has a separate room, and is allowed to be accompanied by two attendants; so that the *personnel* of the conclave will number about two hundred and thirty persons. All the cardinals are literally walled in their rooms and forbidden to have any communication with the outer world till they have chosen a pope. That is to say, the doors and windows are walled up, and food is passed in to the cardinals by two cylindrical dumb-waiters or wheel boxes.

Before taking a vote the conclave chooses

three *scrutators*, one from each order, and three *infermieri*, who collect the votes of the sick members. There can be an election by inspiration—that is, when “all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate as pontiff unanimously and *vivâ voce*.” As a single dissenting voice is fatal to the success of this plan, it would be difficult to name a pope who has been elected by acclamation.

The usual method is to take a ballot every morning, followed by another in the afternoon or evening. Each cardinal receives a paper ballot, about four inches long and three inches wide. Each one writes his name in the upper part, the name of the candidate he favors in the middle part, and some motto from Scripture in the lower part. He folds it over so as to conceal his signature, and seals it with a seal not known to the *scrutators*.

There is a large table in the center of the room, upon which are two gilded vases—one chalice-shaped for the ballots cast, the other pyx-shaped for the ballots when counted. The votes of the cardinals absent through illness are kept in an ebony box, under lock and key. Going to the center table each cardinal deposits his ballot in the chalice-shaped vase, repeating at the same time this formula: “*Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu præstabo.*”*

Voting over, the first *scrutator* takes the ballots from the vase one at a time, opens it only so far as to read the motto, passes it to the second, who enters the vote opposite the candidates names, and passes it to the third, who reads it aloud. If there is not a two-thirds majority the ballots are burned, and the smoke tells the waiting crowd outside that there is no election. Some one has suggested that the discolored condition of Michael Angelo's famous painting of the “Last Judgment” on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is due to the frequent burning of the ballots in the many elections held in that historic part of the Vatican.

*“The Election of a Pope,” by William Roscoe Thayer, in *The Century* for May.

When any candidate receives the necessary two thirds the sealed signatures are opened. If everything is all right, the result is announced to the waiting public.

Looking at the ballot as used by common mortals, and coming down to this century, a few interesting things may be noted. It does not appear that the modern Greeks have improved much on the voting system of their fathers. A little lead ball is the regular ballot in Greece at the present day. There is a box for each candidate, divided into two compartments. The voter goes from box to box, puts his hand into a funnel, and unseen drops his ball into the “yes” or “no” side. There does not seem to be any check against the voter's casting his ballot for more than one party.

The Hungarian ballot of thirty years ago is a most interesting specimen of the kind. It was simply a stick from four to six feet long. There was a room containing a number of ballot boxes, each bearing the name and color of a candidate. The voter went alone into this room and placed his stick in the box for or against the candidates. This method of voting by sticks has now been replaced by the use of printed slips of paper.

In Great Britain voting for members of the House of Commons was for a long number of years *vivâ voce*. The voter walked up to the polling place and cast his vote by calling out the name of his candidate or candidates. The vote thus announced was then and there registered in the polling-book. The whole system of voting in England has been changed within a comparatively recent period. In order to secure secrecy and independence of voting, the ballot and other reforms were introduced in the year 1872.

Our own system of voting was at first the same as the English. In colonial days and even after the adoption of the Constitution *vivâ-voce* voting obtained in a few of the states. It may not be generally known that, while our fathers did a great deal of talking and writing about voting, as a matter of fact very few of them availed

themselves of the privilege. Prof. Franklin Jameson has shown that in voting upon constitutions in 1778, 1779, and 1780 the total vote in Massachusetts amounted to about five per cent of the population, although sixteen per cent possessed the franchise; in voting for governor in 1780 about three per cent of the population participated, and in the next six years about two per cent. In the last decades of the colonial period about six per cent of the white people of Virginia voted at the elections for the House of Burgesses. "We may not feel justified," says Professor Jameson, "in adopting the boast of Sthenelus that we are far better than our fathers, but we certainly vote much more than they did."

This peculiarly American habit of wanting to "vote early and often" has been the means of developing the most complete ballot system ever known. In order to "get out the vote" political wire-pullers devised ingenious schemes to "beat the ballot," and unfortunately they succeeded. There were "tissue ballots" and frauds of various kinds. They led to the introduction by law of the Australian ballot system, which is too well known to require much description. This system has been adopted in the United States, in England, and in many of the continental countries.

One of the leading features of the Australian system is the "official ballot." The tickets to be voted are prepared, printed, and distributed by the central or local government. In some of the states it is made a crime for any one to have an official ballot outside of the polling place. The common method is to arrange the candidates in a column, beginning with the most important office. There is a small blank space opposite each candidate's name for the voter to indicate his choice by a pencil or other mark. At the head of the column is printed the name of a political

party, or perhaps a device, such as an eagle or a rooster. When the names of all the candidates for all the offices are put on one ticket it is called a "blanket ballot"—a very appropriate term to describe the big sheet of paper, often twelve inches wide and twenty inches long. Even this did not suit some politicians, and so we had "paster ballots," which could be stuck over the official ballot.

In order to make voting more correct ballot machines have been invented. There are several of these in use in the states, where they are legalized by acts of the legislature. The Myers machine, which may be taken as an example, is an iron-covered frame about seven feet high, divided into two compartments—one for the voters and the other for the counters. The voter goes alone into his compartment and pushes a knob opposite the name of the candidate he wishes to vote for. This counts one vote for the candidate on the dial in the other compartment, and at the same time locks all the other knobs of all the other candidates for the same office. And so for the candidates for the other offices. When the voter retires the knobs are ready for the next person. Voting over, the inspectors unlock the counter compartment and find the totals recorded on the different dials, and the result of the election can be tabulated within a very few minutes.

The question has been raised as to whether machine voting was voting by ballot. The New York constitution now provides for lawful use of any voting-machine system that secures secrecy of ballot. In former days the campaign orators and poets were fond of likening the paper ballot to

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the ground."

But it looks as if the ballot of the future would be by a machine voting system.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLORS.

BY DR. SELLE-BRANDENBURG.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

FOR our century, with its rapid strides in art and science, has been reserved the honor of solving the problem of how to photograph colors in nature by the means of light. As early as the year 1810 Mr. Seebeck, professor in the Jena University, made the wonderful discovery that muriate of silver introduced among the gay colors of the spectrum usually assumed the colors with which it was in contact; that is, in the blue and red parts of the spectrum. This peculiar phenomenon thus gave a clue to the way in which a color reproduction of an object might be made by means of the light reflected from that object. One needed only to use in place of the ordinary sensitive plate of the photographic camera a substance sensitive to light which was capable of assuming sufficiently well the colors with which it was brought in contact and there one would have on the plate the reproduction of an object in its natural colors.

Even after muriate of silver was known to possess this peculiar characteristic neither Seebeck nor John Herschel, who decades later (1840) followed up Seebeck's experiments, succeeded in photographing more than a few colors of the spectrum. Edmond Becquerel's labors, continued with untiring industry from 1849 to 1855, were the first to yield better results, and Becquerel actually reproduced exactly the wonderful colors of the spectrum, on his silver plate, which had been covered electrically with muriate of silver in fine particles. But these color pictures were of a very perishable nature. As soon as the color plate was exposed to daylight, the glory of the colors changed to a tame grayish black, and all attempts were unavailing to arrest further action of the light by the so-called fixatives used in black photography, without spoiling the colors.

The next to undertake the problem was Niepce de Saint-Victor, nephew of Nicéphore Niepce, one of the coinventors of photography, but he met with no better results. At last, in 1865, Poitevin succeeded in retaining on paper a few pictures of objects in their natural colors; still the colors were unpronounced and all of the pictures were pervaded with a disagreeable golden brown tint.

Poitevin's work was taken up by Zenker in Germany and improved upon. It was Zenker who first produced a theory to account for this wonderful color phenomenon. He described it as a condition produced by the interference of rays of light in the layer of muriate of silver—on the same principle as the beautiful colors are formed in a soap bubble or in a polished mussel-shell. The correctness of this theory was later abundantly proved by Weiner's experiments in Strasburg and by Lippmann's researches.

After several investigators, among them Veres in Klausenburg and Krone and Kopp in Munich, had continued experimentation in this line with little more result, suddenly at the beginning of 1891 came the astonishing news that fortune had again favored a French scholar, Professor Lippmann in Paris, who not only had reproduced the colors of the spectrum in their natural glory but also, what none of his predecessors had succeeded in accomplishing, had made them permanent. Lippmann arrived at the magnificent result of proving conclusively Zenker's theory that the interference of the rays of light is a necessary condition of colors. This he did by having his sensitive plate as nearly transparent as possible and placing it in his photographic camera directly opposite a reflecting quick-silver plate.

The photographs of the spectrum ob-

tained in this way were indeed brilliantly beautiful, but when they tried to perpetuate the mixed colors, that is the colors formed by a blending of the several spectrum colors, the task seemed hopeless—even in the best photographs of this kind, those obtained by Doctor Neuhauss in Berlin.

Meanwhile much better results, at least in regard to mixed colors, were obtained by a wholly different process. This process, in contrast to the above direct method of obtaining the colors through light itself, must be called indirect, because it requires the application of artificial coloring substances. From the start the process is both subjective and objective. The former, which only projects on the eye a subjective picture like a mirage, I will here touch on but briefly. It depends on the three prime color images which the Helmholtz theory, to be mentioned later, requires to impress on the retina of the eye, not objectively, but only subjectively; that was done as follows: by the use of red, green, and blue glass, called light filters, placed before the camera three ordinary black photographic pictures of the same object were made on glass, and by placing these back of their proper light filters they were made to show in their natural colors. Then these three pictures placed side by side were so projected on the eye by a peculiar apparatus that the impressions they made on the retina of the eye overlapped each other. Ives had tried to obtain this effect by three magic lanterns and in his photochromoscope by means of proper mirages.

In later times Joly simplified the same experiments in an ingenious manner. He separated the light filters like those described above into fine parallel strips and shoved them together so that a red, a green, and a blue strip were close beside one another. So by means of this one striped plate, comprising in itself the three other light filters, he preserved the three prime color pictures thrown on a single plate together; and by placing his color-striped plate behind the black glass positive he obtained really beautiful pictures in natural colors.

If we turn now to the objective method of photographing objects in their natural colors by means of artificial coloring materials I shall have to anticipate the knowledge as well as the theory of it as I worked them out in 1890. We shall have to go back to the question, What principally causes the colors? Of course we know that the white daylight strikes the object which we see, that one part of it is absorbed and the other reflected so that it reaches the eye and yields a colored picture of the object. Thus, for example, we see carmine red, because of the colors red, green, and blue of which the white light is composed the green and blue are absorbed and only the red reflected. Grass looks green because it absorbs red and blue from the daylight and reflects only the green. The *lapis lazuli* looks blue because it absorbs red and green and reflects blue. Thus we see all objects only in those rays of white light which are reflected by them.

On these premises we can obtain the color picture of an object not only directly, by preparing a sensitive plate, as above described, which will assume the colors of the rays of light falling on it, but also indirectly, by applying on a white surface artificial coloring matters corresponding in all points to the object, in such quantity and of such quality that the absorption from the white surface which takes place shall be equal to the absorption by the object in question from the white daylight.

If, for example, we wish to copy a red ray of light, according to the first, the direct method, we must have a substance sensitive to light, which assumes the color red whenever it comes in contact with a red ray of light. According to the second, the indirect method, we may arrive close to the same result by having absorbed from a white ground surface through artificial coloring materials approximately the same quantity of green and blue as the red ray itself absorbs from the daylight. When the unabsorbed quantities of light reflected to the eye are equal the ray of light and its picture will look the same color.

But how shall we determine the kinds and quantities of light which we must take away at its various points from the white of our hypothetical picture surface in order to reproduce the object in its natural colors?

According to the Young-Helmholtz theory, in spite of the enormous quantity of color-shading which we observe daily in nature the retina of our eyes perceives only three prime colors: a red, a green, and a blue violet. All other color sensations are made up in the consciousness from these three prime colors. For example, yellow is a combination of the sensations of prime red and green; light blue, of green and blue; rose, of blue and red; white, a harmony of equal quantities of red, green, and blue color sensations. Intermediate colors result from a combination of sensations of the prime colors in varying intensity. Thus in orange the red is strong, the green weak; in bright green the red is weak, the green strong; in dark green the green is strong, the blue weak; in lilac the red is weak, the blue strong; in purple the red is strong, the blue weak. When all three color sensations are united in varying intensities, there results such a large number of combinations of different tints that we can easily account in this manner for all the innumerable color-shadings.

According to the Helmholtz theory the eye dissects every picture which is formed on the retina into three single colors: a red, a green, and a blue; these three are reunited in the consciousness into one composite color picture.

Thus we have come to a conclusion as to what kinds of light we must have absorbed in our above-mentioned hypothetical picture plates in order to bring out before our eye the same impression as the object made on it. We only need to take from all points of our white picture plate the same quantity respectively of red, of green, and of blue as the object absorbs from the daylight in order that the same amount of red, green, and blue may be reflected to the eye from the picture as is reflected by the object itself.

How shall we take away the red, green, and blue? That is easy to answer. We

know that our coloring material possesses in a superior degree the quality of absorbing certain kinds of light from the white light and of reflecting the others as a single color, if opaque, or if transparent of letting them pass through as a single color. Naturally we can use only the transparent coloring materials because we wish to place one above another and that of course with the end in view that one coloring material always shall absorb only one color and allow both the others to pass through it.

Thus in order to take away the red we choose a transparent, red-absorbing coloring material, which is blue; to take away the green, a transparent, green-absorbing coloring material, which is rose; and finally in order to take away the blue, a transparent, blue-absorbing coloring material, which is golden yellow.

Once clear on the color and texture of the coloring materials we need only to determine the quantity and location where we must apply them to our white picture plate. Here let us simply explain how to obtain the photographic negative of our picture to be copied:

First of all we take three colored glasses, called light filters, which conform to the Helmholtz prime colors, one allowing only red to pass through it, a second only green, and a third only blue. These we place successively before the object glass of our camera which projects the picture of the object to be copied, and we have in the camera successively three prime color pictures such as our retina reports them. Now we take these three pictures by the ordinary photographic method and so obtain three prime negatives of the object. In the first negative we find developed only the red, in the second only the green, in the third only the blue light rays of our object. As you know now the photographic plates become black (in the treatment with certain chemicals) where light has affected them; therefore the black places in the negatives show exactly where the red, green, and blue light beams of our object were reflected, while the white places show just as accurately that here no light was reflected, that

is, that here the object had absorbed all corresponding light from the white daylight. Therefore here we must apply our absorbing coloring materials, that is we simply copy our red negative in the red-extracting (light blue) color on our white plate, copy over that the green negative in the green-extracting (rose) color, and finally over that copy the blue negative in the blue-extracting (yellow) color.

If these three copies on the white surface succeed in covering it, we have at all points of our picture surface the same quantity and quality of light absorbed from the white of the plate as the object itself absorbs from the white daylight, —that is, we have preserved in the picture the same color impressions as are given by the object.

The practical result of this theory then simply is: in order to photograph an object in its natural colors one must prepare three imprints of the picture—one behind a rose, the second behind a green, and the third behind a blue light filter; then one must copy the negative in transparent colors complementary to their light filters, and in such manner that the copies cover a white picture plate.

The following example will illustrate the theory. Let us take the picture of a color table which has a field each of white, of red, of green, of blue, and of black. In the first place we get three negatives. I. (Fig. A) shows black only where the red beams of the white field (1) and of the red field (2) have passed through the red light filter. This filter does not allow green, blue, and black to pass through it, so the plate remains unchanged here. Negative II., taken behind the green filter, for the same reason shows the effect of light only in the white (1) and green (3); therefore the plate is blackened in these places. Finally, negative III., taken behind a blue filter which allows only the light rays of white and blue to pass through it, shows black only in 1 and 4.

Now we copy I. in light blue (Fig. B), II. in rose, III. in yellow, and place these positives over one another in Fig. C; first put II. on I., now 4 and 5, of green+blue and red+blue (red and green on the contrary do not pass through, but remain), placed together=blue. Finally when we place III. on II. and I., 2 of rose and yellow=red+blue

in rose, III. in yellow, and place these positives over one another in Fig. C; first put II. on I., now 4 and 5, of green+blue and red+blue (red and green on the contrary do not pass through, but remain), placed together=blue. Finally when we place III. on II. and I., 2 of rose and yellow=red+blue

Figure A. Negative.

		Red I	Green II	Blue III
White	1			
Red	2			
Green	3			
Blue	4			
Black	5			

Figure B. Positive.

		I	II	III
White	1			
Red	2			
Green	3			
Blue	4			
Black	5			

Figure C.

		I	(I + II)	(I + II + III)
White	1			
Red	2			
Green	3			
Blue	4			
Black	5			

COLOR TABLE.

and red+green=red, 3 of light blue and yellow=green+blue and red+green=green, 4 of light blue and rose=green+blue and red+blue=blue, 5 of light blue and rose and yellow=green+blue and red+blue and red+green=black together.

The practical result of this theory was guessed and proved a long time ago. But

as yet no one observed the strong point set forth by the theory, which determined the right light filters and the right copy colors, otherwise much better result, especially in France, would have been obtained.

France was also the birthplace of this second, the indirect method of making natural colors fast by means of light. The first suggestions were made by Baron von Ransonnet in Austria and Collen in England, while the actual study and elaboration of the problem was accomplished simultaneously in 1869 by Charles Eros and Ducos du Hauron. The latter arrived at the conclusion that by the threefold taking of one object respectively behind an orange, yellow, and blue colored glass and printing the negative with blue, red, and yellow colors, all the color tones could be reproduced. Now according to the above theory these colors are wrong, and consequently error continued in the results which Ducos was enabled to work out in 1873, after Vogel had discovered how to apply to green and red sensitive photographic plates the same method of sensitizing which formerly had been known only for blue sensitive photographic plates. Ducos made another grave mistake in that he reestablished the positive pictures taken by the so-called pigment treatment in the opaque coloring matters, carmine, Prussian blue, and arsenic yellow, while the theory calls for absolute transparency in these colors.

On these accounts his experiments could not lead to satisfactory results. Afterward, when Albert in Munich worked on the same problem, he placed the plates to be printed by light back of the three negatives, but he also did not obtain the proper color tints. In more recent times (1890) the Ulrich chromolithography came into publicity for its much better grade of pictures obtained on the same principle. His colors were more correct although he did not conform to the theory, for in addition to the three color plates he used a fourth "black" plate to bring out the shadows of the picture; according to the theory this is wholly unnecessary and incorrect.

Vogel improved upon this treatment and succeeded in omitting the fourth plate. The treatment passed into practice as printing in natural colors by means of light, and while the colors ought to be improved it is by far the simplest process. Yet it is impracticable for use by photographers or amateurs because of the great outlay of time and money incidental to the zinc printing plates.

On the plan of the above theory a new copying treatment should be worked out which will correspond nearly to the above principles and may be put into practice easily without special expense and preparation. I have worked at this problem since 1890, and finally after much labor have succeeded in finding a treatment that, according to the results it yields so far, fully warrants a universal introduction. The treatment in question conforms exactly to the above theory.

Three impressions of the same object are taken behind one another, one behind a red, one behind a green, and the third behind a blue glass filter, which must be exactly in correspondence to the Helmholtz theory. The changing of plates and light filters may easily be done by automatic arrangements. The time of exposure is, of course, longer than for the ordinary sitting, the time for taking a portrait with a rapid lens being from fifteen to twenty seconds.

The three negatives then are copied by a special preparation upon three exquisitely thin, transparent films on glass. After an exposure to light these now almost colorless films are developed in certain color baths, so that the pictures on them appear in transparent colors complementary to the light filters used on them. These three are now placed one exactly above the other so as to cover the same surface, which is possible to do with the greatest exactness and without much trouble. The unusually fine film on which the composite color picture that will be a true representation of the object is to be taken may now be applied to glass or easily to other materials, such as paper or porcelain.

JOINING THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

FOR over half a century the question of finding a shorter water route from the Atlantic to the Pacific has agitated two continents, involved at least one country in financial complications, wrecked the fortunes and reputations of thousands of people, and sacrificed the lives of many more in the swamps and lowlands of Panama and Nicaragua. The civil engineer and the scientist have taken up the subject of inter-oceanic communication where the old navigators left off, and through the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars they promise to realize for all future ages the dream of Columbus and his contemporaries. Japan, Tartary, and India will be brought nearer to Europe than ever before, but another nation, whose foundations were not laid in the days when the hardy navigators first spread their sails upon the unknown waters of the Atlantic, will reap the greatest reward of the accomplishment. Her genius has not been slow to forward the enterprise that will join the waters of the two oceans, and, if future events shape themselves according to present prospects, to her alone will be due the glory of cutting a continent in two in order to facilitate interoceanic traffic.

Commercial interests of the world demand a shorter route between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and no matter how disastrous the failures of a De Lesseps or an Eads may have been in the past there will always be found plenty to take up the work and continue it to its fullest completion. Costly experiments instead of warning others away attract new geniuses to the enterprise. The squandered millions of the trusting poor do not forever shut off the source of money supply; but the exchequers of two great nations appear ready to-day to pay the expenses of one or more of the great enterprises.

The three great routes that engage the attention of the whole commercial world have

advanced to a stage of construction that will make the abandonment of either one a great financial and engineering disaster. The Panama route has so involved France and her citizens in serious complications that the records of the crimes and wasteful expenditures committed in its interests are fresh within the memory of every one. The Tehuantepec route has in recent years been so far overshadowed by the other two that many have forgotten even the name of the great genius inseparably associated with it and the many dollars that were expended to survey and build it. The third route is just now the most popular in this country and is often called the "American route." The interest that the national government has taken in connection with the Nicaragua Canal seems to justify the belief that this route will eventually be completed by Americans, and that the government will hold a controlling interest in its affairs. Already several millions of dollars have been spent on the Nicaragua route, as on the other two, and the abandonment of the work at this stage of its progress would mean the sacrifice of all this wealth.

The three great interoceanic routes are rivals in more senses than one, and it is a great mistake to imagine that either one is abandoned, although active work may be suspended for the present on all three. Their affairs are in a state of transition or settlement. The French government has not lost faith in the Panama Canal in spite of the gigantic failure of De Lesseps, and President Diaz is as fully convinced of the superior advantages of the Tehuantepec route as many Americans are of the Nicaragua Canal. The completion of the three routes may not be expected, but it is difficult to predict which one will be the first into the field. The advocates of each route are not wanting even in this country, but the fact that the American government has been en-

listed in the cause of the Nicaragua Canal seems to warrant the belief that the so-called "American route" will be the first to join the Atlantic to the Pacific midway between North and South America.

The Panama route is the greatest rival of the American, and at present it is the most unpopular because of the gigantic swindles connected with it; but these facts should not blind us to the actual condition of affairs on the isthmus, nor lull us into the peaceful belief that the canal will never recover from the blow administered to it a few years ago. The Panama route was selected by a great engineering genius as the shortest and most feasible one for connecting the two oceans, and the scandalous mismanagement of the company organized to perform the work does not in any way invalidate the original scientific claims of De Lesseps. Expert scientists and engineers have made elaborate reports to the French government since the exposure of the mismanagement of the old Panama Company, and under the direction of the French courts efforts are being made to determine the best steps to complete the canal.

Meanwhile work on the canal has not been abandoned. The expensive plant, consisting of locomotives, locks, shops, houses, machinery, and steam vessels and barges, has not been neglected and allowed to fall into ruinous decay, as some sensational newspapers in this country have represented, but the commissioners of the country now owning all rights to the canal have kept them in excellent repair. Nearly two thousand men are regularly employed upon the canal today, and while the fate of the canal is still undetermined it looks as if the present commission charged with the responsibility of looking into the affairs of the great enterprise is fully cognizant of the feasibility of the route.

The story of the Panama Canal is so well known that its repetition is unnecessary, but for the sake of comparison with the other two routes a description of the route surveyed for the canal may be of interest. The old Panama Company criminally wasted about \$100,000,000, and of the \$266,000,000 subscribed not more than \$150,000,000 were

ever expended upon the work of construction. The balance of the funds is in the hands of the French courts, and from these millions of dollars the present laborers and engineers working on the canal receive their salaries. A great part of the \$150,000,000 was spent in buying machinery, locomotives, pontoons, steam vessels, barges, houses, machine shops, dredges, and a thousand and one things necessary for the successful prosecution of such a stupendous undertaking. The cost of transporting such machinery to the isthmus was enormous. Another great item of expense was the surveying of the entire route and drawing up maps and plans. All of this work was performed satisfactorily and no new surveys will be needed.

In addition to securing the plant and surveys of the whole route, the old Panama Company actually excavated about twenty miles of the canal. The distance to be completed from ocean to ocean is less than twenty-five miles, although the whole distance will probably have to be gone over again with more or less care. The twenty miles of completed canal extends twenty-eight feet below the sea level, and on both the Atlantic and Pacific coast good harbors for large ships have been completed. The engineering problems are pretty accurately known, for borings have been made on nearly every foot of the route to ascertain the character of the soil. Nevertheless, great engineering and constructional ability will be needed to complete the canal properly, for unexpected problems are likely to arise in spite of the best surveys and tests. Such an obstacle appeared in the creeping of the clays for about a mile along the Culebra summit. But such geological difficulties do not extend so far along the route as many newspapers have represented. When these creeping clays were first discovered it was pretty generally reported that they extended over half the length of the canal, and they were used as material for nearly doubling the cost of the enterprise, while a few doubted if the canal could ever be kept open for navigation as a consequence.

The misstatements regarding the Panama Canal are almost as gross as the misman-

agement of the company's funds, and it is only comparatively recently that trustworthy reports have been made to the public through reliable scientific sources. The commissions appointed by the French courts have made several reports, suggesting modifications of the original plan, and even describing the lock-level system that is now proposed. The third commission will probably make its report within the year, and upon their decision will the future of the canal largely depend. But the fact that work is going on continually on the isthmus seems to justify the belief that the commissioners have faith in the enterprise. According to the recommendations of the second commission appointed about \$116,000,000 will be required to finish the canal upon the lock-level plan, and \$200,000,000 will be necessary for a sea-level route. It would take at least five or six years to complete the canal after the full amount of capital was pledged.

If De Lesseps was enthusiastic over the construction of the canal across the isthmus another great genius was equally sure that the most feasible plan to solve the interoceanic problem was to construct a great ship railway. De Lesseps' motto was expressed thus in his own words, "A canal at sea level or nothing." Mr. Eads after making an exhaustive study of the isthmus, the nature of the soil, the route to be chosen, and the constructional difficulties wrote to the *New York Tribune*, June 10, 1879, as follows:

"My own studies have satisfied me of the entire feasibility of such transportation by railroad, and I have no hesitation in saying that for a sum not exceeding one third of the estimated cost of the canal, namely, about \$50,000,000, the largest ships which enter the port of New York can be transferred, when fully loaded, with absolute safety across the isthmus, on a railroad constructed for the purpose, within twenty-four hours from the moment they are taken in charge in one sea until they are delivered into the other, ready to depart on their journey."

But De Lesseps had his way, and the Panama Canal was projected along the lines suggested by the French genius. Instead of \$50,000,000 the company spent \$250,000,000, and the canal is still far from being completed. Meanwhile Mr. Eads turned

his attention to another project, which, had he lived, might have solved the problem of interoceanic communication long before this.

As far back as 1824 the Mexican government appreciated the commercial value of opening a route between the two oceans, and credit must be given to the republic south of us for being interested in the matter before the sympathies of either the French or American governments had been enlisted in the cause of canal construction.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec lying within the territory of the republic of Mexico was naturally favored by that government, and from the time of granting the first charter in 1824 by Santa Anna to the present day the project has been advocated and advanced by each successive ruler. But Mexico always lacked the capital, and even the engineering ability, to construct a stupendous railroad that could transport the ships of the world from one ocean to another. Its early attempt in 1850 to negotiate with American capitalists for the necessary funds to build the railroad failed. In 1852, however, a most exhaustive survey of the whole route laid out by the Tehuantepec Railroad Company was made under the direction of two Americans, Gen. J. G. Barnard, U. S. A., and J. J. Williams. The reports made by these two men covered the subject in a thorough and scientific manner, and the value of the route to the United States was clearly pointed out.

It was this route that Mr. Eads became interested in after his suggestions regarding a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Panama were neglected, and he found an enthusiastic supporter in the person of President Diaz of the Mexican government. Even to this day the progressive president of the republic has such faith in the railway that he has prosecuted work on the National Railroad with all the vigor that a depleted treasury and a stringent money market could afford, and has confessed publicly that it is his greatest desire to see it completed, with proper terminal facilities, before his death.

The premature death of Mr. Eads in 1887 interfered with the construction of the ship

railroad. Under his directions the most careful surveys and plans were made, and an elaborate description of the international plant, indorsed by prominent engineers throughout the world, was presented to Congress with a bill to obtain a charter, which was made possible through Mexican concessions. But unfortunately for the future of the ship railway the promoters of the Nicaragua Canal had completed their initial surveys and plans about this time, and they presented a similar bill to Congress. The two companies antagonized each other so fiercely that there was little likelihood of either receiving recognition from Congress. Mr. Eads shortly afterward died, and no other American of equal ability and enthusiasm was ready to take his place in advocacy of the Tehuantepec ship railroad as the great American route from ocean to ocean. Since then it has fallen largely upon the Mexican government to construct great harbor and terminal facilities according to the plans and specifications drawn up by the American engineer. Since 1878 Mexico has spent over \$16,000,000 in gold and \$2,700,000 in silver on the National Railroad route. The present National Railroad of Tehuantepec, now completed, will be of great benefit when the time comes to finish the ship railroad, as an auxiliary line to be used for freight and passengers and for distributing supplies, materials, and laborers along the route of the great ship railway.

Mr. Eads and his fellow promoters obtained concessions in 1881 from the Mexican government, changed and made more satisfactory four years later, in which 2,700,000 acres of land were given to them provided they constructed and operated a ship railway across the Tehuantepec isthmus. They were to operate the railroad for 99 years and have the right of way across the country, and the right to collect tonnage and wharfage dues. The Mexican government further guaranteed that one third of the net revenue of the company for fifteen years would be \$1,250,000, and a similar guarantee could be obtained from the United States for the other two thirds. It was to

take advantage of these favorable concessions that the promoters of the enterprise petitioned Congress to pass a bill for a charter making a guarantee similar to that of the Mexican government.

As to the possibilities of such earnings on the ship railway an expert of the census office, Mr. Thomas J. Vivian, was directed to prepare statistics for a report upon the probable traffic. This report was published, and the figures clearly justified such a guarantee by the government.

Mr. Eads' proposition that a ship railway was much cheaper to construct and easier to operate seems to be corroborated by all obtainable facts. The cost for maintenance and working the Suez Canal in 1883 amounted to \$2,784,869, and both the Panama and Nicaragua Canals would require an immeasurably greater amount than this. The estimated cost of the ship railway across the Tehuantepec isthmus is placed at \$60,000,000, and it would be large enough to accommodate vessels weighing 10,000 tons and carrying 7,000,000 tons of freight. The operating expenses would not be more than 50 cents per ton, and by many it is claimed that they would not exceed 30 cents per ton. The Panama Canal has demonstrated the enormous expenditures required for a canal and it remains to see what sum will be needed to construct the Nicaragua Canal.

The terminal facilities for the ship railway designed by Mr. Eads for the Tehuantepec isthmus are on a gigantic scale, and, proportionately, the most expensive part of the undertaking. The docks on both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans are to be provided with enormous steel pontoons with lifting power sufficient to raise the largest ships, with their cargoes, and to place them upon the railroad carriage provided to receive them. The ship carriage is sunk with the pontoons in the harbor under the ship so that the latter can be floated over it. The pontoons are then pumped out, and as they rise the carriage lifts upward until the keel of the ship rests upon the keel blocks and supports provided to receive the vessel. Every support that comes in contact with the vessel is faced with rubber, and adjusted

to the size and shape of the ship by means of hinged joints. As the pontoons are pumped out they rise on a level with the railroad, with the ship properly supported on the carriage, and then the locomotives are coupled on to draw the load across the isthmus to the other ocean. The very opposite process then slowly drops the vessel back into the water, where she proceeds on her journey. The railroad itself is to be built high enough so that rains and floods will never affect its perfect operation, while in the case of either the Panama or Nicaragua Canal interruption may come frequently in the rainy season, and extensive damages be caused by the floods.

Some time since a national commission was appointed by Congress to make a report to that body with reference to the feasibility of the plans proposed by the Nicaragua Company. This national committee has just made its report, and the estimates of the canal company of \$69,893,660 required to complete the canal is, in the opinion of the experts of the government, totally inadequate to pay the cost of the great undertaking. The committee's estimate is a little less than \$170,000,000, while many experts believe that the cost will ultimately be at least \$250,000,000. The physical conditions of the Nicaragua route are less thoroughly known than those of the Isthmus of Panama, and considerable expert testimony is still required to give any construction company an exact knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered.

Like all of the other great interoceanic routes, the history of the Nicaragua Canal is replete with failures, reorganizations, and heavy expenditures before any visible work was performed on the canal itself. Nicaragua granted concessions for the canal in 1889 to the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua. This company was incorporated under an act of Congress in that year, with the provision that an annual report be submitted to the secretary of the interior. This corporation then contracted with the Nicaragua Construction Company to survey and construct the canal, locks, harbors, and docks, and after exhaustive surveys the

route was determined upon and actual work begun in October, 1889. The first thing was to build an enormous breakwater at Greytown to protect the mouth of the channel. This breakwater extended a thousand feet out into the ocean, and was built of cement and concrete and filled in with brush and rock. The natural channel was widened and deepened by dredging, and the harbor otherwise improved and protected from the ocean by expensive measures.

Now the present location at Greytown is practically condemned, and the breakwater will either be removed or a new one built. An immense clearing extending ten miles back of Greytown was made through the forest, and a similar clearing of nine miles completed on the other end from Lake Nicaragua. A harbor dock 260 feet long was built, with machine shops, houses, and all modern steam apparatus necessary for prosecuting the work. A railway line was surveyed to Ochoa, twelve miles of it built, and telegraphic communications established over the whole route. Dredging was commenced west of Greytown harbor, and nearly two miles of the canal were excavated to a depth of seventeen feet, and from 150 to 250 feet in width.

According to the terms of the concession granted by the Nicaragua government \$2,000,000 were to be expended during the first year of work, and on November 9, 1890, it was officially reported that the company had lived up to its agreements, and concessionary rights for ten years were obtained and confirmed. Work after that proceeded with more or less success, but the financial troubles of 1893 depleted the treasury of the company, and active labor on the canal was suspended for a time. Large payments, however, were required to keep the company's plant in good condition, and in time these expenditures could not be met and a receiver had to be appointed by the United States courts in August of 1893.

The company was reorganized later under the name of the Nicaragua Company, and efforts have been made to interest the United States government in the undertaking. In the reports submitted to Congress by the

Senate's committee the total expenditures of the construction company aggregated \$4,451,568. The committee estimated that the cost of the canal would aggregate \$100,000,000, including interest on the money, and Congress was recommended to pass a bill to the effect that the United States guarantee \$70,000,000 of three per cent bonds to help complete the canal.

This would place the control of the canal's affairs in the hands of the government, which in the event of a war would be an important strategic point. Congress simply decided to appoint a commission of competent engineers to survey the route and report their findings to Congress through the president. This able commission was composed of M. T. Endicott, U. S. N., Col. W. O. Ludlow, U. S. A., and Mr. Alfred Noble. The chief feature of their report is the great increase in the estimates of cost, amounting to nearly \$100,000,000 more than the canal company's original estimate—largely due, however, to changes and improvements recommended.

While the Nicaragua route has numerous advocates in this country, there are many others who look upon the enterprise as a very uncertain and unjustifiable expenditure of government money. It has been the experience of all canal constructors in the past that the estimates are always far too small. This is true not only of the Panama Canal but of the Suez Canal, the original estimate of which was \$40,000,000 and its cost \$115,000,000, and of the Manchester Canal, which will have cost when completed about \$80,000,000—double the estimates made.

The Nicaragua Canal passes through a country subject to great rainfalls and violent volcanic eruptions. The problem of controlling the floods at certain seasons of the year will involve considerable engineering ability and probably a large annual outlay of funds. In the event of war the United States would have to control the canal against foreign invasion, and to do this successfully invulnerable forts would have to be stationed at each end. This would be an enormous expense to the government in the event of war, and in times of peace many millions of dollars would have

to be spent in preparation for international trouble.

The advocates of the Tehuantepec ship railway claim that this route is more American than the Nicaragua Canal, both in reference to all commercial features and as a strategic point in time of war. The railroad could be controlled much easier than the canal, and it could be made easily accessible from the interior to transport troops and munitions of war to any part of the line. If Cuba should become a part of the United States the whole Gulf of Mexico would practically be held by this country. On the other hand the Caribbean Sea is strongly guarded upon every side by British fortresses, and in the event of a war the Nicaragua Canal would be in considerable danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, or at least our war ships could be kept from reaching Greytown harbor by the presence of a powerful fleet that would naturally swarm in this sea. Altogether there are twenty-five islands and countries belonging to Great Britain within the immediate neighborhood of Nicaragua and Panama, and these would guard all approaches to the canal so effectually that our commerce would be ruined in that vicinity.

The value of a great interoceanic canal or ship railway connecting the Atlantic to the Pacific cannot be disputed, and it will not be many years before one of the three great routes will be completed; but it would be hard for any man to predict rightly at this time which will be the successful rival. The problems in either case are manifold, and the expenditures clearly beyond the limit of a private corporation. A nation's credit must be back of the gigantic undertaking, and three great countries are considering the advisability of lending a helping hand. France may, after due consideration, pledge its resources to the work of completing the Panama Canal; the United States is in a promising condition to help the Nicaragua Canal Company in their emergency; while Mexico under the influence of President Diaz has long been anxious to bring about a realization of the dreams of Eads in building the Tehuantepec ship railway.

ALASKA.

BY JOHN G. BRADY.

THE idea of the woman who bought the coffin plate because it was cheap and might be useful sometime seems to have been in Uncle Sam's mind when he purchased Alaska. That the bargain was a good one few will now dispute, though in 1867 all sorts of epithets were flung at Seward and Sumner and those who urged and carried through the purchase. The newspapers, blissfully ignorant of the truth about the country, made sport and cartoons.

The impression made at that time has not yet been effaced. It was deeply cut, for the efforts of twenty-nine years have not planed it out. It was difficult to get Congress to vote the purchase price and it has been difficult to get Congress to do anything for Alaska's welfare since that time. Alaska has not been properly appreciated. Her population and resources are just beginning to be talked about.

Alaska to-day has not the dignity of a territory, it is simply a judicial district, governed by the laws of Oregon that were in vogue before 1884, when what is known as

the Organic Act came on the stage, and then too only such laws as are applicable to Alaska, the applicability being left to the judge of the district to determine.

This Organic Act is one of the most remarkable pieces of statesmanship of this century. The men who framed it and carried it through should be ashamed of their narrowness and want of foresight.

Suppose that when Oklahoma was organized the laws of Florida to date had been adopted and imposed by Congress for the government of that new territory and that no provision had been made for local legislation to meet the wants of the people as necessity demanded. Such a proposition would have been hooted by those western boomers. But this is the kind of statesmanship under which Alaska has suffered since 1884.

Alaska is separated from Oregon by a thousand miles, the natives are different in every way from those of Oregon, the Russian-speaking people who chose to remain in Alaska cannot be contrasted with any por-



ALASKA MINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE YUKON.

tion of the population of Oregon. The whites who came and are coming are largely from the East. The more the act is inquired into the more absurd it becomes as a law to govern American citizens in this detached portion of the United States.

When the act was going through Congress a senator who owned a large interest in the Treadwell mines saw to it that the general mining laws were extended; by this means the mining industry has been encouraged and developed in a wonderful manner.

titles before they die. Many who have been here for years are from the East, where they were born and grew up, enjoying all the blessings that our religious, educational, and political institutions offer to all; and while their hearts swell with patriotism to-day upon any threatening of danger to these institutions, they are pained and grieved by this long and persistent neglect of Alaska's welfare.

A district judge, district attorney, marshal, five commissioners, a collector of cus-



INTERIOR OF CHIEF KLART-REECH'S HOUSE, CHILKAT, ALASKA.

The general land laws were not extended. Upon the transfer of the country by Russia twenty-one fee-simple certificates were granted, but since that date no one has been able to lay claim to and perfect his title to a single foot of ground in Alaska. Some who located claims eighteen, twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-eight years ago are still holding on, hoping that the government may extend the laws and that they may make good their

toms, and a number of deputies, together with a governor, are the body of men to enforce and execute the laws.

One law prohibits the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Nine tenths of the criminal cases tried in the courts are directly or indirectly a violation of this law. The officers' hands are tied by the action of one of the departments, for when they try a brewer

for manufacturing beer he comes before the jury and shows the license which the United States internal revenue collector has issued to him and the stamps which he has bought to put on the bung holes of his kegs. The saloon keeper when he is brought up shows his receipts for what he has paid as internal revenue. The jury invariably brings in a verdict, "not guilty." There are six breweries in operation in southeastern Alaska, thirty saloons in Juneau, besides liquor-selling places in Sitka, Fort Wrangell, and Douglas Island. The government is spending money to maintain a court to enforce the Oregon and United States laws over Alaska and so far as the criminal part of the docket is concerned its action is paralyzed by the doings of the internal revenue agents. What the people demand on the part of the government is consistency. What can more forcibly illustrate what Macaulay calls "unwise neglect" than this conflict of action in regard to the liquor laws?

The natives from Cape Fox to Copper River, on the islands and upon the coast, are improperly called Indians. All with the exception of a few upon the lower part of Prince of Wales Island call themselves Thlinkit. They speak a rather harsh guttural language, have a decided Mongolian



A SHAMAN WORKING HIS SPELLS UPON A SICK MAN.

cast of face and figure, live in permanent settlements just above high-tide mark, and build large communal houses. They are divided into tribes or clans, each one taking some bird or animal for an emblem, such as the raven, eagle, brown bear, or whale. The



A GRECO-RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS PROCESSION, SITKA.



TWO CANOES RETURNING TO SITKA DURING THE BERRY HARVEST.

members of each totemic tribe regard each other as brothers and sisters.

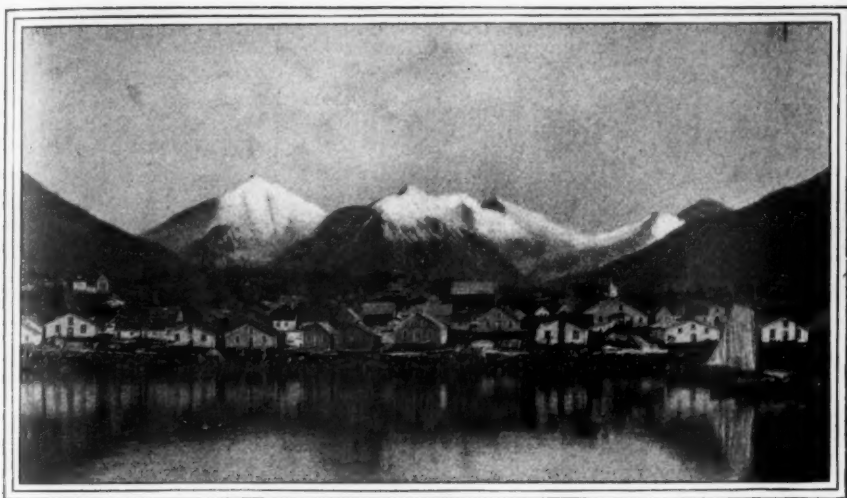
The Kok-wan-tan tribe is most powerful in many settlements and they have either the eagle or the bear for their badge. Members of the same tribe are not permitted to marry. An eagle must marry a raven. If a raven man marries an eagle woman all the children will belong to the mother's tribe and will be eagles. The idea appears to be to keep property privileges and power as much in the tribe as possible. If a man dies his sister's son may step into the house, take the uncle's place at the fire, own all the property and slaves, even take his uncle's wife for his own. Sometimes a lad of sixteen or eighteen years will be seen with a wife of sixty or seventy years. The old woman will often be proud of her young husband. It is a theory with the Thlinkit that a young man should have an old woman for a wife: he is unschooled in the ways of trade and barter and of conduct generally; she will be his constant and persistent teacher, drawing always from her own fund of observation and experience. When an old man marries he usually selects as young and beautiful a wife as it is possible for him to obtain through family influence and diplomacy.

The woman really enjoys an exalted position among these people. There is nearly

always mutual consent concerning the sale or purchase of any object.

The Thlinkit do not now, and it is probable that they never did, worship idols. Their religion has been Shamanism. The sorcerer or shaman is in their tongue called an *icht*. When he was born he had a curly lock of hair, a supernatural sign that he was to be set apart to perform the offices of an *icht*. His hair was never cut; he was not to eat clams, crabs, nor any food gathered upon the beach; he was to live a chaste life, and when he grew to be a strong man he was to undergo an ordeal of an absolute fast for eight days and if he endured he would be possessed by a spirit called a *yake*. Hereafter this spirit would be more to him than ever Ariel was to Prospero.

Before or during the fast he made up a wonderful paraphernalia of masks, necklaces, headdresses, rattles, buckskin aprons, and charms carved out of ivory, bone, and horn, each piece having a deep significance. At the end of his fast he gave a performance around the fire in one of the large communal houses. He would work himself up to a state of frenzy and violence whereby the onlookers would be inspired with a sense of awe and fear. He was looked upon as the home and temple of the spirits which had entered into him. All of his



INDIAN RIVER CANYON FROM PINTA ANCHORAGE, SITKA.

knowledge and power was hereafter completely under the control of the familiar, or *yake*. Up to the advent of the missionaries this power of the shaman seems never to have been called in question nor doubted by any native.

The *yake* never performs a service gratuitously. It is only the well-to-do who seek the aid of the *icht*. If, for instance, a chief is sick and he sends for the sorcerer a fee is tendered, but usually the *yake* tells him it is not enough, for he knows how much property the chief has. After the *yake* is satisfied with the increase of fee the *icht*, making careful preparation, then begins his incantation to overcome and drive out the evil spirits or influences which are overpowering and destroying the sick man. These performances are weird in the extreme. The *icht* may continue for hours, until he is exhausted. If it is some abdominal complaint he may clap the head of a hideously carved monster upon the sore place, then begin to pull and get others to help him haul out the demon; then the *icht* will give a loud puff upon birds' down which he has ready and will command the sick one to arise for he is cured.

The more we know of mental influence over bodily functions the less there is room

to doubt that these men wrought astonishing cures in certain kinds of complaints; and doubtless faith in their power was fostered by the fact that the cases of healing would be talked about and remembered while the failures would be thought of in silence and after a while forgotten.

The *yake* is almost but not quite all-powerful. It is right here that his ability to do mischief comes in. In an aggravated case, for instance consumption, he cannot counteract the sinister influences of witches. These beings are ever malignant and no torture or punishment can be too severely dealt out to them. They are believed to go to dead houses and to the carcasses of dogs to get particles which they secretly put into the food of sick persons, finally causing their death.

The *yake* tells the *icht* who the witches are. He makes it known to the family of the sick man. The witch is seized at once, securely bound with leather thongs, and put to torture. The awful cruelty that was constantly practised is too horrible to relate. The most merciful way was to tie the victim to a stake at low tide and let him drown.

These people are now emerging from this black night and are beholding the light which is freeing them from this direful



A BLIND SHAMAN, YAKUTAT, ALASKA.

bondage. There can be no doubt as to the good work which the missionaries have done and are doing for the natives of Alaska.

The waters of Alaska are well stocked with fish. Herring, cod, halibut, and salmon are abundant. The salmon pack of late years has been very large. The owners of the canneries live in California and Oregon. They put all their supplies, Chinese, and fishermen aboard a bark or ship and sail to their canneries, put up thousands of cases, load all on a vessel, and leave about the middle of September. Very little has been done to protect the streams from traps and obstructions so as to allow the salmon an opportunity to spawn. With reasonable freight rates Alaska cod and halibut could be sold in Boston at a good profit to the fishermen. These fish are plentiful all along the coast.

The fur seal fisheries are almost exhausted. England's conduct in regard to these animals is strange, for she has derived more actual benefit from the yearly catch upon the Seal Islands than has the United States. London was the market where the skins were sold, dressed, dyed, and largely made up. This industry gave employment to

many of her people. It is truly a case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

The sea otter is not yet extinct. His enemies are ever on the hunt for him as his skin is very valuable. None are ever spared to perpetuate their kind. Females and pups are killed as well as the old males.

The polar, cinnamon, and black bears hold their own well, as do most of the fur-bearing animals upon the land, such as the fox, marten, mink, lynx, and wolverine. The beaver is an exception, as they are rapidly decreasing.

The timber on the coast and islands of southeast Alaska is spruce, hemlock, and cedar. It is abundant but will not have great commercial value for many years. Very much of the lumber now used in Alaska is shipped from Puget Sound. However it is convenient and valuable for all mining purposes.

This is one of the accessories which make a low-grade ore profitable. The mines of



A CHILKAT INDIAN, ALASKA.



A MEETING OF ALASKA MINERS FOR THE TRIAL OF CAMP THIEVES.

Alaska are drawing hundreds of prospectors. The placers on the Yukon and its tributaries and upon the head waters of Cook's Inlet promise richer rewards than the fleece of which Jason dreamed. The Argonauts are coming from all parts. One steamer has made three trips from Sitka to Cook's Inlet since the 24th of March and has taken about one hundred fifty persons each trip. Many kinds of craft have left ports upon Puget Sound and have sailed direct for the inlet. The first party that reached there found six feet of snow upon the beach when they landed from the steamer *Bertha*. Not one of the party quailed and returned. For the most part they are a fine lot of fellows and have made up their minds to endure hardship. The Yukon appears to draw the largest number. It is probable that one million dollars was cleaned up in the Yukon



CREMATION OF A THLINKIT CHIEF'S WIFE, KILLISNOO, ALASKA.

district during the season of 1895. The rich diggings on the inlet were not struck until late in the season, but a few men came out with their buckskin wallets well loaded with the yellow dust.

The quartz mining is developing more and more. The Treadwell mill on Douglas Island is one of the largest in the world. Two hundred and forty stamps dropping night and day for more than ten years with hardly a let-up is enough to make a fair test of a mine. It has not failed to pay a monthly dividend. The Mexican mine, only a short distance from the Treadwell, operates sixty stamps and sixty more are in process of erection. The stamps crushing ore number four hundred and fifty.

The Apollo mine on Wuga Island, situated almost one thousand miles west of Sitka, is being well developed. It is

This is only the beginning of quartz mining in Alaska. The best mines doubtless await the diligent search of the prospector.

In southeast Alaska the valleys, flats, and mountain sides are covered with a dense growth of timber and underbrush and a thick covering of moss on the ground, fallen trees, and rocks. The prospector may easily pass over rich treasures hidden from searching eyes. Enough has been said to indicate that Alaska is rich. It would be well for the members of Congress to read Sumner's and Seward's speeches upon Alaska and the annual reports of the officers stationed here.

Alaska has no delegate in Congress and has no political power. There are probably more than two thousand souls in the Yukon district, yet no provision of any kind has been made for the orderly conduct



BASKET MAKERS, SITKA, ALASKA.

owned and operated by the Alaska Commercial Company. They have spent over \$300,000 in opening the mine and in erecting a forty-stamp mill and other structures. The probability is that they will add forty stamps more before winter sets in.

The shipment of bullion from this mine is more than \$20,000 per month, leaving the owners a good sum over all expenses.

of these people. They are calling for mails and for schools, for there are women and children living right at the arctic circle. The only officer representing the United States is an inspector of customs. The miners are simply left to be a law unto themselves. The behavior and orderly conduct of these men for the number of years during which they have been mining

is remarkable. They can soon organize a court, hear a cause, and bring in a verdict. Nor is it safe to set aside a verdict or make any showing of contempt.

Some of us in Alaska who have been willing to see Cuba and Canada and the Sandwich Islands brought under the Amer-

ican flag are beginning to doubt the ability or genius of our government to manage or control detached portions of territory. When its conduct is contrasted with that of Great Britain toward even the least of her colonies the United States will appear like the servant who hid his talent in a napkin.

A TRANSITION IN CIVILIZATION.

BY HARVEY L. BIDDLE.

THE civilization of this country has been in a transition state ever since the Civil War opened. That conflict was the greatest epoch in our national life. From it we date the greatest political reforms that have agitated the public mind, particularly the abolishment of slavery and the consequent introduction of 4,000,000 people to freedom—that 4,000,000 is supposed to be 8,000,000 to-day, and this is a large item in free labor. Social changes began there which may be characterized as a quiet evolution from that time till the present. The daily newspaper was comparatively weak and limited in its circulation until the demands for news both in the army and in the homes of the people called publishers to work gradually a most radical change in their facilities for gathering news, printing papers, and circulating them.

The immense railroad system of the country is very largely a development of the past thirty-five years. We rarely, perhaps, think of an express train as an educational institution, but it carries teachers to the schools, preachers to the pulpits, lecturers to the platform, books from the publishers, and newspapers and magazines to the people. Indeed an express train running at forty miles an hour is a sort of people's college on wheels distributing literature and living teachers and brightening the world with information. Associate with it the United States mail, the telegraph lines, the telephone, and the Atlantic cable, and in every town we have the facilities for a liberal education in these last days, whether that town is located immediately on the

line of some railroad or removed from it twenty-five or thirty or fifty miles. Everybody may have knowledge because it is brought within easy reach, so that no man need grow up in ignorance but may be equipped with practical information for his vocation in life.

Our social structure has been greatly changed. The laboring man who in his little shoe shop, tin shop, blacksmith shop, or tailor shop, in the small town of thirty-five years ago, when he worked alone and lived alone save as he was brought into personal contact with his customers sees this condition of things entirely changed, so that now the mechanic rarely sees his customer, and is rarely, if ever, brought into personal contact with him. He learns a specialty in a trade and he is united with the labor organization and that is a part of the federation of labor and he acts with great bodies of men on the social side of his vocation or business. Labor has been dignified and made honorable and by being organized it has come to be a tremendous power in its relation to capital.

It will convey some idea of the magnitude of labor organizations if we cite some facts from the report on labor organizations in New York State presented to the legislature of that state in 1895 by the commissioner of labor statistics. Benefits have been paid by labor organizations during the year 1894 as follows: 473 organizations numbering 122,580 members report that they have expended in benefits the sum of \$511,717.59 and that of this amount \$106,801.69 was for the benefit of those who

were out of work; \$60,107.98 for the support of the sick; \$93,437.92 was what is termed death benefits, and \$89,150.04 for the help of brother laborers who were on strikes. The sum of \$10,676.74 was donated to other labor organizations and \$151,543.22 was expended in benefits that were not classified.

It seems that at present eight hours is a day's work for thirty-two branches of trade with a total number of 50,829 people. Among these are stone masons, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, derrickmen, framers, lathers, plumbers, roofers, tile-layers, stair-builders, cigar-makers, glass-workers, machinists, brownstone-cutters, bluestone-cutters and flaggers, granite-cutters, marble-workers, printers, letter-carriers, carriage-makers, modelers, and wood-carvers. The report states that a small percentage do not work a full eight hours, while others work from nine or ten to fifteen or twenty-two hours as a day's labor. Among the latter are bakers, confectioners, coach-drivers, barbers, butchers, clerks and salesmen, trainmen, marine engineers, locomotive engineers, firemen and brakemen, conductors, tailors, waiters, brewery employees, and street surface railway conductors and motormen, and they all make a plea for shorter hours of labor to be regulated by law.

Labor organizations have increased in membership in the state of New York very rapidly from the date of their formation, but particularly since the year 1888. In that year 580 organizations reported 118,628 members. In 1894 in 689 unions there was a membership of 155,303, and these figures do not include the membership of numerous mixed assemblies such as Knights of Labor and mixed federal unions attached to the American Federation of Labor and other organizations that failed to respond to the inquiries of the officers.

These facts from the commissioner of labor's statistics in New York will illustrate how labor organizations are multiplying and will serve to suggest the large number of labor organizations and members connected with them in other states in the Union, especially in Pennsylvania, the New

England States, and the other great railway, manufacturing, and mining commonwealths.

It also shows that while a company or corporation is organized for the investment of capital and for the purpose of conducting business the wage earners have also organized, and they invest their money to protect their rights when employed by companies or corporations as well as to protect the rights of their individual members in the courts of arbitration and criminal courts and in making public opinion. There can be no wholesome argument against organized labor as long as the members are law-abiding citizens and while in all their relations to capital they keep the peace and obey the laws of the land.

In the olden times capital was confined to old families and certain localities. Now capital is widely distributed and has gone into the hands of men who less than fifty years ago were poor people. It is concentrated to-day in mines, oil lands, railroads, banks, steamboat companies, great manufacturing, ranches, and great trusts. The truth is that the social side of our life has been reconstructed as effectually as the federal government itself. Old aristocracies have passed away and new sets have grown up with new ideas, new properties, and an entirely new condition of things confronts the man who enters upon business life to-day as compared with that of thirty-five years ago.

The population of this country never was so mixed as it is now. When the Second Continental Congress assembled May 10, 1775, the population of the United States was 2,600,000. In 1860, just before the Civil War, our population was 31,443,321. In 1870, just ten years later, the population was 38,558,371. Our population now is estimated to be 63,000,000, and the total of immigration since the close of the Civil War on May 10, 1865, to 1894 inclusive was 11,831,537. These figures show what a marvelous change has been wrought in the population of the country and how mixed it has become, and this change is felt in every condition of life—farming, manufacturing, on lines of wealth, at the ballot

box, in moral reforms such as the observance of the Christian Sabbath and the temperance reform, and the administration of justice and in the work of the Christian church itself.

Many of our old towns have grown to the proportion of cities. New cities and towns have sprung up all over the land. The number of states in the Union has increased one third in thirty-five years. Schools and colleges and universities have increased in number and many of them have immense endowments. Churches of every name have become numerous and many of them are tremendous establishments numerically, financially, morally, and spiritually. English is the language of the general government and of our state governments, yet it becomes an embarrassment at certain places in the land to teach even the English language because there has entered in so many Germans, French, and Italians, and people of other tongues.

The churches have changed their character within thirty-five years in this: that many of them are very wealthy and are considered aristocratic, because they erect fine structures and people of great wealth are connected with them, and their ministers receive large salaries and their contributions to the missionary cause and other benevolent enterprises reach enormous sums. At the same time we have a multitude of churches that are in humble circumstances; the people worship in plain structures and the worshipers are plainly

dressed. The preachers receive small stipends and their contributions for benevolent objects may be like the widow's mite, but little in the sum total yet a greater gift than all the others because it is the living of them that make the contribution. But with all this the word of God is preached in its purity and with unction and spiritual power to the rich and to the poor, and thus the kingdom of truth is extended. A powerful church press is at work in every religious denomination, teaching righteousness, explaining the church's views of Bible doctrines, and encouraging the workers to pursue their task with cheerfulness and heroism.

As we turn aside we find close to all these other institutions a perfect network of secret societies, lodges, encampments, posts, and clubs into which men for the most part enter under oath to keep the secrets and to be loyal to the organization. Some of them are founded on ideas of beneficence, some for patriotism, others for the promotion of moral teachings and the upbuilding of moral character, while clubs of men and women and fire companies in towns and cities give us another view of the social side of our civilization which is a most interesting study and a remarkable exhibition of the tendency of human life among us to band together for the protection of personal interests, the development of social character, the promotion of moral ideas, industrial and moneyed interest which lie near to the heart of the members.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

BY D. CORTESI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

WE call it a new spirit, but it is as old as the world, as old as the human soul whose essence it is. A philosopher once said that man is a metaphysical animal, and the entire history of the human race proves the verity of this expression. From the time that the spectacle of death, which is the real inspirer of every

philosophy and every religion, struck the mind of primitive man with its great mystery we can say that the indefatigable research into our destiny began. The Congo negro bent before his fetish and Plato's divine philosophy both obey a common need of the human soul, both are the expression of its inmost sentiments, and these are to

discover the way in which man may put himself into communication with the infinite.

There have been epochs in history, long ones too, when this preoccupation seems to have been set aside for a time. They were the epochs of relapse into barbarism, when poverty, the struggle for existence, the lack of leisure for thinking made this living flame of the mind grow pale. But it burned up again with new luster every time that a new civilization bloomed. So this religious and moral flame has ever lived in the heart of society. Sometimes its heat has irradiated the entire social body, sometimes it has been restricted to a single part of it, but never in the history of the world has there been a real break in the continuity of religious feeling.

We are not speaking of contemplative India, where religious problems seem to have found their fatherland, where from time immemorial down to the present day the forests are peopled with innumerable hermits, who with eyes fixed on a sky eternally serene seem to demand from the living light of the sun and the enchantment of starry nights the word that may reveal the great mystery to them. But in ingenuous and laughing Greece itself, in the midst of Jove's wanton escapades and Juno's jealousies, close by the charms of laughing Aphrodite the mysterious initiations of the Orphic cult speak to us of something which points to the beyond, while chaste Hyppolite, who escapes the allurements of nymphs and goddesses, is a precursor, even in earliest times—the times of myths, of that flower of spiritual life which is Christian purity.

In the midst of the renewed Italian paganism of the Renaissance, when Pomponius Leto offered sacrifices in his house to the genius of Rome, when a literature, splendidly voluptuous, formed the delight of the cultured world of that time, the sermons of Saint Bernard of Siena aroused whole populations, while later on the Society of Divine Love gathered to itself the most brilliant spirits of that very Rome, in which the elegant offenses of prelates and cardinals had pushed Luther on to the dry rationalism of the Reformation. Among the splendors

of the Medicean court Savonarola's voice rang out deep and severe, inciting her citizens to cast into the fire those licentious books and naked statues which had made a new Athens of Florence. The great Filippo Neri, before whose moral majesty the pagan Wolfgang von Goethe himself bowed in the magnificent biography he has left of him, was also a godson of the Renaissance.

In the second half of the sixteenth century sainted men and women begin to come forth everywhere in southern Europe like the flowers of springtime. There was Ignatius Loyola, the holy knight, who wished to die for Christ as he would have died for his earthly love and who created in the moments of a sublime asceticism the most practically strong institution that the Catholic Church has gathered to its bosom. There was the great Girolamo Emiliani, a miracle of charity and love, who collected the orphans of all Italy. There was the marvelous Saint Theresa, who breathed into the bigoted aridity of Spanish convents the breath of a new life. An impartial history of the Catholic renaissance in the second half of the sixteenth century is still to be written. Intellectual prejudices and hostile rationalism, which has hitherto animated all historical studies, have hindered us from seeing how amid a thousand defects and faults this renaissance followed out the great practical idea of forsaking dogmatic disquisitions and devoting itself entirely to good deeds.

In the seventeenth century the great religious questions which agitated France under Louis XIV. show how great was the preoccupation regarding human destiny among the most cultivated people of the time. Mild Fénelon, condemned by the papal censure, read his own condemnation from his own pulpit, and commanded his flock to forget his wonderful book on the "Maxims of Saints," into which he had poured the stream of moral enthusiasm that had animated him. Besides this, the foundation of the Trappist order by an elegant *abbé* of the court of Louis XIV., an order in which asceticism is pushed to its ultimate results, proves what a living faith, what a potent life of the soul

agitated the thinking world of those days. This movement tended to reach the Protestant churches also, through the Episcopal Church in England, by means of the Armenian disputes in Holland, and strove to remove from them the cold intellectual character that was killing them, infusing into them our southern passion. The pulpit, said Schopenhauer, is the emblem of the Protestant Church. The altar is the symbol of the Catholic.

Things went on somewhat after this manner until the middle of the last century, when a truly violent crisis was reached, a dissension between reason and faith. At this time the church began to be fiercely assailed in its dogmatic parts. For this great work of demolition arms were borrowed from the Italian naturalists of the sixteenth century. Galileo's discoveries, all the positivist work of the scientific institutes had sown a seed of doubt in regard to the Christian dogma which arrogantly fructified in the eighteenth. The results of the investigations in physics and chemistry were thrown up in the face of the church. Even political economy was used as an arm against her. The dissidence was born, and was most acute. All the philosophy which followed the French Encyclopedia was more or less anti-religious. Hegel's rationalism in Germany, Comte's positivism in France, and the lukewarm eclecticism which was the form of philosophy under the citizen king Louis Philippe—all these systems claimed for themselves the monopoly of religious truth and denied it to the different Christian confessions. Then came about the profound cleft between thinkers and believers. Philosophy and religion sounded like a kind of *contradictio in adjecto*, to use the old scholastic phrase. And to all these systems was added that movement which took the name of modern science, and which boasted that it would hunt religion out of its last hiding places.

"The unknowable does not exist," said Lewes, one of the most zealous English positivist. "Only the unknown exists, and the field of this unknown will grow ever smaller until that age shall come when we can exclaim, 'Mystery no longer exists.'"

Auguste Comte defined metaphysical and religious feeling as a pathological form of the brain. "Those who still think of a beyond," he said, "think with their heads turned backwards," meaning that Comte believed the metaphysical organ was placed near the cranium.

This great dissent, this great estrangement of faith from reason, was the chief creator of that unwholesome moral state which Alfred de Musset describes so well in his "Confessions of a Child of the Century," and which, a few years before, had sent Chateaubriand's René away over the sea to hide in the forests of America, hoping to hear in the murmur of the wind-tossed tree-tops the voice of the unknown God who gives us peace. To this great dissent we owe Byron's cries of anguish and Leopardi's lofty despair; to this great dissent we owe that profound upheaval which moral principles have undergone in recent times, as left to themselves they wander about seeking a living and whole organism in which to dwell.

But suddenly a great change takes place in the universe. There is no writer, there is no thinker who is ambitious to-day of an influence over his contemporaries, who does not speak of the old French and German intellectual movement as of a thing already antiquated, and supplanted by another mode of feeling. There is no writer or thinker who does not make profession of a religious faith, however vapory and uncertain it may be, at all events essentially different from that professed by the philosophers of the first half of the century. The great dissent seems to have disappeared. For a time religious life flourished particularly among the humble and illiterate; now what strikes the observer is the assent which the cultivated and thoughtful classes give to a movement to which up to this time they had been entirely opposed. The intellectual objections with which they formerly opposed religious sentiment seem no longer to have any influence on the minds of our contemporaries. Metaphysics, those mathematics of the infinite, have been left to one side.

We feel a need of doing something. New

remorses, formerly dulled by the intellectual direction which absorbed all minds, raise imperious cries in the conscience and urge us on to action, to an action still uncertain and confused, but to an action nevertheless, and one which differs far from the empty fancying of fifty years ago. The great mystery, the beyond, imposes itself on the modern conscience with an unwonted vivacity, almost unknown, I might say, to the times that are past. This religious and moral awakening animates the different Christian confessions with a new life. The Jewish world is also moved. Among thinkers who are not enrolled on the lists of any religious organization it takes the name of Tolstoiism, theosophy, and the like. Emerson made himself its herald in America, Tolstoi in Russia, Desjardins in France, and it offers notable manifestations in Italy. A new sentiment is profoundly agitating the heart of the human race, and of this new manifestation it is important to know the origins, the development, and the probable future.

When Schopenhauer set for the base of his philosophy the great conception that the world has no intellectual explanation for itself, but has a moral one, the truth of religious sentiment was established on foundations that cannot be moved. The superficial criticisms of rationalism and materialism were shattered on this cliff raised by the great thinker of Dantzig.

To Schopenhauer's influence, which, whether we wish it or not, has filtered into all modern thought, is due the moral awakening that is constantly gaining ground in those cultivated classes which fifty years ago were under the dominion of rationalistic and materialistic ideas. Not that we call Schopenhauer the inaugurator of religious sentiment. The faithful had no need of a philosopher in order to keep their faith. Intellectual movements make very little impression on those who are rich in the life of the heart. Schopenhauer's influence has been preëminently shown in the world of philosophy and science, among those whom his cogent logic compelled to believe. It is he who has demonstrated

the emptiness of intellectual constructions for the explanation of the world, who has likened these conceptions to a stone which, thrown into the air, falls back on the head of the one who threw it. His words were the dawn of the new life which has run through the modern world of intellect, or rather that world which up to now wore itself out in speculations purely intellectual.

In 1892 Melchior de Vogué, in a brilliant article entitled "The Swans," undertook to describe this moral movement of which we speak, then just born. Tolstoi, who had laid down the luminous pen with which he had given life to the greatest creations of modern art in his immortal romances, was already beginning to publish those moral essays that reveal the beneficent disturbance of his mind. Already in the midst of a thousand gropings the fundamental conception of the new faith was unfolding; neo-Christianity based wholly on the Sermon on the Mount. To be more exact the neo-Christianity of Tolstoi is based on the idea: "Do not resist evil." According to Tolstoi, the day when men shall decide to condemn war, which is the highest type of evil, when men shall decide not to have recourse to tribunals, but undergo all oppressions with a serene mind, the truth of Christianity will have its full development, and all social questions which have their ultimate origin in being willing to use force will be solved.

Darmstetter in his book on "The Prophets of Israel" had already collected the contribution of the Jewish world to this movement. According to him, prophecy is the anchor of the human race. It is necessary to return to the sentiments and ideas with which the prophets of Israel, before and after its era of servitude, sought to raise that stiff-necked Hebrew people to moral grandeur. In prophecy are to be found in germ all the truths necessary to the moral and material progress of the human race. Charity, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the forgetting of injuries, the love for a heavenly father, have never in the world received a more complete affirmation than in the books of Amos, Ezechiel, and Isaiah.

That moral preoccupation which, with a certain amount of Germanic heaviness, appears in Ibsen's painful dramas, is also a proof of what we have said above. The public, though repelled by them, feels something new in those scenes that quickens its pulse, and to this feeling we believe the author owes his success. Some years ago a Frenchman by the name of Wagner published a book called "Youth." In its pages, vague and uncertain as they are, is seen a vivid preoccupation for the moral interests of the human race. A music sweet and new pervades his writings, and they give out that perfume by which the representatives of the "New Word" are recognized. What they feel has not yet taken on an intellectual shape. It is natural that, when they wish to transport into the world of thought the energy of the sentiments that animate them, they lose themselves in logomachies.

This movement, by a fatal necessity of the mind, had already begun to take on an intellectual character, and was consequently threatening to turn out as vain as all those that had preceded it, when it received a practical and special bent that merits the whole attention of the observer. The few literary manifestations it has produced are of slight importance—in France a periodical, *The Present Duty*, published by Paul Desjardins, in Italy a journal, *The Present Hour*. The impulse actuating both is one of social duty. With this purpose of helping others we find in Rome a society for moral welfare, well supported by the citizens. In Naples an association of university students, to which several army officers also belong, looks out for the education of waifs. This means that in the trades classes, which up to now were noted for their egotism, a moral awakening is taking place, and the founding of such periodicals as we have mentioned, however indefinite their ideas may be, is a proof of the force of such a movement.

Spiritualism, the spiritualism laughed at for its charlatanry, is also a form, a gross one if you wish, of this desire to escape from a materialistic conception of the world. Another manifestation of this new sentiment is even seen in the foundation of a musical society at Rome, which takes the name of Bach. It is sufficient to read the program of this society to see that it has a highly moral and religious scope, and uses art only as a means. Returning to Bach's purely Christian inspirations the society proposes to refine the sentiment of its auditors and thus contribute to their moral improvement.

One curious feature of the new idea in Italy is the proposal to found a monastery at Milan, a lay monastery, in which the skeptics and materialists of our day may find peace and comfort. I would not have noted this peculiarity if the newspapers had not busied themselves with it. But as a sign of the times I think it should not escape the eye of the observer, however puerile it may be regarded.

And now it is time to finish. As I said at the start, he who from the slight importance of these manifestations should be led to treat them as of small account would be greatly in error. One must have questioned individuals belonging to different classes, especially those classes far removed from the directing and cultivated classes so-called, in order to have become persuaded of the radical change that our sentiments are undergoing.

Will all this be the dawn of a new religious conscience, or the delirious chattering of a society in decadence? I believe the question is a complicated one, and I shall develop it if I have time. For the present it is enough to have called the attention of my readers to that almost unknown working which is going on in the world, and which might shake to pieces the social edifice we have dwelt in up to the present.

THE WESTERN GATE.

BY CLIFFORD LANIER.

GOLD in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! 'Tis twilight now;
Dusk wanes the day; old voices croon,
And pale the aureole on age's brow.
Fitful the flame upon the cottage fire
Burns like the heart of chill desire;
The limbs with ache like worn-out timbers creak,
And scarce the smoke may climb the chimney peak.
Dim sounds of uproar that the Present makes
Come through the window; Memory louder shakes
Old sides to laughter and old hearts to tears;
All brave delights of youth give way to fears;
Grandchildren romp not with the glee of yore;
A sadness never felt before
Creeps in the mind; the hand clasps not as strong;
New songs sing not as that old song,
Clear with the truth
Of candid youth,
And sweet forsooth
As the limpid, twinkling sheen of the Romance well,
Or sweetheart gospels lovers tell—
As truest chime of the marriage bell,
As loveliest child-bloom ever fell
From gardens where home-blisses grow
And joys of heaven with angels dwell
And Love's uncankered roses blow.
Cometh now life's afterglow;
O'er yonder sun the clouds drift slow
Like sleepy birds that seek the nest
On drowsy-moving wings almost at rest,
So smooth their flight into yon darkling West.

Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! New soft lights beam
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream;
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE STORY OF LÉONIE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE main street of old Mackinac follows the beautiful curve of the shore between the lake and the cedar-crowned bluff from which the fort looks down in picturesque ugliness that even its perennial whitewashing cannot seriously mar. Old-fashioned houses, with terraced yards, where thickets of lilac, and snowball, and cinnamon-roses stand knee-deep in the tall grass, range themselves along the street until, toward the eastern end, they drop off into longer distances, and a ruined church ends the procession.

Beyond is a common where buttercups and daisies gossip sociably, where sweet-brier grows rampant in the hollows, its perfumed green set thick with the exquisite pink of the morning bloom among the paler roses of yesterday, and, nearer the shore, rank upon rank of wild flag, so luxuriant in its purple bloom, so lovely in its deep coloring that one sees it day after day with a new fascination. Winding here and there as if on errands of their own go narrow, straggling foot-paths—to the irregular white buildings of the old Mission House, to the battlements of rock that sentinel the east point, or, most enticing of all, climbing slowly toward the bluff, among the quaint cabins of the industrious population to whom the summer visitor with her lavish array is a reliable source of income—the cheerful and patient “Madonnas of the Tubs.”

Strolling at the beck of such a loiterer, I came one morning to the very doorway of a whitewashed log cabin. The house was long and low, with a chimney of irregular stones at each end. The roof had settled into comfortable curves, the threshold was worn into hollows, and just within the door my smiling old laundress was busy with the ruffles of a dainty white gown that looked

as if it might have blossomed out under no clumsier touches than the dew and the sunshine.

Marie came forward with a beaming face, pushing aside the grandchildren that swarmed over the floor as contented as so many puppies, and hastened to install me in a tall carved chair whose seat had been replaced by a deerskin.

“Madame will pardon,” she said, going back to her work; “it would be a thousand pities the dress should dry. It is Lisé will wear it at first communion.”

I nodded approval and sat upon my throne, taking in every detail of the quaint interior, that was like a Flemish picture: the low black beams overhead, the sunken hearth, the faint glow in the depths of the chimney, the clumsy furniture, the crockery in its black cupboard, and the ruddy, white-capped figure in the strong light of the doorway. The enticements of the cupboard drew me nearer to inspect a prayer-book with brass-bound covers, and there it was that I saw, under a glass case, a carved ivory crucifix on which was laid an old-fashioned miniature in an oval setting, with a slender gold chain dropped about it, and read upon a black-edged card these words:

“LÉONIE.

“Pray for her repose in heaven.”

The miniature was in my hand, the delicately tinted face, with its sensitive mouth and soft appealing eyes, looking up at me like an embodied prayer, as Marie finished her work and seated herself with her youngest grandchild in her comfortable arms to tell the story.

“The story of Léonie? but yes, if Madame wishes, only it is not a story; just something that came in a girl’s life. Many such things come, but only the good God

knows them. I suppose it is that it would make us too sad if we knew all, even of what goes on right about us, and sometimes I used to wonder how the good God himself could be happy in his heaven while such things were on earth. That is what I said one day to Father Xavier, when Jean Crevier died and left seven hungry mouths without a morsel of bread, and Father Xavier shook his head and said sorrowfully,

"There's a deal in this world we can never understand, Marie, any more than David did in his day."

"And so I left off to wonder, because if Father Xavier and David cannot understand what call has a foolish body like me to know? One must leave it to the good God to take care of his own business.

"Madame knows of the great family Legardeur? Not? well, but it was long ago. There was once a Commandant Legardeur, before your American people came to the fort, and always they were very grand people.

"My *grand'mère* was a poor girl, doing service for the sisters at St. Agnes in Quebec, and with no thought but to go on in that way always. But one day there was much stir in the convent because Mademoiselle Sophie Legardeur had been sent for to come to the island and marry her cousin to whom she was betrothed, and she chose my *grand'mère* for her maid. When she knew she was to go with Mademoiselle Sophie it was all one as if heaven opened before her, and indeed much better. For a young girl with no vocation for religion is more drawn to earth than heaven, which must be the way the good God meant it, else we should all be saints.

"There were gay times at the fort in spite of the Indians and the British, and the lady was very happy with her young husband, but she was a delicate thing for such a life, and when her baby was only a few months old she died.

"It was just before she went that she and my *grand'mère* made each a little cut in the arm and mixed their blood, as the Indians do to take one from another tribe, and then whatever happened my *grand'mère* was

bound to care for the baby like her own blood. And that is what she did, for very soon Monsieur Legardeur was called home to France because of some one who died, and there was consoled and married again. Men are that way, Madame sees; where one woman goes out always the door is open for another to come in, and that is well, since it pleased the good God to make men too stupid to care for themselves.

"My *grand'mère* married also with Pierrot, who was chief of the *coureurs de bois*, and the little Heloise was not long without companions. My mother, who was oldest, was her foster sister, and when the little Mademoiselle was to be sent to St. Agnes to learn what a lady must know my mother went also, for that was ordered by Monsieur Legardeur. They were most miserable at St. Agnes, those two. When the spirit of the forest is born in one's blood always it draws and draws, and will not let you rest, shut in from the sky and the wind and the water.

"Mademoiselle was so unhappy that she fell sick with a slow wasting, and one day she heard the sisters saying they had sent for her father. Then what did they, those foolish ones? Madame sees the little Heloise did not know her father, and she was terrified to be taken away to a strange country. All she loved was here upon the island, and when one of my *grandpère's* *coureurs* was sent to bring word of them they persuaded him that he should take them home with him, and so he did.

"My mother planned it that they stole away, and they made all the long journey safely and came to the island, ragged and brown, but quite well. Sometimes when I am about my work many thoughts come to me of how it would be if they had not run away, those two. If Monsieur Legardeur had taken his daughter to France, and my mother also with her, then what would have been for me? There might not have been any Marie at all, and where wouldst thou have been, Pierre, thou rascal, with no *grand'mère* to tend thee?

"It all ended that Monsieur took his daughter home the next spring, but he would have none of my mother, lest she

might again run away. After that they only once heard from a trader that Made-moiselle Heloise had married a British man, and was cast off of all her family, but my mother was herself married long before the news came and had plenty to keep her thoughts busy without troubling about the years that were done with. She lived to hold her grandchildren as I am holding mine, and when she lay dying, just at dusk of a Lady Day, she gave me the little picture Madame sees—the poor, pretty, young thing that had to go away and leave her baby to another. Does Madame think a mother can do that and not be homesick in heaven? Because here in this world one never forgets the warm little mouth at your breast, and the head pressing in the hollow of your arm, downy, like a young bird. My man made me put the picture away lest it should bring us bad luck, but often I used to go and look at it and say, 'Are you glad or sorry now that you went so soon?'

"It was one day when I stood like that, thinking my foolish thoughts, that there came a rap at the door, and as I turned about my heart gave a big jump, and then was like to stop altogether, for there stood a gentleman, holding a young girl by the hand, and it was all one as if St. Joseph himself had come down from heaven and brought the poor sweet lady to answer me. I came near to drop on my knees, for the gentleman had a grave, sad face and he was wrapped in a long gray cloak exactly like St. Joseph in the altarpiece, but the young girl said in the sweetest way,

"'I am sure this is Marie, grandfather,' and so I made out to bring back my senses and bid them in.

"That was Léonie Sinclair, and she was the great-granddaughter of that Sophie Legardeur who left her picture for her little Heloise that they might not be strangers when they met one day in heaven. They must have met long ago—Léonie also, and her mother, who was not thought of in that day, and I suppose they are all at peace, even those who hated each other in this world. They had come to the island, those two, because Léonie was ailing and the

grandpère, who had only this one left in all the world, fancied she would grow strong in the air her *grand'mère* loved so much.

"That was before the Agency House was burned, and they had taken some rooms there, but they had no servant, and one could see they were poor, and she coughed, this dear Léonie—even then the saints were making a place for her.

"She wanted to see her great-grandmother's picture; the *grand'mère* had told her of it, and how she had left it that my *grand'mère* might show it to Our Lady and pray that she would send back the child of this one that was with the good God and must be well known to her.

"'She was no older than I,' she said, holding the picture in her thin little hand, 'and to think of all the years she has been in heaven.'

"I wanted to give her the picture but she would not take it. She said she would come every day to see it, and that she did. Many days also they climbed up the hill, those two, to see the grave in the old cemetery where was buried Sophie Legardeur. And by and by when the air grew sharper, because the ice was making beyond the strait, they stopped climbing the hill and walked along in the sunshine under the bluff.

"Always when I asked for Léonie the old *grandpère* would say,

"'She is gaining, my good Marie; one can see how red her cheeks grow; in the spring she will be quite strong again.'

"But I think in his heart he knew.

"That was a hard winter for poor folk. The cold was fearful, and many fell sick on the island. Partly it was the fever, and partly that they had not much to eat. Almost every day some one died, here and at St. Ignace. Father Xavier was sore tried with it all, and having to let his bees starve, because he said it was not right to feed them when there were children who needed all and more. The old *grandpère* was a heretic but he always went to church with Léonie, and once when Father Xavier spoke of the true church he said,

"'The true church, father—only the good

God knows who belong to that for he alone keeps the keys.'

"Léonie looked troubled, but Father Xavier only smiled and said,

"That is quite true, but since he knows, we may all love each other and leave it to him.'

"Things grew always worse with them, one could see that, and no letters came. The old *grandpère* began to take his walks alone, and sometimes he would come in and sit where Madame sits now, and look quite dazed and helpless. It was late when the straits opened and there was much danger, but a steamer ventured out for supplies, and the *grandpère* would go with her to bring back the doctor from Sault Ste. Marie.

"Two of Father Xavier's men brought Léonie to stay with me while he should be gone, and it breaks my heart now to think of the gray old man, kneeling before her chair, with his darling's arms around his neck and her white face against his, and both of them trying to part bravely. I went to the window with my baby, not to see them, till I heard the door shut and saw the *grandpère* go down the path holding his cloak close about him and never once looking back. When I turned away my Léonie had fainted in her chair; her pretty head hung like a flower with the stem broken, and my little Françoise was patting and kissing her hand. It was not long to wait till she was smiling again, though I saw her shiver when she heard the wind, for a storm was getting up, and even so far away one could hear the big waves tumble and sss-sss along the beach.

"Madame knows of the steamer that was wrecked and burned off Charlevoix? This was she. Not one of those most unhappy came back, but up in the cemetery Madame may see where their names are kept. Many times in the gray of the evening I have thought I saw the old *grandpère* coming slowly up the road as he went away, his head bent and his cloak up around his face.

"We kept it long from Léonie, but at last we had to tell her he was dead, though she

never knew of the wreck and the fire. After that she used to sit with the picture, and the blessed crucifix that she had made the *grandpère* kiss at parting, and her face came to look as if she was already in heaven. And one day she said,

"Marie, by the grave of this one is a small little corner; I shall ask Father Xavier that they may put me there so I need not be lonesome, and people may know I belong to somebody who was good and dear. And I should like to have a little stone, Marie, a very little one, not to cost much, that would say for me what I have written on the card. Will you tell Father Xavier, in case I should go before he gets back from St. Ignace?'

"And of course I said I would, though I could not speak much for crying, and little thinking it would come true.

"For the good God took her that very night, and Father Xavier only came in just as her soul was passing. It was too late for absolution, but Father Xavier took the crucifix from her fingers and said,

"The good God has absolved her; they were speaking together when she went.'

"She was buried as she wished, in the small little corner by the grand tomb of Sophie Legardeur, but Father Xavier himself died soon, and the stone was never brought.

"I was always thinking to do it myself; but there—Madame knows when there is much care for the living one must leave the dead to the saints. My father was ill pleased that so much money was wasted because my mother would have me taught at the convent, so he gave me no portion with the rest, and now so many years have gone, and all must be with Léonie as the good God wills. Does Madame think that up in heaven she still cares for the little stone?'

In the red glow of the sunset I climbed to the old cemetery and found, in its tangle of wild shrubs and untrimmed grass, the stone, grand for its day, that commemorated the brief life of Sophie, wife of Louis Legardeur. One could still read the in-

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scription—"To recall her to the memory of the faithful, who may devoutly visit this cemetery, and that they may pray for her repose in heaven, her family, sorrowing, have erected this stone."

The rain and the wind and the winter snows had quite leveled the mound in the "small little corner," but a creeping garden-plant, set, no doubt, by Marie's faithful hands, had covered it with a close broidery of pale green leaves and small yellow stars. A little brown bird dropped down upon a branch that swung above it, ruffled his soft throat, and poured out his ecstatic song to his mate in some haunt of the thicket, setting all the woods a-throb to the music of his love. And so I left them—the palpitat-

ing dust that held the mystery of life and love exulting above the dust from which both had fled.

Had they all found repose in heaven—the young wife, so long forgotten, this Léonie whom no stone recalled "to the memory of the faithful," and the gray old man who found such stormy burial?

Was the story of this life forgotten, or was it a part of that? and did they remember the sorrows and the losses of earth only to smile at them, as one smiles in maturer years at the grief and the gladness of childhood? Who could tell?

One can only say with Marie, "They are with the good God, and it must be with them as he wills."

QUAINT HOUSES IN THE BERMUDAS.

BY MARY F. HONEYMAN.

"The aspect of the venerable mansion has always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive also of the long lapse of mortal life and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within. Were these to be worthily recounted they would form a narrative of no small interest and instruction, and possessing moreover a certain remarkable unity which might almost seem the result of artistic arrangement."

LOS DIABOLOS was the uncomplimentary name bestowed by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago on the group of low-lying islands that were afterward to be known as the Bermudas. Menaced by coral reefs and adverse gales, they were obliged to abandon their purpose of landing and taking possession for the crown of Spain, so they set sail for some less inaccessible port, and by way of appeasing their pique sought to give the land an evil name.

A misnomer it proved, however, for long ago it retired to the obscurity of the archives, where the curious may search for it to-day.

Later, when the English came, they, with their characteristic love of domesticity, proceeded to convert the smiling islands into

a land of homes. Their descendants, rather more English than the English themselves, so sedulously do they cherish all the ancient traditions, have inherited not only the venerable homesteads where the generations of their families have dwelt, but a love of home in which they are not to be outdone by any people whatsoever.

Insularity doubtless has its effect in intensifying this sentiment. Their island domain apparently inspires in its inhabitants an affection that is in inverse proportion to its rather microscopic dimensions.

Climate and the material used in their construction are factors in the permanence of the houses. They are built of the limestone or coral rock that underlies the islands. The roofs are made of the stone as well, thin slabs of it laid over a framework of wood. Once erected, all that is necessary to keep the exterior of a house in good repair is a liberal application of white-wash. Never is there any frost to crack and deface walls or to undermine foundations.

Nor alone the houses, but the roads—uncommonly good roads they are, too—and wharfs and garden walls are of stone, in color a chalky white. This aggregation of white-

ness glittering in the sunshine is, in the towns, sadly trying to the eyes. But in the country the low white houses set in gardens full of flowers and flowering trees, with cultivated fields intervening, are rather picturesque. Many are but one story high, most are not more than two stories, so built probably with reference to the violent storms that at times sweep over the islands with hurricane-like force, unroofing buildings and uprooting trees.

Devoid of architectural pretensions, the houses are as a rule plain, substantial structures, not lacking in a certain homelike hospitable air withal. Not a few very old dwellings are to be seen in different parts of the islands in ruins, the former homes possibly of old families that have died out or whose younger scions have emigrated to "the States" or elsewhere. Too sadly suggestive are they in their varying stages of dilapidation, and calculated to make one wish that to each

"Corpse of a home that is dead"

suitable funeral rights might be accorded.

Naturally the ancient houses that still are homes enlist a livelier interest. They are so numerous that it is difficult to decide which of them, by reason of an individuality perhaps more strongly marked than that of its neighbors, has the better claim to attention.

Somewhat grim of aspect, it must be admitted, is the first to invite friendly investigation, the older portion of which is said to be more than two hundred years old. Something about the extremely thick walls, the small windows, the ponderous deep-set doors, with their huge locks and bolts, suggests a fortress. And when we remark these features we are told that in the old slave days the white population lived in constant dread of an uprising of the blacks. When at night the latter withdrew to their quarters the dwellings of the white people were barred and bolted to an extent that would have enabled them practically to withstand a siege. Low ceilings and deep window recesses darken the interior overmuch and this effect is not dissipated by the somber old-fashioned furnishings. Not here will be found the

"house with its scrap art bedight." Nothing could be in sharper contrast to the too common American practice of overcrowding rooms with furniture and bric-a-brac than the almost severe simplicity that prevails in the arrangement of Bermudian interiors generally. Adjoining the house is a curious cave-like kitchen, the floor of stone, the one small window (filled with tiny panes of dim glass) in line with the heavy rafters that form the roof.

Without doubt the pleasantest feature of the old place is the veranda that projects from the second story wherein is a low-swung hammock—the most delectable nook in which to take a siesta, for the veranda commands the garden of this particular house not only, but all the neighboring gardens as well, where humming-birds are busy with the roses, and bananas ripen in the sun, their tropical foliage outlined against the dull green of a cedar grove. And in the shelter of the cedars—for it is winter, all the winter that these fortunate islands know—lie the fields bearing crops—potatoes and blue-green onions and ranks of satin-white lilies all growing in democratic proximity in the coppery-brown mold, while over all broods the soft, intense blue of the southern sky.

Farther seaward is a patriarchal homestead belonging to one of the old estates. It was built in 1786 on land that shelves down to the shore in such a way that while there is but one story in front there are two at the rear.

A big Lamarque rose clammers over the porch that opens into a broad hall from which the great rooms radiate. Antedating the house itself, in all probability, are two antique objects in the hall—a tall and solemn clock that fills one corner from floor to ceiling, ticking away as it has done any time these hundred years or longer, and an enormous settle, capable of seating at one time an entire family of good size. The wood from which both are made is said to be cedar and has taken on with age a lustrous bronze hue. This house has the Atlantic Ocean literally at its back door. The surf breaks far away on the outlying

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reefs. In line with the house and perhaps a hundred yards from shore is a semicircle of islets, scarcely more than high conical rocks, with a narrow strip of beach at the base of the largest. The sort of bay thus enclosed makes a capital bathing place, and in this mild climate, where there is little variation of temperature, there are few days in winter when any one in fair health may not take a dip in salt water.

On the crest of a hill overlooking the sleepy old town of St. George is a veritable aristocrat of an old house. Not noticeably different from others externally, within its spacious rooms have a degree of stateliness and retain traces of their old-time decoration that are quite unusual in their elaborateness. Just how old it is nobody seems to know, but its evident antiquity is endorsed by a singular circumstance. Repairs made at a comparatively recent date led to the discovery of a fine old mahogany staircase hidden away between two walls in such a manner that its presence had never been suspected by any one now living. In some bygone day, possibly rearrangement of chambers resulted in the disuse of the stairway. Instead of being removed it was, for some reason, simply walled up and its very existence forgotten. For, so the story runs, none of the old people resident in that part of the group had the slightest recollection of the stairway, though they had been perfectly familiar with the house for many years.

Like an anachronism seems the telephone on the wall amid all these reminders of lang-syne, and the French windows assuredly are innovations. For any violence they do to one's antiquarian taste, however, the wider view they afford makes ample amends—the narrow streets of the foreign-looking, white town ever climbing up hill, the harbor full of ships that will sail no more, St. David's Island and the light, the gray old forts, from the nearer of which issue at intervals mellow bugle notes marking off the day of the red-coated soldiers in the garrison from reveille to taps, and around all, stretching away and away, the brilliantly tinted sea, flashing and dancing in the sunlight.

The luxury of an open fire in the evening, here enjoyed, is far too rare in the islands, where the chill dampness of the stone houses is perceptible to the traveler if not to the native.

After the day's work and pleasure family and guests assemble for the cup of tea beloved of the English not more than of their kindred in the Bermudas apparently—fragrant tea, served in delicate old china cups, while the fitful firelight illumines the long parlor fantastically and the pleasant talk gradually ceases as the talkers, one after another, fall under the spell of the fire. Then the imagination takes a reminiscent turn and runs backward over the history of the old house and of the men and women who here have lived and loved and died. Does its career date back to those good old days when wrecking was considered a gentlemanly pastime in the islands? Could it not relate incidents, if only it could be induced to talk, of those exciting times during the American Civil War when the town there, not somnolent as now, was full of adventurers, when blockade-runners lay in the harbors and hazardous expeditions to Confederate ports were organizing, when fortunes were made in a day and revels were night-long?

A noteworthy example of the last-century country house is one old place singularly consistent in detail, harmonious as a whole, and without a jarring hint of anything modern. Fortunate in its location, it is also fortunate in retaining a sufficient number of the ancestral acres to secure to it a dignified seclusion. Set well back from the road, the approach is by a long drive over-arched with tall, slender oleanders, their graceful tops a mass of spicy pink and white and crimson blooms. The house has the air of peering from beneath the spreading trees that surround it, over the grounds that saunter leisurely down to the very margin of the lagoon, and out at the gem-like islands lapped by the luminous water, the white-sails in the offing, and the big steamers at their anchorage. Essentially a homelike apartment, and evidently the favorite gathering place of the family, is the living-room.

that extends quite through the center of the building. Finished in dark woods and fitted with massive furniture, grotesquely carved, brought from overseas ages ago, it is presided over by dim old family portraits that look down complacently from the walls on an interior little changed since the originals' own day.

In one corner is the oddest winding stair, by which access is given to the drawing-room that comprises the entire second story. A beautiful room it is—lofty, airy, and with a quaintly original character as impressive as it is pleasing. By a peculiar arrangement opposite ends of the room, front and back, are constituted each an immensely wide window composed of smaller ones. On the wall, covering it may be two thirds of the space, is a remarkable paper, thrown into high relief by a section of white wall above and a broad dark surbase beneath. All in soft grays, the figures large, the effect is that of a series of crayon sketches illustrating some old romantic story, with its turreted castles on a river-bank where knights and ladies explore the woodland paths or sit in rustic arbors listening to the strains of the minstrels in the boats below.

Placed here in the time of the founder, when the house—not an old house then—was garnished for the home-coming of the first of its brides, the unique paper is held in high renown by the islanders as a local marvel. And from the time that the home began to resound to the patter of childish footsteps down to the present, the children of the family have ever regarded the wondrous paper as their especial treasure. For has it not fairy princes and princesses galore, and have not countless hours been blissfully spent in adapting the old tales or in inventing new ones to meet the fancied requirements of the charming folk portrayed upon the wall?

The young people come in from the tennis courts and there is much merry chatter as

we sip the inevitable tea from grandmam-ma's tea cups—fragile bits of china that yet have outlasted a human life by many years. All the windows are open and the afternoon sunshine streams in; a faint sea-breeze sways the draperies and sets the pendants of the antiquated candelabra to tinkling musically, as we sit about the pleasant room and meditate dreamily upon the far-away past whereto it belongs.

Such are some of the old homes, fairly representative in a way, yet each possessing clearly defined characteristics of its own. Their special charm is too subtle to be described, but one gets a vivid impression of the livableness and the desirableness of the life they so faithfully represent, the tranquil leisurely life of the olden day, comparatively care-free, filled with homely duties, simple pleasures, and kindly hospitalities. To enter one of them is to surrender to a reposeful and gracious influence that makes the rush, the noise and turmoil of our modern life appear unnecessary, trivial, and even in bad taste.

Steeped in long, long memories and tender associations, they seem no longer to be houses merely, nor even homes, but to have become sentient partakers of the life at which they look on while the generations come and go. Fill them as you will with people, such companies seem ever to intrude upon the real occupants, the gentle ghosts of whose presence one cannot but be aware, for

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go;
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

A DANISH PEASANT WEDDING.

BY MARIE HELGA PETERSEN.

SOON after my arrival in Frederiksbund, Frue Seaburg informed me, among other things of local interest, that a peasant wedding was about to take place in the immediate neighborhood, to which she would see that I was invited on the strength of ancestral relationship.

On the following morning she expected her invitation and as the hours wore on without it she began to have serious misgiving concerning the wedding. "If I hear nothing by four o'clock," she said after a prolonged survey of the road toward the pasture, "I will send Gunilde over to Neils Jensen's yard to inquire if the family have had their invitations. Something surely has happened or the *bidman* (asking man) would have been here long ago; my invitations always come in the morning—at the christening I was asked first of all. It might be that Eida Ericson has changed her mind, for they say she has a fickle heart and an eye to handsome faces, and as everybody knows Peter has no good looks to speak of but he has a well-filled barn besides eight hundred crowns in the bank. To my mind she would have to look far to do better."

Even as she spoke the *bidman* hove in sight, careening gently toward the stone wall in the garden—the most charitably inclined person could not have misconstrued the cause of that gait. Frue Seaburg withdrew from her post of observation at the window and for propriety's sake allowed him to knock twice before admitting him, then with an air of affected surprise invited him within. He got his hat off awkwardly and swung himself over the threshold with the air of a man whose duties overtaxed his strength.

"Greeting from the father and mother," he began, attempting a bow but discreetly dropping into a convenient chair—"the father and mother," he repeated more cheerfully, "and Eida; to yourself and also your guest. Your presence is truly desired at the

wedding. Come early to attend the bridal party to church; return with them for dinner, remain for supper, and as long after as will be agreeable to yourselves."

Having delivered this unique invitation he made a feint of rising but the watchful Gunilde brought forth a flagon of freshly drawn beer and a wheaten cake liberally ornamented with raisins. The disposition of these refreshments necessitated some delay, which enabled the *frue* to ask what was uppermost in her mind concerning her neighbors' affairs. The *bidman* made random fragmentary answers between great gulps of beer but maintained a creditable show of interest throughout the one-sided conversation, and after a polite pause set down his empty flagon and rose to go, but paused at the door to say, as an afterthought, "Please send a convenient amount of butter, milk, and eggs."

"I will certainly," Madame answered cheerfully.

"No wonder he came late," the good woman observed, anxiously watching his slowly retreating figure from her curtained window. "He is so full of beer that he can hardly push one foot before the other. I shouldn't wonder if he has forgotten to ask some one; too much beer drives sober thoughts out of a man's head."

"Yet you offered him more," I unwisely exclaimed.

"*Gud bewahre!* But what would you have me to do?" she asked with sudden asperity. "It is an old custom to give the *bidman* a glass of beer and a bit of cake—he expects it at every house. Why should I make myself conspicuous by breaking the rule? My neighbors would soon tell it abroad that Frue Seaburg had forgotten her duty, or perhaps had no beer to offer."

On the appointed day we arrived in due time at the *bonnegaard* (literally translated, the peasant's domain) a square of substan-

tial masonry of the severest Scandinavian type, with little or no external ornamentation. Passing through massive gates into the open courtyard, from which access was had to the stables and barnyard as well as the living-room, we were ushered into a spacious family apartment—presumably a sitting room—where were seated the select few invited to accompany the bridal party to the church. I took my place among maids and matrons seated in prim array on benches ranging around the walls, and while Frue Seaburg extended neighborly greeting took opportunity to notice my surroundings.

The room, I thought, was evidently a part of the original dwelling built early in the seventeenth century. Its polished rafters ran to a sharp peak knit by wooden spikes; the heavy oak panels showed a clear outline of carved hexagonal figures regularly and deeply executed. Two windows, set in the thick outer wall, still bore traces of iron grating, showing the invincibility of old Norse masonry. Between the windows, projecting into the room, was a fireplace open on three sides, built of carved wood and stone in the likeness of an altar such as one frequently sees in old Norwegian houses. The furnishings and ornaments were of a kind to make the heart of a curio-maniac burn with envy, but as the company increased the quaint, harmonious effect was necessarily marred by the introduction of a set of incongruously ugly wooden chairs. The bride's entrance put an end to my observations.

As Frue Seaburg had said, Eida Ericson was a very pretty girl—quite out of the ordinary type of Scandinavians, I thought, and on hazarding a question I learned that she was not of pure Danish blood but a direct descendant of the famous Ramolinis of Corsica, though born on Danish soil and likely to end her life there. She was peculiarly attractive without being beautiful; her hair was a rare burnished brown color which in America would be called either very lovely or artificial, full of coppery lights and deep shadows like the stem of maidenhair fern; her long narrow gray eyes under black,

finely-penciled eyebrows, were circled with the dusky shadows peculiar to Mediterranean peoples and her coloring showed a superb blending of northern and southern blood. But the possibility of rare beauty was defeated by irregular, almost angular features. Her face suggested a curious haphazard whim of a great artist in blending the exquisite Murillo tones in the cold, rough-hewn Norse physiognomy, which with a softening of contour and profile might be strikingly beautiful.

Eida's figure was a little too large for beauty, as our notion goes—it gave her a rather matronly air not at all improved by her tight-fitting but pretty homespun dress that missed the floor by several inches all around; but for all that she made a very picturesque, attractive appearance. A diaphanous white fichu crossed loosely over her bosom displayed a softly rounded throat of ivory whiteness; over a headdress of very delicate and rare lace she wore a scarlet velvet cap, or "hood," as it is called, richly gold-embroidered, with broad bows of scarlet ribbon at the back and chin. The older women present turned her about like a slowly revolving wax figure, offering kindly suggestions of improvement—a slight alteration of ribbons, the readjustment of her veil or flowers—and to these maneuvers the bride smiled a willing assent, accepting them as a flattering show of friendly interest.

When the ways and means of discussion were exhausted the bride's father observed that as the minister was asked to be at the church early it might be as well to start out in good time, and his suggestion was immediately acted upon. The bride and members of her immediate family occupied the forward "rockaway," followed in the next by a band of rustic musicians, who struck up a merry tune as soon as all the guests were seated in their respective vehicles.

The day was fraught with the indescribable sweetness of early spring; every whiff of air stirred the heart of blossoming things and wafted abroad subtle odors of wild flowers. The forest shade was deep and cool with the sunlight glinting through like little gold arrows and from every tree came

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a thrilling, jubilant chorus of song. Perhaps because Denmark is a very small country and every available inch of ground is made use of, the government is able to keep the roads and forest in immaculate order, like those of our finest parks or a gentleman's private grounds. Not a dead branch or twig may be seen for miles through the grass-carpeted forests. The hedgerows are smooth as a stone wall, the sharply defined grass borders like strips of emerald velvet, and beyond the level stretch of stone masonry surrounding the *bonnegaards* of wealthy landowners one catches a glimpse of indefectible gardens in luxuriant bloom. The farm lands present the same scrupulous order, emphasizing my impression that the Danes are a thrifty race who do not do things by halves.

I had not been able to single the prospective bridegroom out of a train of attendant swains, but on reaching the church I noticed that a young man of substantial, wholesome appearance became remotely attentive to Eida, and at the critical moment took his place beside her at the altar. It was too evident from his painfully conscious attitude that he felt himself the target of all eyes, and his consequent embarrassment made him appear awkward, though he really was a fine looking fellow of the pure Saxon type, with good features and splendid physique.

He bore himself throughout the ceremony as one who accepts the inevitable under stress of immutable circumstance but sorely against the grain. However, after the main ordeal was past he recovered himself sufficiently to answer the congratulations and admonitions pressed upon him by well-meaning friends and relatives; he even smiled broadly from time to time as he glanced at Eida, whose gloved finger-tips barely touched his coat sleeve in feint of taking his arm, but looked much relieved when finally advised to lead the homeward procession.

On reaching the *bonnegaard* we found waiting us a lively, expectant company of invited guests, and after a proper interval of formalities and compliments we were

invited by our host to dinner. The tables were arranged after the fashion of ancient banquet tables, forming an open square, the bridal couple taking their places at the middle of the cross tables facing the square, and after them each guest as he happened to come into the room. After an interval of silence, to make sure that every one was seated, each guest took up his spoon. Seeing no plates or other dishes I began to wonder what those implements were intended for, when the serving maids brought in great bowls full of steaming rice. Placing four of these to each table, they divided the contents into four sections by deep indentations in the form of a cross and into the grooves thus formed poured a cupful of melted butter and a plentiful sprinkling of cinnamon and sugar. Then operations began, four guests to one bowl, dipping every spoonful into the hot butter.

After this course followed meats in season, deliciously prepared and in prodigious quantity. Wheaten cakes, very much raisined, were offered as a last course, with home-brewed beer of peculiarly rich honeyed taste, very superior to any beverage of the kind I have tasted in my own country.

Directly after dinner the floor was cleared for dancing.

"Now do exactly as you see the other girls do," Frue Seaburg whispered as she withdrew to a group of matrons seated at the end of the *sal*, out of the way of the dancers. So I said "*Nei tak*" (No thank you), as my immediate neighbor had said a moment before when asked to dance. Every girl on the floor coyly refused the invitation, but the swains were in no way disconcerted.

"*Nei jeg vil helst ikke danse*" (I'd rather not dance), my little neighbor repeated.

"Oh, by Thor, you will too," the gallant answered cheerfully, turning a deaf ear to succeeding protests, and, coolly linking her arm with his, led her out on the floor. Every couple went through the same performance, myself included (though I'm afraid my protest sounded foolishly insincere).

The bridal couple led, and after the first

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dance neither spoke to the other or took the faintest notice of each other for the entire evening, thus obeying an unspoken law of peasant decorum. As the afternoon wore on the music grew more enticing and bashful swains threw themselves heartily into the sport, dancing after a fashion of their own at a positively dizzy pace, while their panting, laughing partners clung to their swaying, outstretched arms and followed breathlessly. The bride danced easily and gracefully, with sinuous movements and finely poised head.

Supper was served between seven and eight—without rice—a plentiful, toothsome repast, after which the dance was promptly resumed. At four o'clock in the morning the guests dispersed for a few hours of rest and sleep. By special invitation I stayed with Frue Seaburg at the *bonnegaard* and was glad to betake myself to a damask-curtained bed—the summit of which was reached by means of a stepladder—but was awakened at what seemed a most unseasonable hour to be told that the guests were returning and the merrymaking about to begin anew. At ten o'clock the fiddlers arrived and fell ardently to work; couples formed in rapid succession and danced as if their sole business in life was to tread the merry maze.

I noticed an increase of elderly couples—old dames with rosy cheeks and snowy hair,

in holiday attire, and men of seventy or over, dressed in quaint picturesque garments of brown and blue homespun and high-heeled, silver-buckled shoes. The festiveness of the occasion stirred old memories and called forth a gently-flowing tide of reminiscences; they recounted tales of their youth, colored wholly by local events shared in by playmates who grew to be friends of early manhood, and in old age still were their good comrades, as one numerous family whose interests intermingle and converge into a common end.

That day passed very much like the preceding day. Toward evening the bride began to show signs of weariness in paling cheeks and lagging steps, but she danced bravely on and her girl friends laughed as merrily as ever at the good-natured jests flung at them by the men who flanked the wall as they looked on in admiring approval.

Frue Seaburg assured me that the third and last day would not differ from the first in any particular except that fewer guests would be present. She agreed discreetly with my covert hint at absenting myself, remarking that she intended calling formally on the bride that afternoon and if I desired I might accompany her, which would be considered the height of good form. I did so, and at parting received a cordial invitation to visit the Svensens of Frederiksbund forever after.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN WOMAN PHYSICIAN ABROAD.

BY S. SOLOMONS.

LONDON, —.

MY DEAR —: We had a most delightful voyage, and I was fortunate in being sick only one day. There were some very nice people on board, including His Highness, the prince of Greece—the first real live prince I ever saw. He was quite pleasant and sociable, and made friends with every one. I admired his enormous size, but he was young and uninteresting to me. However, I have been made to feel since I arrived on these

effete shores that it was a great thing to travel seven days in company with a prince, promenade on the same deck, eat at the same table, and even enjoy occasional whiffs of tobacco smoke exhaled from the royal nostrils. These poor benighted people fall down and worship royalty, but they need not imagine for a moment that a sensible American is going to do it.

However, when a beautifully decked yacht comes half way down the Irish coast, bearing princes, dukes, and duchesses,

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stops our twelve-thousand-ton vessel, and keeps us waiting for three hours while they go through with an elaborate ceremony and take the prince aboard with them, after which we pull up our huge anchors and follow along behind, then do I begin to realize that royalty has rights which even an American must respect.

Our amusement on board consisted principally in watching for sails and betting on the run made the day previous. Every day I carried fruit and cookies to the children in the steerage. I shall never forget those poor children lying about in heaps, some asleep, with nothing between their heads and the hard, dirty floor.

I have been making observations in hospitals and operating-rooms. The medical women I have met dress in gingham and look slouchy, but the men are spruce. They have special hospitals for special diseases, but everything is heavy, awkward, and inconvenient.

I don't like their customs, such as cutting your own bread at table off a big, unwieldy loaf, and hulling your own strawberries. I object to doing the cook's work, especially as they don't use finger-bowls. But what grieves me most is the entire absence of ice cream soda water. It cannot be procured for love or money, and yet these people call themselves civilized!

I spent this forenoon in the hospital for hip diseases, and the afternoon at Windsor, visiting the castle, the royal stables, Eton College, the old church where the poet Gray is buried, and other things of interest.

I hear a man's voice in the next room. He has left his door open, and I catch the familiar murmur, "Convex surface looks upward and backward from the anterior posterior spine." No one but a medical student prays like that. I must ask the landlady about him to-morrow.

Yours——,

A——.

VIENNA, —.

DEAR —: I am not feeling particularly brilliant, as I have been up so much at night in the *Krankenhaus*. But my father

says, "If you have no time to elaborate, please state the plain facts." So I give you one now. I ha-a-a-te Vienna! She is evidently not my affinity. The most objectionable feature of the place to my mind is the men. The attitude they assume toward women is simply preposterous. I will give you an instance.

My landlady has a cousin—a young man of about thirty—who does not belong to the nobility by any means, but is merely a clerk in a store. He came to tea one evening when Fraulein and I were alone, the servant having gone on an errand. When we sat down to table we noted the absence of *Semmel*, or rolls, without which no meal can proceed in Vienna. Fraulein said she would run across the street to the baker's and get some if it were not for her rheumatism and the snow on the ground. I was not afflicted with rheumatism, but hesitating to offer my services when there was a young man present I ventured to suggest to the good lady that if I possessed a cousin as able-bodied and convenient as this one appeared to be I should certainly send him.

You should have seen the look of consternation on both their faces, as they proceeded to explain to me how absolutely impossible it was for a gentleman in Vienna to enter a bakery, purchase ten kreutzers' worth of bread, and walk out again without forfeiting his position in society. In short, it appeared that he was socially, politically, mentally, morally, and physically incapacitated for carrying bundles, be they ever so small—which explained the peculiar phenomenon I had witnessed several times in the most fashionable streets of men giving their bundles and packages to their lady companions to carry.

When the Austrian youth saw that I was no less surprised than disgusted at this revelation he appeared disturbed and asked me what an American gentleman would do under such trying circumstances. I told him in a way that left no doubt that I approved of the American custom. His face turned red, and making a dive for his hat he informed me with repressed agitation that he was capable of lending the dignity

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of ten Americans to the purchase and transportation of *Semmel*, and with a tragic air left the house. Fraulein was much troubled over this escapade, as she is the daughter of a colonel, and "feels her position." In about three minutes the cousin returned, flaunting his paper bag, which he deposited with mock courtesy at my feet.

But the *Krankenhaus*! There I heal my wounds (mental) and forget my sorrows. It is a vast affair, covering twenty-five acres, and excellently run, being absolutely devoid of odors. I have a nice little room which I use when I am there at night on duty.

This is the first opportunity I have had to-day to sit down, but I am glad to be busy, for if I had time to stop and think, I should get so homesick that I could not endure it any longer. It's dreadful to be away so long among strangers, although every one is kind to me, and I have no reason to complain.

Your homesick

A———.

DEAR —: You asked in your last letter about the women doctors here, and their standing. There are not many of us here at the Imperial Hospital—only three Americans, one Englishwoman, and one Russian. Two more are expected in a few weeks. Most of them go to the obstetrical wards. I alone am taking the courses in surgery and pathology. Women are not admitted to the university, but if you have ingenuity enough you may manage to attend whatever clinics you please. I am attending three at present, but I go as the guest of the professors, so there will be no complaint from headquarters. Different means are to be employed in gaining these privileges. One professor took me for the sake of the guilders, another, as he frankly expressed it, because I was young and good-looking and he liked to see me around!—and still another—God bless him!—because he believed in giving women a chance. However, there are many private courses given by as able teachers as any in the university, which are all open to women, provided they have the money to pay the fees.

As a rule I am treated with courtesy and respect. The natives do not approve of "emancipated women," as they call us, but the fact of my being an American goes far toward reconciling them. They seem to think that we are so far away that we cannot harm them if we do not insist on entering their exclusive field.

I am working in a pathological laboratory at present, and enjoy it very much. Every evening I have gross pathology and post-mortems. You should see with what neatness and dispatch I can do a post-mortem! But alas! I shall have but little opportunity to display that accomplishment when I come home, as people have an unaccountable aversion to post-mortems.

I must tell you to what straits I have been reduced in the matter of something to drink. As you know, wine and beer are the principal lubricating fluids over here, but I don't care for either, so I have been drinking water and milk with an occasional glass of seltzer thrown in. But not long ago the milk was condemned, and some days later a notice appeared in the papers warning the public not to drink a drop of water—that a sewer had broken in the reservoir and as there was a great deal of intestinal catarrh in Vienna it was not safe. So I was contemplating taking to beer, when I was informed that for the present hops had given out and the substitute was a bitter, poisonous weed. So I have been obliged to resort to distilled water.

Your———,

A———.

BERLIN, —.

MY DEAR —: It is but five days since I arrived here, but when I tell you what I have accomplished in that short space of time you will agree with me that I have reason to be elated.

You know Berlin is the stronghold of medical conservatism, the hospitals and clinic-rooms being absolutely closed to women. Two of my fellow-students at Vienna who preceded me here wrote me that they had used every effort and been unsuccessful. Nevertheless I—self-willed

as ever, you see—determined to make the attempt.

The result is that I have the honor to announce myself as the sole and only woman at present admitted to medical circles in Berlin. In order that you may appreciate the difficulties I have met and overcome I will relate to you the interview I had with one of the great doctors of the university, whose fame is world-wide. In appearance he is grim and stern, with a sharp and imperious manner. Moreover I was informed that he was a hater of women doctors. I had, however, made up my mind to enter his clinic. So I coolly bearded the lion in his den, and this is about the conversation that ensued:

He. "Well, madame, what can I do for you?"

I. "I am an American, and—"

He. "Ah! I am always pleased to meet Americans."

I. "And a doctor."

He. "*Der Teufel!*"

I. "No, I am not he. Only a doctor."

He (somewhat disconcerted). "Ah, beg pardon! But why have you come to Berlin?"

I. "To see you, and take some courses in surgery."

He (with emphasis). "But you are a woman!"

I. "Well, that is not my fault, and I am trying to make the best of it."

He. "But women doctors are not allowed here. Did not the registrar of the university warn you not to come to me?"

I (calmly). "He did, and others also."

He (more in amazement than in anger). "Then why have you persisted in coming?"

I (innocently). "Because I wish to take surgery of you."

He. "Your presumption challenges my admiration. What do you know?"

I (modestly). "Nothing worth mentioning. I came here hoping to learn."

He (meditatively). "Hm! My clinic is already overcrowded with male students. Besides, it is against the rules."

I. "The rules are unjust and should be abolished."

He. "That may or may not be. At any rate, it is my office to obey, or else face a power that has been known to vacate a chair."

I (in my most winning manner). "Oh, I am sure there is no danger on that score. The university could well spare all of its rules in preference to sparing Herr Professor L——!"

He (after a pause). "Come to me next month and I will perhaps admit you."

I. "I beg your pardon, Herr Professor, but an American's time is precious. If you please, I will come this month."

He. "Zounds! Have I not conceded enough to you?"

I. "But to wait a whole month before getting your instruction!"

He. "Well, as you are so persistent, I will give you a chance. Come to my clinic to-morrow morning at ten sharp, and I will find out whether you know anything."

Thus ended the interview, but I feared the battle was by no means won yet. I suspected that the great surgeon was secretly making fun of me, and chose this method of getting rid of me and my demands. I had not had a chance to mention the fact that I had already taken courses at some of the first clinics in Europe.

Well, you had better believe I presented myself promptly next morning, but I had a row with the porter before he would admit me, and on entering the clinic-room I found the holy terror of a professor and about twenty male Herr Doctors in the act of diagnosing a case. Nodding carelessly to me, the former remarked in an audible aside to the latter that they would "see what this child could do," and ordered me to give my diagnosis. I called all my wits together, and not daring to hesitate, after a moment's examination of the subject pronounced it to be a case of floating kidney. To my surprise he instantly threw up his hands and shouted, "She is right. She has beaten you all!" Then evidently repenting of his too-ready praise, he added, "But I dare say you guessed it. Women are good guessers," and ordered them to bring in the next case. This and the two following ones I also

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"guessed" correctly—my guardian angel was keeping his weather eye open about this time—the Herr Doctor's astonishment increasing visibly each time. Well, I was unanimously admitted to the clinic, and have passed among the learned Berliners ever since as "the American Oracle."

You may believe I am in an exultant frame of mind, but my chief reason for

rejoicing is that a woman is at last recognized in a position from which her sex has been hitherto rigidly excluded. The fact that I am that favored individual I admit adds to my satisfaction. I shall now have to work hard to keep up my reputation with the great doctors.

Your triumphant

A———.

BRITTANY AND ITS WOMEN.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

ONE is hardly over the border from Normandy to Brittany till one notes a difference in the look of the land and people. It is no longer the rich slopes, the close-clipt hedges, the long lines of poplars marking everywhere the white roads, the steep-roofed cottages with fortress-like walls. The Breton fields have a wilder and more sterile look, the roads are less perfect, the hedgerows are ragged, and often rough stone walls replace them. It is nature in her own wildness, not tamed and made servant to man as in Normandy.

Of old great forests covered this Land's End of France. Victor Hugo tells in "Ninety-three" how beneath these forests the ground was hollowed into catacombs, with streets and open places; catacombs into which the Vendéan rebel could drop as by magic to escape his pursuer. The forests have been largely cut away; but the look of the land is often ragged and rough as a western clearing. The surface is much more broken by hills and deep ravines. One looks down into narrow valleys with dark, swift-rushing streams and clusters of cabins of rough unhewn stones. Could we enter those cabins we should find mud floors and a near cow-house, but carved bedsteads in old oak and presses out of which wonderfully embroidered bodices and jackets come on Sundays. A glimpse of four cream-white oxen drawing a primitive plow, a woman with a distaff by the roadside guarding a lean black goat, as old and witchlike as herself, other women at the little stations knitting

endless gray socks and chattering Breton—these touches emphasize the out-of-the-world note of the landscape.

And one might almost sum up the traveler's first impression of Brittany in a phrase of Browning's famous title—it is white-cotton-day-cap country. Every little village has its own cap, and wherever the Breton woman goes she keeps to it as the badge of her birthplace. They are of all possible designs; close-fitting pokes, round crowns with full ruffles like earwigs, peaked crowns with towered attachments over the ears which recall cathedral spires. But always they are dazzlingly white and clean, the frills crimped to perfection, the starched strings streaming down the back or tied neatly on top of the head. Variety, however, is limited to the caps and collars. The regular costume which goes with them all is a short full skirt, usually black, a square-cut bodice and chemisette—frilled or embroidered for best. The men wear full knee-breeches, a short, loose jacket, often of velvet with quaint silver buttons, and a broad-brimmed black hat with a wide velvet ribbon hanging down the back. A waistcoat with much tinsel embroidery, home-knit gray stockings, and leather shoes finish his gala toilet. But even in Finisterre these picturesque old costumes are going out. The artist must seek remote villages and the yearly festivals—the *Pardons*—to find them in any great numbers.

From under the broad-brimmed black felt the Breton face looks up at you, a very dif-

ferent type from the Norman. The black eyes are dreamy or fierce, the black hair long and tangled; the manner shy, wild, and yet having a certain dignity born of native pride and independence. He speaks the tongue of his forefathers—the Breton—and he only half understands French. It is four hundred and fifty years since, thanks to a king of France marrying the duchess of Brittany, his province was annexed; and still he is not assimilated as is the Norman and the Provençal. He keeps his own popular ballads in Breton, and his bagpipe to drone out the old airs; he keeps his legends, and his belief in witchcraft and fairy lore. And everywhere the Druid remains nourish these superstitions. The cross has indeed been put on top of the menhir which stands in solitary grandeur in the deep wood, the circles of Druid stones have been duly exorcised and blessed. But still to him the mystery and the sanctity of the older faith clings to them. His children learn French in school; but it is not the home, the mother-tongue.

It is from Brittany that France largely draws her sailors—and her priests. On the coast children learn to swim as soon as they have learned to walk, and the men are vowed to the sea from birth. In the little churchyards on the rocky coast you read family names which from generation to generation tell the same story—"lost at sea." The mystery and peril of the ocean lie upon the land and the people like a great shadow.

As it chanced, we were in Brittany at the time of the *Pardons*—the yearly festival in each village in honor of its patron saint. It is their Thanksgiving, the time of family reunions. And everywhere we saw the sailor lads from the great naval schools at Brest on their way home for the holiday. They were fresh-faced youths, slender, with dark, clear-cut faces all aglow as they chattered Breton to each other. And at every station the mothers in their caps and wooden shoes were waiting for them.

The Breton women's faces are not happy ones. The stolid comfort and materialism

of the Norman is replaced by a melancholy born of a hard life and narrow conditions. Melancholy and a certain religious mysticism are the stamp of the people. In the interior—at Quimper for instance, where life is easier—they are gayer and more talkative. But the nearer one gets to the sterile coast and the all-devouring sea, the deeper the poverty and the gloom. Beggars abound. They haunt the churches as in Italy—all human miseries and deformities in rags and dirt; and the begging is persistent and shameless. At first these things repel you. It is medieval beggary and medieval ideas as to the proper way of relief. Nevertheless the Bretons as a race are brave, thoughtful, and religious. It is indeed the country of religious mystics. Treguie—Renan's birthplace—is the great nursery of the French priesthood, and until a few years ago religious plays were still acted here. Brittany gave France religious thinkers like Abelard and Lamennais; Châteaubriand with his poetic, esthetic faith; and Pierre Loti, the idealist, whose hero is so often the Breton sailor.

As in Normandy, the perennial occupation of the women is washing by the riverside. The river chatters over its stony bed, the kneeling women chatter above; but the voices are not as cheerful as those of their Norman sisters and there is no laughter. One feels that their life is hard and bare. The Breton peasant has always, according to the saying current in France, "belonged to his priests." It is a pity that they have not been able to teach him gentleness to his wife. He is far harsher to her than is the Norman with all his materialism. He treats her more as a beast of burden and she grows old even earlier than her Norman neighbor. Certainly she needs all the comfort her religion can give her; and the inscription which we saw carved—in Latin and Breton—over one church door seemed to us peculiarly fitted to the sad women who had dropped their burdens there for a pause of prayer: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE C. L. S. C. READINGS FOR 1896-97.

A NUMBER of benevolent persons have at different times prepared lists of what they regarded as "the best hundred books." Literary journals with equal benevolence have published these lists of good books and gravely advised their readers to read them all. The youthful Edison in his boyish passion for knowledge decided to read an entire library and actually began at one end of the first shelf. He read every book for about a yard along the shelf—and stopped. The plan did not work. It is equally unwise to attempt to read any selected list of hundred best books, be they never so wisely selected, because the best book may not be precisely the best book for any particular person to read. In a large and general way there are a few great books that every man, woman, and child should own, read, mark, and inwardly digest. "The Book" is one, but the moment we get away from the first few (say ten) of the best hundred books there arise many grave doubts as to whether the remaining best books are the best for us all.

Clearly there is a better way. Books are tools. The thing to know is to know what tool is the best for a particular purpose. The object sought in reading books is education and the kind of education decides what are the best books. Plainly books on building and architecture are better for a carpenter than books on grammar and music. What, then, is your object in reading good books? Is it to be a first-rate carpenter or to be a man of education as well as a carpenter?

The better way is to read certain books arranged in a certain definite order and to read them in a fixed period of time. The young reader who cheerfully sets out to read the whole of any one of these lists of one hundred best books is courageous, but not precisely wise, because he is not likely to carry out his noble resolve. Long before he reaches the fiftieth book he will find there

are others of more value to him. He will soon see that it is simple common sense to read these books and finish the list at a more convenient season, which often never comes. A few books arranged along a definite line, a few books read in a definite time—this is the fine art of reading. Members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle recognize at once that this is the only sensible and reasonable way to read any books. We see in a general way that educated men and women, particularly college men and women, have read certain books in a certain order in a certain time (usually four years). We wish also to be regarded as educated persons. Shall we read the college man's books? Yes, if possible, but for the majority of us it may never be possible.

We can do something else, and herein lies the immense value of the Chautauqua system of education. The Chautauqua year begins now. Already its plan of reading is arranged for nine months in advance and its five books are ready for critical examination.

Open the first book, "A Survey of Greek Civilization," by J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., D.C.L. (Oxon.). Why read this book more than another? Because in Greece, art, letters, civilization reached a stage where they could and did affect the culture of modern life; because in a large sense our life and art and civilization are founded upon Greece. Education is based upon Greek learning and a true education implies that we shall know something of Greek life and civilization. Some have said that the best education implied a knowledge of the language of Greece. This may be quite true, and yet, for most of us there is no time for Greek, and we find that it is quite possible to gain a clearer and very thorough knowledge of all that is best in Greek art and literature without the language and without reading all the books required in our colleges. This book in a large and general way is a real survey of Greece, and to read

and understand it is to gain the cream of a classic education as far as it concerns Greece.

There is one side of Greek life that rises so high that it has become the model for all the world and is well worth our while to study in more detail. This is Greek art. So we find the second book of the required reading is "A History of Greek Art," by Professor F. B. Tarbell. This extremely interesting book traces the rise of art in Egypt and follows it through the prehistoric period till it culminates in the highest expression in Greek sculpture. The book is profusely illustrated, so that we can gain a very good idea of the appearance of many of the great art works that made Greek artists the leaders in art. A study of these two books will thus place us in possession of the chief facts concerning the history, civilization, and art of the great people who laid the foundations of art and civilization as we know them to-day.

Nor does a well-balanced plan of reading confine the reader to the study of ancient times and nations. Modern nations have their lessons for us, modern history can help us to understand life. So we have two books upon France and the French people. The first of these is George Burton Adams' excellent history entitled "The Growth of the French Nation." Professor Adams gives us in this book a clear, yet condensed account of the rise of the great people who have made France, showing how the warring and isolated tribes and communities drew gradually together and built up through trial, wars, suffering, and loss a people who should become in a large sense a leader among the nations.

To understand the French people as they are, to get an insight into their character, so different from our own, we need quite another style of book, and in Mr. W. C. Brownell's "French Traits" we have a minute and painstaking account of the French people as one who has long lived among them sees them. This book admirably offsets Professor Adams' history and the two give us a clear and interesting picture of the French people.

The best course of reading should include something of science. The hundred best books may in the minds of persons of a literary turn of mind quite exclude books upon science as not being really best. The best reading for education and culture must include some scientific books, and in the Chautauqua system one book or more each year brings the reader in touch with modern science. This year the subject is astronomy, and in Mr. Herbert A. Howe's book entitled "A Study of the Sky" we have a fascinating and delightful guide to the study of the stars.

These five books may not belong to any list of hundred best books. They are better. They are parts of a well-designed system of reading. They form part of a plan of reading having a definite educational end and extending over a definite time. Nor will the reader-student who takes them up be left alone to follow unaided his own, perhaps lonely, reading. Every month will come a friendly guide, commentator, and assistant, to explain and illuminate each book. In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, through the year, will be found a real help to the reader-student. Articles in the different numbers will describe the life, manners, and customs of Greece and France, will clear up points in each book. Moreover, *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is a teacher, explaining, translating, and defining words and terms in the books that may seem to the reader new or unusual. It is difficult to imagine a truer union of friendly teacher and guide in reading than *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, keeping step, as it does, through the year with the reader-students who are seeking instruction, entertainment, and culture through the reading course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

PEOPLE have all sorts of notions as to what "expression" means. An agreeable expression of countenance may be one thing, while an excited baseball player may indulge in an expression that nobody could countenance—which is quite another matter. Practically, it means to say something, and

the fine art of expression is to have something to say and to know how to say it in an effective and agreeable manner. A picture may express something and so may a song. Commonly, expression means speech, words, either our own or composed by another. To express yourself clearly and to the point is a simple and very necessary accomplishment. To write a letter or make a speech, or to take part in ordinary conversation, implies the ability to express yourself with reasonable ease and clearness.

Yet the fine art of expression is something much higher than mere letter-writing, conversation, or speech-making. This is the art of expressing in the finest and most artistic manner the thoughts of the poets and writers who, having something to say, have said it in the most beautiful manner. It is not exactly reading aloud, it is not elocution, or acting, or pantomime, or oratory, and yet it may be something of all these.

There are three distinct ways in which we may enjoy a fine poem: we may read it from the printed page in silence; we may listen while some one reads it aloud, or listen to some one reading it while we ourselves hold the book and follow the words as they are spoken by the reader. There is also a fourth method, and that is to commit the poem to memory and to repeat it aloud.

The first method is the most common and the least satisfactory, because we may be morally certain that we are reading it pretty badly. Besides, reading in silence is unsocial, a little selfish, and not always fair to the poet or ourselves. Reading in silence misses half the charm of reading. It is not easy to carry the cadence, rhythm, and musical form of the poem in the mind. Just try it. Read any good poem for the first time to yourself and then listen to the

same poem read or recited aloud by a trained reader. Now it's quite another thing. Now to the thought we add the sound of the rhyme, the swing of the rhythm, all the music of the words, and all the charm of a beautiful voice. Besides all this, the reader may give a wholly new meaning to the words and thus add something to the poem we might never have found alone. As well look over the notes of a song and try to imagine how they will sound as to read always in silence.

Naturally, this art of expression rests chiefly on the art of reading, and yet it is not mere reading. Reading aloud or recitation makes the "medium" of this art—the art itself is the complete artistic development of the man or woman, so that in using this medium they bring out all the values of the poem they read. Nor is a trained voice, skilful inflection, or graceful gesture everything. There must be also general culture, ability to understand what is read, and the taste to select the right thing and the best thing to read. Mere "readers" or "elocutionists," those dreadful creatures who once afflicted a long-suffering public are happily disappearing. We do not care any more for the pretty girl with the bird-notes, or the sweet young thing in cheese-cloth, or the funny man who pulls his hair over his eyes and tells you stories. These are not artists in expression—they are only entertainers; and the wonder is we entertained them so long.

People will always enjoy the fine presentation of fine literature. We are getting away from the mere entertainment side of this art of expression, and those who hope to succeed in filling the demand for readers must follow broad and thorough courses of study.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE TRIAL OF THE TRANSVAAL RAIDERS.



DR. L. S. JAMESON.

The Eagle. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

"Dr. Jim," the raider, has escaped with a sentence to fifteen months in prison, not at hard labor. Out of England this is not considered to be a fitting punishment for the attempt to steal a quiet and unoffending republic.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

It is quite safe to say that the terms fixed will never be served. If the Boers of the South African Republic soon released the men who were more guilty than Jameson and his associates, it is certain that the British government will not deal more harshly with its own subjects. The integrity and fairness of English courts have been vindicated.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

The conviction of Jameson and his Transvaal raiders, the dupes or tools of Cecil Rhodes, ends another chapter in the discreditable story of British greed in South Africa. The men were convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, while their master and instigator, Rhodes, was wiring for reinforcements of imperial troops to carry out his designs in Africa.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

This would hardly be accepted as adequate retribution, for instance, if the violation of neutrality laws had been directed against a power like Russia.

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

THE unusual form of prosecution in English procedure, "trial at bar," was given to Dr. L. S. Jameson and his five co-raiders of the Transvaal, who were indicted on June 23 for violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. Accordingly, on July 20, the trial began before the three judges, Lord Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, who presided, Sir Henry Hawkins, and Baron Pollock, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. On July 28 Lord Russell made his charge to the jury, who after an hour's deliberation pronounced all the defendants guilty. Dr. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, Mayor Sir John Willoughby to ten months, Col. H. F. White to seven months, and Major Raleigh Grey, Major R. White, and H. F. Coventry to three months' imprisonment each. According to advices of July 25 the Cape Colony parliament unanimously adopted the majority report of the committee to investigate the invasion, which asserts that Cecil Rhodes, who was prime minister of Cape Colony when the raid took place, was cognizant of Dr. Jameson's plan. Mr. Rhodes has signified his willingness to go to London for his trial.

But, considering the peculiar circumstances surrounding the trial, it may at least be accepted as proof that Great Britain does not evade her responsibility, even where the complainant is only a small African republic.

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

There is not a great deal of comfort to Dr. Jameson in the reflection that his incarceration is a mere formality and not to be accepted as an index of popular sentiment in England.

The New York Post. (N. Y.)

The sentences were certainly light in view of the bloodshed that was occasioned by the raid, but it must be remembered that almost the only sufferers were Dr. Jameson's followers, who were as guilty as he was.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. (Pa.)

Had Britain felt strong enough Jameson would not now be a convict. But Britain was not strong enough, and so justice is done. Besides, his effort was not a success, which makes it much easier to let the hand of the law smite him.

The Globe. (Toronto, Ont., Canada.)

The conviction will have a tendency to continue the confidence felt almost universally hitherto in the general impartiality of British justice. Jameson's unfortunate raid, ill-managed under any circumstances, has brought a world of evil on South Africa from which it may not recover in a generation.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.



WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

expressions of grief from the whole nation have been called forth by the sudden death on June 16 of William E. Russell. It occurred in the fishing camp at St. Adelaide, Pabos, Quebec, whither he had gone with his brother to rest from his labors at the Chicago Democratic Convention. His ailment is supposed to have been heart disease, for he was apparently well on his arrival the day before. Mr. Russell was born January 6, 1837, in Cambridge, Mass. Here he attended the public schools and in 1873 entered Harvard College, graduating four years later. In April, 1880, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar and entered the law firm of C. T. & T. H. Russell. Acting always with the Democratic party, he was elected to the Cambridge common council in 1881 and two years later he became an alderman. In the presidential campaign of 1884 he stumped the state, using his fine powers of oratory in favor of Grover Cleveland. In 1885 Mr. Russell was elected mayor of Cambridge by a large majority, and served in this capacity three terms. His marriage with Miss Margaret Swan occurred on June 3, 1885. He was defeated for governor in 1888 and again in 1889, but his third fight for the governorship, in 1890, resulted in his election. In 1891 and 1892 he was reelected by his party to the same post. These brilliant successes over a Republican majority of years' standing brought him wide recognition in the world of politics. Retiring from the governor's chair at the end of his third term, Mr. Russell resumed his practice of law. Still he continued to engage in politics and had a national reputation as a champion of free trade and sound money. His record is one of unswerving allegiance to the Democratic party. The deceased is survived by a wife and three children.

(*Rep.*) *Boston Journal.* (*Mass.*)

Massachusetts has had many able public men, but few of William E. Russell's personal attractiveness. That was recognized when he was living. It will be even more fully recognized, now he is dead, that the triumphs which he won were far more individual than party victories. He had the genius of leadership. In mourning for him there are no Democrats, no Republicans. The whole state sorrows at the untimely close of a career rich in achievement yet richer still in promise.

(*Rep.*) *Baltimore American.* (*Md.*)

He was the kind of young man who is altogether too infrequent in politics, and his death is a distinct loss to public life. He was not a man of commanding ability, but he was better than that—he was a

man of direct and manly methods, a man of strong and clean convictions, and the more he indulged in politics the more he improved them.

(*Dem.*) *The Times.* (*Hartford, Conn.*)

Thousands of conservative citizens everywhere had learned to esteem him as on the whole the most promising young Democratic leader in New England. During his brilliant career he had shown great wisdom, courage, and tact, and to these qualities were joined oratorical abilities of a high quality.

(*Dem.*) *The Times-Union.* (*Jacksonville, Fla.*)

A Democrat of national reputation, and a man of brilliant attributes of mind and sterling integrity of character. His executive administrations were conspicuous for the vigor with which he enforced the statutes, especially those regarding the sale of liquor.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

AFTER nearly half a century's agitation in Great Britain the bill legalizing marriage with a sister of a deceased wife passed the House of Lords on July 10 by a vote of 204 to 142. Though it has yet to pass the House of Commons, it is almost sure to become a law, as that body is supposed to be favorable to it. The bill makes the marriage laws uniform throughout the British provinces, marriage with a deceased wife's sister having long been legal in many of the British colonies. The bill, however, provides that the ceremony for such a marriage shall not be performed by a minister of the established church, thus forcing the contracting parties to put up with a civil marriage or to employ the services of a Non-conformist minister.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

This action in the House of Lords is significant of the present trend of popular thought toward individual freedom of action. It indicates that the Upper House is losing its power to enforce a mere theological sentiment, and losing some of the halo that has circumscribed its doings and limited its usefulness.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

It doubtless appears absurd in this country, that is, to the ordinary person, that the laws of England should place no bar on the marriage of first cousins and yet forbid the union of brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, but the origin of this seeming inconsistency was in canonical history, not in the direct purposes sought by men of that land in our day.

The New York Recorder. (N. Y.)

Uniform laws on marriage and on divorce are essential in any country to the maintenance of the sacredness of the marriage tie. It must be confessed with shame that the United States of America is worse off in this matter than Great Britain ever has been. Not in one respect but in a dozen

are there divergences in the marriage laws of the different states, and the divorce laws are even more mixed up.

The Buffalo Enquirer. (N. Y.)

The state authorizes what the state church holds is unfit to be done.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The fact that all these years it has been warmly championed by the queen, the prince of Wales, and the whole royal family shows how little influence royalty has in British politics.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

The English aristocracy are always anxious to keep the money in the family.

The Journal. (Lewiston, Me.)

The passage by the British House of Lords, after generations of refusal, of the sensible bill permitting a man to marry his deceased wife's sister is the most revolutionary attack on its own conservatism that the British House of Lords has witnessed in the reign of Queen Vic. Why, they'll be voting off their wigs next, these reckless old earls and dukes!

GERMANY'S CIVIL CODE MEASURE.

THE Civil Code measure, which has engaged three commissioners of German jurists for thirty years in its formulation, at last, on July 1, has passed its third reading in the Reichstag. Its adoption is adjudged the most significant event in jurisprudence since the adoption of the Code Napoleon. The bill does not go into effect until 1900. It provides for civil marriage, fixes twenty-one years as the limit of age at which one must obtain parental consent in order to marry, and regulates the property rights of women. It makes incurable insanity a ground for divorce and places numerous restrictions on women's liberty. The Centrists opposed the provision for civil marriage as being a blow at the clergy and they succeeded in striking out the divorce clause but it was restored in the final reading. Prince Bismarck showed his disapproval of the haste with which the Civil Code Bill was rushed through by instructing his oldest son to leave the house during the first vote on the bill in the Reichstag. The discriminations against them provided in the code roused German women to the unprecedented action of organizing in behalf of their own interests. On July 30 a congress of about one thousand five hundred women met in the Concert House in Berlin and formally protested "against the continued depriving of women of their economic independence, against the relations of married women to their husbands as presented by the code, against the provision that the goods possessed by a woman shall become the property of the man she marries, against the provision that mothers shall not have guardian rights over their children, and against the refusal of the law to give illegitimate children full claims upon their fathers."

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

A very strong demonstration has been made by the women of Berlin against what they consider the injustice of certain new laws affecting their interests. There are probably no more conservative women than those of Germany; and, whether they are at home or abroad, they are justly looked upon as patterns of domesticity. It need not, therefore, be supposed that they want to vote or that they are complaining because what so many of the advanced sisterhood call their "sphere" is limited. All that they ask is that they shall have control of their own property and equal guardianship of their children, demands which certainly seem just and moderate,

although to a government like that of Germany they doubtless appear as if they savored of revolution.

The Press. (Albany, N. Y.)

The old school of conservatism still smiles contemptuously at these female demonstrations, but the names of countesses, baronesses, and duchesses appear on the petitions for relieving women of the disabilities from which they have suffered for so many years. Men long ago slipped the fetters of old-time intolerance but left the women tied hand and foot by absurd social and national restrictions. But they are now beginning to think that they have too long endured intolerance and neglect and are beginning to take a hand in their own deliverance.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

THE fifteenth annual International Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Washington, D. C., July 8 to 13, called together 50,000 young Christians from all ends of the earth. They found hospitable entertainment, and thirty churches together with three mammoth tents were devoted to their services. A choir of 4,500 voices from the local societies had been trained to lead the singing. The program arranged for about 200 different meetings and more than 200 speakers chosen from the leading women and men of the world. Statistics show the growth of the society to have been phenomenal. President Clark reported the formation of 46,000 societies, the enrollment of 5,000,000 Endeavorers, of whom 2,750,000 are at present members, and the donation by the Endeavorers of \$2,000,000 to benevolences. General Secretary Baer's account states: "In the United States the Presbyterians lead, with 5,458 Young People's societies and 2,599 Junior societies; in Canada the Methodists lead. The 'badge' banner given for the greatest absolute gain in number of Young People's societies, goes back again to England. The banner for the greatest proportionate gain in number of societies for the first time crosses the ocean to Scotland. Pennsylvania for the third time wins the Junior 'badge' banner for the largest gain in number of Junior societies. The banner for the greatest proportionate increase in Junior societies passes from Assiniboia to Mexico." The Junior Endeavor rally, with its speeches on children's work, was pronounced very inspiring. The subject "Christian Citizenship" received much attention and discussions took place on the other great lines of Endeavor work under the heads of "The Rescue of the Sabbath," "Evangelistic Endeavor," and "Missionary Extension." On the last day, reserved for missionaries, interest centered in the Armenian cause. A pathetic appeal by Miss Rebecca Kirkorian, an Armenian, stirred the audience to cheer after cheer. The next speaker scored the United States administrative officers for not interfering to stop the Turkish outrages against the Armenians.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The Christian Endeavor Convention in Washington is the greatest gathering that wonderful organization has ever known. All years are years of growth and progress for it.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

National union is cemented through this organization by a platform which unites the Christians of the whole land of all shades of belief in a common fraternal purpose. "Good citizenship" is here finding its most courageous, persistent, and effective allies. The whole land says, "God bless them!"

The Harrisburg Telegram. (Pa.)

The arraignment of the Cleveland administration by the Christian Endeavor people in Washington for its refusal to protect Americans in Armenia was a scorcher, but it was deserved. Such a blistering as Evangelist Mills gave Cleveland, Olney, and Terrell ought to make them hang their heads.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Whatever interference is demanded should come from European powers which have direct relations in the matter. If they will not interfere America cannot without involving possibilities by the side of which the whole Armenian question is insignificant.

The Evangelist. (New York, N. Y.)

It is indisputable that our government has not only been indifferent to the woes of a long-suffering Christian people, when a strong position taken by it would probably, without war, have checked Turkish outrages to a great degree, but worse still, it has shown itself indifferent under circumstances where indifference is a national disgrace.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is seriously to be questioned of late years if the attendance at these conventions is not becoming so large as to interfere with their usefulness and to limit the benefit and pleasure which the individual may derive from them.

Presbyterian Journal. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Christian Endeavor organization stands for whole-hearted, practical piety. It is the advocate, open and uncompromising, of temperance, strict living, purity, the Sabbath, and the infallible Word of God. It has all the elements of permanence and perpetuity.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Its influence upon public affairs cannot be doubted. Indeed, its work has already been shown in a non-partisan way in many quarters, always to the betterment of moral conditions. May the great organization continue to thrive.

The Outlook. (New York, N. Y.)

The practical effect of this interdenominational organization, and the mingling so freely of representatives of all the branches of the Church of Christ in the conventions of Christian Endeavor, has produced a larger Christian fellowship, and has developed a strong sentiment for Christian union. . . . No other meeting, secular or religious, has such great audiences, and such variety and talent of programs.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

It is not surprising that a movement of such magnitude, but especially of such a character, has won such general, respectful, and cordial recognition as is now everywhere accorded the Christian Endeavor.

PORFIRIO DIAZ AGAIN PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.
President of Mexico.

MEXICANS do not seem to share our objections to a third term in the presidency. On July 12 they elected Porfirio Diaz to his fifth continuous term in that office, twenty-two thousand electoral colleges of Mexico casting a unanimous vote for him. The vote represented a small proportion of the lower classes.

(Rep.) *The Denver Republican.* (Col.)

He is the most popular man in Mexico, and it is to the credit of the people of that country that they recognize his ability as a leader. It is to be remarked that the lower classes abstain from voting, but this should not be interpreted to mean that they are opposed to Diaz. It simply shows that Republicanism has not yet advanced sufficiently to cause the lower classes to take part in the government, even to the extent of voting. This in a nation like the United States would be deplorable, and even in Mexico it is occasion for regret. But we should bear in mind that Mexico is just emerging from a state of semi-barbarism. It is not to be expected that in its present condition it will exhibit in its lower classes the degree of intelligence and enlightenment

one finds in the working classes of the United States. But we do not believe that it will be any the less appreciative than the educated class of the abilities and wisdom of such a man as Diaz, who has done more for Mexico than, with the exception of Hidalgo and Juarez, all his predecessors combined.

(Rep.) *The Pioneer Press.* (St. Paul, Minn.)

The advantages of the renomination of Diaz are so great as to illustrate in a marked degree the necessity of different political methods for different nations, and especially for nations at different periods in their career. There has never been a time in the history of the United States when a fifth or even a third presidential term was desirable. But while we may believe that at some future time Mexico will be able to adopt with safety and success the American rule, it is certain that at present it does not apply to her case. It is Diaz that she needs and must have.

(Dem.) *The Argus.* (Albany, N. Y.)

He may be said to be the most popular and successful uncrowned king this continent has ever produced. Gen. Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca, September 15, 1830. He was first elected president in 1876, went out of office in 1880, was reelected in 1884, and has been reelected every four years since that date.

(Ind.) *Public Ledger.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The best thing that Mexico could have done was to reelect again and again the man who first gained the presidency, in 1876, by revolution, but who has been the best ruler it ever had.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST TRADES CONGRESS IN LONDON.

THIS congress, the fourth of its series, was held in London the last week in July. The anarchist delegates were denied seats and tried to get them by violence. The sessions were disorderly and grave differences of opinion were revealed. The police took advantage of the meeting to secure photographs of anarchists. The purpose of the congress was to exchange views, reconcile differences, advise each other about local questions, and generally further the taking up of property and production by the state. The old feud between France and Germany broke out in the congress, showing that both groups of delegates still have patriotic feeling.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

This tendency to enlarge the functions of the state or government is going on in every country of Europe, with, possibly, one or two exceptions. It is seen just as well in the United States. In this country it sometimes takes the form of a demand that the government shall do something to help individuals, which under the anti-socialistic theory they should do for themselves. It takes also the form of a demand for state control of what are

called natural monopolies, such as railroads, telegraphs, city water works, city lighting, and street-car service in cities. These are socialistic demands regardless of the names by which they may be known.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

When M. Delory wrote for the London Socialistic Congress his paper advocating an agricultural proletariat and the cultivation of land by society in a coöperative capacity he probably had not heard from the colony at Topolobampo, Mexico, the latest

of the coöperative enterprises on this side of the ocean. This colony, which was to exhibit the beauties of the coöperative principle, was lost to sight for a couple of years, but reported a day or two ago. All the colonists who could get away had done so; the few who were left, though they owned all the land in sight, were in abject misery, and the experiment was a totally disastrous failure. . . . The socialists are building on no foundation at all. They must provide their ideal state of humanity before they can build their ideal structure on it.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

Perhaps the most important was the proposal that education should be made national and free up to the universities, and be compulsory to the age of sixteen, with instruction in the trades, and that during the period of instruction the scholars should be a sort of cadets supported by the state. This was

one of the best propositions, and the others were mostly reaffirmations of the acts of former years against standing armies and for arbitration. The next meeting will be in Germany. We may say that one of the best results was the opening of the eyes of the British socialists and workmen to the character of the anarchists. In Germany the revulsion against this congress may be even more important, as the utterances of German socialists denying all national patriotism and even regretting the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

In Germany the socialists are a real political party, and have caused respectable people a good deal of annoyance. Now that the socialists have held a convention in London, and delivered speeches and adopted a platform, they have made themselves so ridiculous that even Germany laughs at them.

GERMAN OPINION.

Vorwaerts. (Berlin.)

The congress in London was a humiliating spectacle; the fighting was due to incompetent management.

Nachrichten. (Berlin.)

The international solidarity of the socialists does not stand the test. French socialists do not respond to the German invitation to unite.

Zeitung. (Frankfort.)

Talk of fraternity was thrown away on the French, who caused a new outbreak of chauvinism.

Neuste Nachrichten. (Munich.)

The German delegates turned their backs on the Fatherland and met with condign contempt from the French delegates.

The Gazette. (Cologne.)

The denial by German delegates that they have any national feeling will estrange from them many of their patriotic comrades.

The North German Gazette. (Berlin.)

We call upon the German people not to allow the socialists to further poison public life.

A NEW MINISTRY IN CANADA.

THOUGH defeated in the elections of June 23, Sir Charles Tupper, the Conservative premier, did not resign until July 8. The Liberal leader, Mr. Wilfred Laurier, formed a new ministry. It appears that the victors in this change fought for "tariff reform," emulating the policy of the Democrats of this country in 1892. It is probable, however, that other and deeper questions—such as divide Tories from Liberals—and corrupt administration had most to do with the voting. The Conservatives had been in power eighteen years and many abuses had grown up. Besides, the Manitoba school question, which has been acute for two years, could not be settled and Sir Charles Tupper's party had angered both Catholics and Protestants by futile attempts to compromise the question, which is simply whether in Manitoba separate Catholic schools should be supported by taxation. Sir Charles Tupper says that this question undid him and will undo Mr. Laurier. It has shifted votes and majorities, and no settlement is yet in sight.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The fact is, the issue of provincial rights was that on which the Liberals won. It, and it alone, brought the French Catholics of Quebec and thousands of independent voters and even Conservatives all over the Dominion to Mr. Laurier's support. So intent were the people on that that they paid little heed to other issues. Now they see that while they have saved and vindicated provincial rights they have put protection in theoretic jeopardy. Accordingly they are rallying with might and main in support of the latter cause, and are

actually organizing to prevent their own government from executing its own program. That they will be successful is not susceptible of serious doubt. They are already successful. Mr. Laurier's government will not bring in free trade, nor anything like it. As *The London Times* admits, the immediate introduction of free trade in Canada must be regarded as outside the range of practical politics.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Both parties in Canada are badly "mixed" on the Manitoba school question.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The Liberal victory in Canada corresponds, to a considerable extent, to the Democratic victory in the United States in 1892. The verdict of the people in both cases was a protest against high protection. Laurier, who will be the new premier, seems to have a higher conception of the responsibilities laid upon his party, however, than did those in control of the Fifty-third Congress.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

It is officially announced that there will be no change in the existing tariff laws during the coming session of the Canadian Parliament. Nevertheless we may look confidently for a satisfactory declaration of tariff policy from the new premier on the

reassembling of that body foreshadowing a purpose to meet the United States half way in any reciprocity negotiations that may be instituted through the medium of commissions.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Sir Wilfred Laurier has been happy in the selection of his colleagues. He has recognized all of the provinces. Hon. W. S. Fielding, minister of finance, was premier of Nova Scotia, and Sir Oliver Mowat, minister of justice, was premier of Ontario. Only two ministers who have portfolios are of French descent, except the premier himself; so that Quebec has not been given undue prominence. It looks as if the policy of the new government would be a broad and liberal one.

BISHOP A. C. COXE.



THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

BOTH the church and state suffer a loss in the death of Arthur Cleveland Coxe, the second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of western New York. He died of nervous prostration on July 20, at the sanitarium in Clifton Springs, N. Y. He was born on May 10, 1818 at Mendham, N. J., the son of the eminent Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Coxe. Two years later the family moved to Rochester, N. Y. In 1838 he graduated with honors from the University of the City of New York, and immediately entered the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York. While yet a student he gained distinction for his religious poems. Upon completing his course at the seminary he was ordained and entered on his first charge in St. Ann's Church, New York, N. Y. In 1842 he was transferred to St. John's Church at Hartford, Conn., and while there published "Athanasion and Other Poems," "Halloween and Other Poems," "Saul and Other Poems." He traveled abroad in 1851 and subsequently published "Impressions of England." This was followed by his "Apology for the English Bible." In 1854 he was called from Hartford to Grace Church, Baltimore, Md., where he labored effectively in the Union cause. He accepted the rectorship of Calvary Church in New York in 1863 and two years later was chosen for the episcopate of western New York. He was a strong anti-Roman Catholic and his controversies with Romish priests and prelates were circulated in many languages, the first appearing in 1869. In the same year (1885) that Bishop Coxe founded the Christian Literature Society in New York, he edited nine volumes of the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," which he considered his literary masterpiece. In 1887 he was Baldwin lecturer at the University of Michigan and Bedell lecturer in Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio. These lectures he published. He also published several works in French and frequently contributed to periodical literature. In 1888 he preached in Paris as bishop in charge of the "Gallicans" of France. This work he resigned in 1892 to devote himself to his diocese and literary labors. He again came into prominence about two years ago for his attack on the appointment of Cardinal Satolli for papal delegate to the United States. Bishop Coxe is survived by a wife and three children.

Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)

Though Bishop Coxe was an ardent and almost incessant controversialist he was one of the most amiable and genial of men. He was a gentleman of the old school, full of kindness to all. He inherited remarkable conversational powers from his father. He was thoroughly acquainted with all classical literature, ancient and modern, and an apt quota-

tion seemed always at his command to give point to what he was saying. This wide reading and profound learning added to his personal qualities of earnestness and fearlessness and a poetic temperament, and aided by his fine personal presence gave him a rare and altogether peculiar eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform. Happy the cause that was championed by him in debate.

THE VENEZUELAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE correspondence between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury on the arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute under a general arbitration treaty has been published. It shows progress, and yet there remain serious differences. The differences concern these points: (1) What may be arbitrated? Can a question of honor be submitted? (2) How shall the court be made up? (3) Must its decision be unanimous? (4) Shall the verdict be binding or only a basis for negotiation? Lord Salisbury will not submit a question of honor and wants a unanimous verdict as a basis for negotiation, and he is alert over the composition of the court. It is believed that the differences will be adjusted and a treaty of arbitration submitted to our Senate next winter. The full case of England (and also of Venezuela) has reached Washington and the Venezuelan Commission has resumed its labors there.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

To-day the tide is running strongly toward international arbitration as the only means by which sensible powers can adjust their disputes, and Lord Salisbury is moving with the tide. This is evidence of the superior quality—in this instance at least—of American statesmanship. Secretary Olney has contended steadily, logically, and powerfully for a comprehensive system of arbitration in which loopholes for the escape of the unreasonably pugnacious will be conspicuous by their absence, and this is the system which the deliberate judgment of Great Britain's mind is now prepared to sustain.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

England may not improbably have a sound claim to a part of the extensive tract which British subjects have seized and occupied within limits formerly regarded as those of Venezuela; but the claim will have to be supported by stronger evi-

dence than that so far given to the world from London and Demarara. At the same time it is the duty of Venezuela to wait with patience and dignity for an equitable settlement of the controversy, and not forfeit American sympathy and support by hasty or aggressive action.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The most thoughtful and, we are inclined to think, most satisfactory discussion of the whole general subject appears in *The Spectator* of London. That journal lays down four principles which it deems essential to an acceptable treaty of arbitration. These are: first, exclusion of points held by a power to involve its honor and integrity; second, inclusion of all other points whatsoever; third, constitution of a court which will win the confidence and respect of both nations, and fourth, endowment of the court with power to come to an absolute decision on any matter laid before it.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.



WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE illustrious artist, illustrator, author, and naturalist William Hamilton Gibson died of apoplexy on July 17 at his home in Washington, Conn. He was born October 5, 1850, at Sandy Hook, Conn. He went to school at the "Gunnery," where the schoolmaster, affectionately mentioned in his first book, "Pastoral Days," published in 1881, discovered and brought out his artistic talents. His father's death took him from the schoolroom to become a breadwinner, and he entered an insurance office. In 1870 he resigned this position to devote himself to botanical drawing for various periodicals. This work he did with scientific accuracy. Mr. Gibson's family opposed his following a scientific career and he owed his training almost wholly to his own efforts. After several years' labor he first sprang into public favor with his illustrated article "Birds and Plumage," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. A series of papers of which this formed a part was put in book form in 1883 and critics ranked their author as a naturalist with White of Selborne, Thoreau, and Richard Jeffries. In 1872 Mr. Gibson had begun to place his work in the

American Water Color Society exhibits and in 1885 he became a member of that society. His work also appeared in the London and Edinburgh exhibits. Most notable among his illustrations are those he made for "The Heart of the White Mountains," "Nature's Serial Story," and numerous poetical works. The most popular works which he both wrote and illustrated are "Camp Life in the Woods," "Tricks of

Trapping and Trap-making," "Highways and Byways" and his last book, "Our Edible Mushrooms." Encouraged by the reception accorded his books, Mr. Gibson began his popular lectures on flowers and natural history, illustrating them with his own drawings. For years Mr. Gibson lived in Brooklyn. His wife, whom he married early in life, and two children survive him.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

His illustrations and pictures were not merely pleasing and decorative, but they represented nature with scientific accuracy. Mr. Gibson was a persevering student of everything related to his line of work, and his talents were widely varied.

Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)

The field of popular lectures on natural history had not since the time of Agassiz been cultivated with such success as by Mr. Gibson. His unfeigned enthusiasm for his subject, the clearness and ease of

his verbal elucidations, and the ingenuity and felicity of his illustrations, by means not only of his ready crayon, but of mechanical apparatus devised by himself, made the lectures as entertaining as they were instructive and valuable. There could be no more enjoyable treat, in its own kind, as all who have experienced it will agree, than his illustrated lecture on "Cross-Fertilization." Mr. Gibson's personal charm impressed itself upon the hearers of these lectures—a charm that came of his essential heartiness and benevolence of nature.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

On the 29th of July the Conservative ministry of Lord Salisbury obtained a great moral victory by the passing through the third reading in the House of Commons, without opposition, of their long-pending Irish Land Bill. But this success had hardly been secured when the House of Lords proceeded to amend the bill in the interest of the landlords, and trouble between the two houses began again. The chief feature of the bill is that it facilitates the purchase of their farms by the tenants, improving in that respect upon Mr. Gladstone's law of 1881. The government advances the purchase money for the tenant who buys, and payment may extend over seventy years. The bill also aids tenants who are behind in their rent by declaring that payment of two years' back rent shall confirm the tenant in his holdings. For any further claim for back rent the landlord may sue but cannot evict. In case of purchase under the bill the tenant will pay a year's rent multiplied by twenty. The objections of the House of Lords are understood to apply to details, and it is most probable that the two houses will agree and that the bill will improve the condition of the thrifty tenants.

The Mercury. (New York, N. Y.)

After many tribulations and trials of the spirit the Balfour brothers have succeeded in maneuvering their Irish Land Bill through its committee stage in the House of Commons. One of the surprises so frequent in politics was provided by Mr. Timothy M. Healy in a speech delivered upon the rising of the committee, in which the skill and industry displayed by Chief Secretary Gerald Balfour in drafting and dealing with the bill was highly praised. No better Irish testimony as to the satisfactoriness of the measure could be demanded than Mr. Healy's words of commendation.

The Pittsburg Post. (Pa.)

The Irish Land Bill . . . is very unsatisfactory to the landlord interest, and it will fight it in the Upper House. Both sections of the Irish party in the House of Commons gave the bill a qualified support as an improvement on the land act of 1881 and on the existing provisions for land purchase.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The bill is a step in the right direction, toward bettering the condition of the Irish without danger to imperial interests, and there is no question that the Tories have been driven to it partly by the wild Liberal agitation for home rule.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

It cannot be said that the Irish Land Bill is a perfect measure or that it has satisfied either landlords or tenants. But it is admitted that it has some excellent features, and on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread it has been accepted in the hope that it will open the way for other and greater concessions.

The Irish World. (New York, N. Y.)

It did not require much capacity in the line of forecasting to predict that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour would not propose any bill to interfere to any great extent with the rack-renting and evicting "rights" of their devoted friends the landlords of Ireland. Those gentlemen are, of course, Tories almost to a man, and needless to say deadly enemies of Irish nationality in any shape or form.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

What astute observers like Messrs. O'Connor and Power regard as the probable result of the deadlock is a policy of conciliation, by which the Commons will agree to some amendments and reject others, and in this way leave a bridge for the retreat of the Lords. The Land Bill will probably pass in a mutilated form, especially as no other legislation of this class is possible for several years.

A JAPANESE LINE TO JAPAN.

It has been announced that a line of steamships flying the flag of Japan will be set going between Seattle and Tokio. At first there will be monthly departures from each port. The steamers will be Clyde-built and of about 3,000 tons and the business in view is chiefly the carrying of freight. The new line is under the management of the Imperial Japanese Steamship Company which has sixty-two vessels in the trade to Hong-Kong, Ceylon, etc., and a line to Europe.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Nothing demonstrates more clearly Japan's rapid advancement in civilization than the way in which she is making herself felt in the business circles in the New World.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The steamship line between Tokio and Seattle, about to be established by Japanese enterprise, is worthy of support by citizens of the United States, because it will compete with the Canadian Pacific steamers which land at Vancouver. It is a plucky undertaking. Not to mention the rivalry of the Pacific Mail and the American transcontinental lines, it will have to meet the competition of the heavily subsidized British line between China, Japan, and Vancouver, while its American railway connections are antagonized by the also subsidized Canadian Pacific Railway, which is taking a great deal of trade from its American rivals at all competitive points from Buffalo to the Pacific. The Japanese line is, we believe, subsidized by that

government, but the American railroads are not, and only liberal patronage on the part of merchants and the traveling public will keep the enterprise from disastrous failure, whereas it should be a valuable means of preserving the advantages of competition in the trans-Pacific trade.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The advancement of any people in the arts of civilization must be of direct or indirect benefit to all the world. Japan especially is forging ahead in manufacture with an energy that cannot be stayed or gainsaid because of its detrimental effect upon certain industries elsewhere. Instead of bewailing, for mercenary reasons, that which is inevitable, the part of wisdom in the United States manifestly is to accept what Japan is only too ready to concede—closer trade relations than are possible with any European power. Therefore we welcome the proposed new steamship line as a strong entering wedge toward the consummation of what will in the end help more than it can possibly harm us.

THE TURKS IN CRETE AND ARMENIA.

The massacre of Armenians at Van, last June, is at last verified by an American woman who was an eye-witness, Miss Kimball, one of our missionaries. She says that 500 were killed, 10,000 rendered homeless, and 15,000 took refuge under the British flag. Thousands were protected and aided by our missionaries. In Crete the Turks play their game of duplicity, but gain no headway in subduing the revolt. In Macedonia the Greeks by blood and speech are rising also. There is some evidence that Europe is growing weary of Turkish atrocity, but nothing is done to stop it. It is estimated that a million of the Christians of Armenia have perished by violence or want since the persecution began last year.

The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

The Turks have again attacked the Cretans, in spite of the armistice which had been agreed upon. It is evident that no sense of honor can make the Turks keep their agreements any more than a sentiment of humanity can prevent them from murdering Christians whenever they have the power.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Bismarck's latest utterances treat the Armenian, Cretan, and Macedonian questions altogether from the Turkish point of view. If, he is stated to have said, these provinces rebel against Turkey's rule they must take the consequences.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

The representative whom Emperor William sent to Crete to investigate the conditions there reports that the outside world has little idea of the atrocities that have been perpetrated by the Turks. But the

outside world has a sufficient idea to know that a fresh obligation has been placed on the European powers to interfere with the sultan's rule.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The island of Crete is not of much value except as a station for naval operations, and in view of this fact it would be well to let it pass into the possession and control of Greece. It would in that case be better governed than it is now, and no international jealousies would arise such as would come up if England annexed it or it fell into the hands of France or Germany.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

So far as the Christian governor general is concerned, he is powerless to effect necessary reforms. His predecessor, now made military governor, is the real power, and he, angry at being superseded, is using his power to increase the trouble.

THE GOLD DEMOCRATS.

On the 7th of August a conference of the Democrats who are opposed to the Chicago platform, on which Mr. Byran stands, was held at Indianapolis, Ind. Thirty-five states were represented. The conference was held in pursuance of a call issued by gold Democrats from nine states who met at Chicago. The Indianapolis conference decided to call a new convention, which will meet at Indianapolis September 2. The object of the movement, as declared in the call, is to give those Democrats who cannot stand on the Chicago platform a Democratic platform and candidate. In the conference, representatives of twenty-nine states favored a new convention and six opposed it. The six were three in the South and three in the East.

(Dem.) *The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)*

In 1872 when Grant was nominated by the regular Republicans, and Greeley by the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans, there were some Democrats who revolted at the nomination of Greeley and called another convention, in which they nominated Charles O'Connor, a hard-shell Democrat and a man of eminent ability. The result was that Grant received 3,597,132 votes, and Greeley 2,834,125, while O'Connor received only 29,489 votes in the whole United States. In the state of New York, where O'Connor was best known and most highly esteemed he received only 1,454 votes. A repetition of that sort of funny business is scarcely worth while.

(Rep.) *The Commercial Gazette. (Pittsburg, Pa.)*

No matter what subterfuges or side-shows there may be there will be simply two parties, and the issue will be sound money on the one hand and debased money on the other.

(Rep.) *The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)*

The failure of the sound-money Democrats to come out boldly for McKinley does not lessen the admiration felt by all Republicans for the manly attitude of the sound-money Democrats in refusing any terms whatever from the Popocrat crew, and preferring to hoist their colors over another craft, whose sound-money timbers will at least bear aloft an honorable flag, even if it is lanced on a hopeless voyage. As we have said before, the third ticket will draw many votes that might otherwise go to the Chicago candidates, and thus indirectly help McKinley and Hobart.

(Dem.) *The Times. (New York, N. Y.)*

The movement will not endanger the sound-money cause as a national issue, for it will be supported by Democrats as such, and will draw many more votes from Bryan than it will keep from McKinley.

(Dem.) *The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)*

The Indianapolis ticket may render good service in this campaign by providing a sort of half-way house into which Democrats can be gathered while they are getting up their determination to take the only and the straight road to saving their property, their wages, and the credit of the nation from the debasement and destruction that would be involved

in Bryan's election. It will furnish a stopping place in which they can take breath preparatory to going to the polls to vote squarely for McKinley, honor, and security.

(Ind.) *The News. (Galveston, Tex.)*

The most serious drawback in the work of promulgating a campaign of sound-money Democrats for the defeat of Bryan by the election of McKinley is found in an excessive and highly inopportune solicitude of sound-money Democratic leaders to provide the framework of a distinct party organization for service more especially in state and local elections.

(Rep.) *The Telegraph. (Philadelphia.)*

Let there be no division among the friends of sound money, but a most energetic, enthusiastic, courageous, and effective union of forces all along the line.

(D.m.) *The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)*

We do not believe that the rank and file of the Populists in a single state of the Union can be induced to become tools of the money power and willing instruments in behalf of the single gold standard.

(Dem.) *The Mercury. (New York, N. Y.)*

Considering the gong-beating carried on by the "National" Democrats, they did not do much at Indianapolis. The attendance was small and the proceedings dull. The title "National Democrats," which the bolters have assumed, is not likely to be popular. The Democracy has never taken kindly to the word "nation," which implies in its ordinary meaning a people under a centralized government, rather than the union of states which Washington and Jefferson helped to found. The "Nationals" are wolves in sheep's clothing.

(Rep.) *Baltimore American. (Md.)*

Mr. William C. Whitney, who was one of the leaders of the gold forces at the Chicago convention, made the announcement that, in his opinion, events and the course of the Republican leaders make inevitable the nomination of a third ticket by the sound-money Democrats. Whether Mr. Whitney is now speaking solely for himself or for President Cleveland and his following is not made clear, but the reasons given by him do not appear to rest upon a solid foundation of facts.

THE POPULIST NATIONAL CONVENTION IN ST. LOUIS.



THOMAS E. WATSON.
The Populist Candidate for Vice President.

THE Populist National Convention was held in St. Louis on June 22. The "middle-of-the-road" sticklers for a straight Populist ticket, the delegates favoring fusion with the Bryan and Sewall Democrats, and the compromisers who advocated nominating Bryan for the presidency and a southern Populist for the vice presidency unanimously gave the temporary chairmanship to Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, leader of the compromisers. However, on the following day the faction lines were defined in uproarious discussion on the credentials committee's report. Then a contest arose for the permanent chairmanship. It resulted in a victory for the fusionists, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, being elected with a majority of 200 votes. A motion by Senator Butler was passed for the appointment of a committee of twenty-five delegates to confer with a like committee of the Silver Convention. On July 24, after hard opposition by the fusionists, the minority report of the committee on rules was adopted, by which provision was made that the vice presidential nomination should precede the presidential.

Being informed of the proceedings by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, Mr. Bryan in reply advised the withdrawal of his name in case the convention failed to nominate Mr. Sewall. Mr. Bryan's telegram was not given to the convention, and ex-Congressman Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, was nominated on the first ballot for vice president. On July 25 Mr. Bryan was nominated for president by a vote of 1,042 out of the 1,375 votes cast.

In their platform the Populists "demand a national money, safe and sound, issued by the general government only, without the intervention of banks of issue, to be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private; a just, equitable, and efficient means of distribution direct to the people and through the lawful disbursements of the government." They "demand the free and unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of foreign nations," also an increase of circulation. They "denounce the sale of bonds and the increase of the public interest-bearing debt made by the present administration as unnecessary and without authority of law, and demand that no more bonds be issued except by specific act of Congress." They oppose private contracts. They "demand that the government, in payment of its obligations, shall use its option as to the kind of lawful money in which they are to be paid, and denounce the present and preceding administrations for surrendering this option to the holders of government obligations." They "demand a graduated income tax, to the end that aggregated wealth shall bear its just proportion of taxation, and regard the recent decision of the Supreme Court relative to the Income Tax Law as a misinterpretation of the Constitution and an invasion of the rightful powers of Congress over the subject of taxation." They demand postal savings banks; government ownership of railroads and government ownership and operation of the telegraph; a land policy which shall prohibit private land monopoly as well as alien ownership of land; free homes for settlers; direct legislation, and the election of president, vice president, and United States senators by the direct vote of the people. They "tender to the patriotic people of Cuba our deepest sympathy in their heroic struggle for political freedom and independence, and believe the time has come when the United States, the great republic of the world, should recognize that Cuba is and of right ought to be a free and independent state." They favor home rule in the territories; the regulation of all public salaries to correspond to the price of labor and its products; the employment of idle labor on public works. They assert that "the arbitrary course of the courts in assuming to imprison citizens for indirect contempt and ruling them by injunction should be prevented by proper legislation." They favor just pensions to disabled Union soldiers, and an honest ballot. While subscribing to the above platform they "recognize that the great and pressing issue of the pending campaign upon which the present election will turn is the financial question."

(Rep.) *The Kennebec Journal.* (Augusta, Me.)

The men who framed it are visionaries, the men who framed the Chicago platform are plotters. The latter in event of victory could be put into

effect, whereas the Populist platform is so visionary and full of glittering generalities that there would be division immediately definitions became necessary.

(Rep.) *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.* (Wash.)

The insincerity is manifested in the action of the People's party by their indorsement of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, when they absolutely disbelieve in it and intend using it only as a stepping stone to fiatism.

(Ind.) *Public Ledger.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Populism seeks to oppose class against class and section against section. Its doctrines are impracticable and visionary, and utterly at variance with every principle of safe government.

(Dem.) *The Cincinnati Enquirer.* (Ohio.)

The exciting days of the Populist Convention will be followed by the calm and sober thoughts of the earnest men who composed that body, and they will all acquiesce in the peaceable adjustment, sure to come, of all differences in the formation of Bryan electoral tickets in every state.

(Dem.) *The Argus.* (Albany, N. Y.)

If Bryan shall be elected, there is no doubt that Sewall will also be elected. The only effect of the interposition of Watson, if it has any effect at all, will be to prevent the choice of a vice president by the people. In that event the United States Senate makes the choice, and the United States Senate has a clear majority in its membership for Sewall.

(Rep.) *The Boston Advertiser.* (Mass.)

Bryan cannot accept the St. Louis nomination without such palpable treachery to his associate on the Chicago ticket as will make the whole country cry shame upon him. He cannot decline the nomination without giving up the last vestige of hope for success at the polls.

(Ind.) *Staats Zeitung.* (New York, N. Y.)

A government grounded upon the Democratic or Populistic platform would destroy the very foundation of public and private credit—it would destroy because it would hopelessly upset and confound all the relations created by commerce, trade, and labor within the nation.

(Dem.) *The Times.* (Hartford, Conn.)

The business men of the South are as much opposed to the Populist ticket as are the business men of any other section, and they would welcome a movement that would bring them into harmonious political association with the conservative business elements in the North.

(Rep.) *The Kansas Capital.* (Topeka.)

The St. Louis convention was the last of Populism. When Tom Watson "declines" or is crowded off the ticket Populism will simply be one end of Democracy—and that the tail end.

(Dem.) *The Kansas City Times.* (Mo.)

In defiance of common sense and political precedents and usages the Populists have split their ticket and nominated a Democrat for president and a Populist for vice president.

(Ind. Dem.) *The Gazette.* (Fort Worth, Tex.)

The determination of the people to recognize but one issue in the campaign, and to vote as they pray upon that issue, has been manifested at the St. Louis convention of the Populist party and in the trend of public sentiment throughout the country.

(Rep.) *Ohio State Journal.* (Columbus, O.)

The Texas Populists do not take kindly to Bryan's nomination and there is talk of a fusion with the Republicans. We hope the latter will have nothing to do with them. Better go down in defeat with banners flying than a surrender of principles that such an alliance would necessitate.

(Dem.) *The World.* (New York, N. Y.)

In nominating Watson the St. Louis convention was more consistent than was the Chicago convention in nominating Sewall. Watson represents what the St. Louis convention stood for. Sewall, with his protectionist record, certainly does not represent what the majority at Chicago reflected.

(Dem.) *The Commercial Appeal.* (Memphis, Tenn.)

It looks very much as if the Populists had done the most impracticable thing possible. . . . They have nominated Bryan and then dissipated the strength they might have given him. The nomination of Watson for vice president means a Populist electoral ticket in every state, and that amounts to the absolute obliteration of Populist strength.

(Rep.) *The Denver Republican.* (Col.)

If Mr. Watson really wants silver to succeed in this campaign he should get out of the way.

(Rep.) *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.* (Pa.)

It does not matter that Mr. Bryan refused in advance to be nominated unless Sewall was also accepted. That may be considered simply a skilful political play to hold his grip for political use on the barrel of the Democratic nominee for second place and to retain the fealty of the more conservative of the silver Democrats and of those Democrats who are for the ticket with the Democratic label in spite of everything.

(Ind.) *The Philadelphia Record.* (Pa.)

Taken together the Populist platform and its Chicago congener of the false Democracy (for they cannot be separated in this campaign) contain a body of political doctrine the most infamous that has ever been promulgated in any free and enlightened country. Whatever is wanting in the one in threats to the rights of property enjoyed by the citizen is supplemented by the other.

(Ind.) *The Chicago Record.* (Ill.)

Mr. Bryan's decision not to accept the Populist nomination undoubtedly will strengthen him among Democrats. The plea of party fealty can now be made in his behalf with more effectiveness. It remains to be seen how the decision will be regarded by the Populists.

THE SILVER NATIONAL CONVENTION.

IN St. Louis on July 22-5 the Silver party held its first national convention. The delegates present represented twenty-five states and a poll taken showed that in their previous political affiliations 496 were Republicans, 135 Democrats, 47 Populists, 12 Independents, 9 Prohibitionists, 1 a Nationalist, and 1 a Greenbacker. Congressman Francis G. Newlands (Republican), of Nevada, was made temporary chairman and William P. St. John, ex-president of a New York bank, was elected to the permanent chairmanship. Mr. St. John's speech was one of the most notable features of the convention, being a careful exposition of free-silver principles. At its close a committee from the convention was delegated to confer with a like committee of Populists regarding a president and vice president. On July 24 Messrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan and Arthur J. Sewall, the Democratic nominees for president and vice president, were nominated by acclamation. The platform adopted by the convention affirms: "The paramount issue at this time in the United States is indisputably the money question. It is between the British gold standard, gold bonds, and bank currency on the one side, and the bimetallic standard, no bonds, government currency (and an American policy) on the other. On this issue we declare ourselves to be in favor of a distinctively American financial system. We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard and demand the immediate return to the constitutional standard of gold and silver, by the restoration by this government, independent of any foreign power, of the unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard money at the ratio of 16 to 1, and upon terms of exact equality as they existed prior to 1873; the silver coin to be of full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts and dues, public and private; and we demand such legislation as will prevent for the future the destruction of the legal-tender quality of any kind of money by private contract. We hold that the power to control and regulate a paper currency is inseparable from the power to coin money, and hence that all currency intended to circulate as money should be issued and its volume controlled by the general government only, and should be a legal tender. We are unalterably opposed to the issue by the United States of interest-bearing bonds in time of peace, and we denounce as a blunder worse than a crime the present treasury policy, concurred in by a Republican House, of plunging the country into debt by hundreds of millions in the vain attempt to maintain the gold standard by borrowing gold; and we demand the payment of all coin obligations of the United States as provided by existing laws, in either gold or silver coin, at the option of the government and not at the option of the creditor."

(Dem.) *The Salt Lake Herald.* (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

The action of the Populist and National Silver party conventions practically unites all the silver forces. We do not think that there will be any independent third ticket in the field. At the present time everything seems most propitious for the success of silver.

(Rep.) *The Toledo Blade.* (Ohio.)

The platform of the Silver convention is a résumé of popular ignorance and error. It is a sad commentary on the defective education of the American people that an organization representing a portion of them should set forth such a statement of fallacies and half-truths in sober earnest.

(Ind.) *The Republican.* (Springfield, Mass.)

We venture to predict that every silver vote in the country will be cast for Mr. Bryan, Democratic or Populist; the silver strength is now consolidated and we state simple facts when we say that this concentration of scattered political forces has never been surpassed, regarded as a simple political achievement, in American history. If the stroke be judged by the number of votes involved, it has no parallel in the history of the world. Even with a considerable defection of gold-standard Democrats it will be no child's play to defeat this power-

ful alliance of silver Democrats and Populists. The forces of gold seem less solidified than the forces of silver.

(Rep.) *The Globe-Democrat.* (St. Louis, Mo.)

Two things were made plain by the conventions which have just been held in St. Louis—the extremists of all complexions and castes have at last got into the same camp, and the Populist party has reached the end of its career.

(Dem.) *The Times.* (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The counsels of the more conservative and patriotic leaders prevailed at the last, and the result is the nomination of a ticket and the adoption of a platform that is well calculated to unite and harmonize the elements represented by both the Chicago and the St. Louis conventions.

(Ind.) *The New York Post.* (N. Y.)

The result is probably a division of the free-silver crowd into two irreconcilable factions in the ensuing election. It is hardly possible that they should come together again, but we cannot advise any relaxation of efforts on the part of the sound-money forces. Although disunited, both are enemies of a dangerous kind.

(Rep.) *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (Pa.)

The action of the Silver convention at St. Louis yesterday in suspending proceedings relative to a

platform and candidates until it should hear from the committee appointed to hobnob with the Populists fixes its political standing as a mere side-show to the Populist circus. Nor was its position bettered by the fact that it jumped in first with its indorsement of the Chicago ticket, since its action was plainly in accordance with instructions. The silverites claim to have laid down the lines on

which the Pefferites are working; but, nevertheless, their present relation is simply that of camp-followers. Between the Populist gatherings at Chicago and at St. Louis, the silverites find their occupation gone; they have dwindled to a mere subsidiary silver status, and after this week, in all probability, they will disappear entirely from circulation.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PROCLAMATION ON CUBA.

AT last President Cleveland has made a public utterance on the Cuban question, having, however, followed General Weyler's example of proclamation instead of the advice of Congress. He explains the neutrality laws as interpreted by the Supreme Court and warns all citizens of the United States and others within their jurisdiction that all violations of these laws will be vigorously prosecuted. The publication on July 30 of this proclamation (dated July 27) followed close on the heels of two Spanish proclamations (dated July 29) and a dispatch from Havana (July 27) which report ardent exertions on the part of General Lee for the United States government against Captain General Weyler's fruit embargo on Cuba (July 23). Of the Spanish proclamations, one, by Captain General Weyler, affirms that henceforth all foreigners must register upon landing at Havana and that all alien residents of remote provinces of Cuba may register before the nearest civil governor or local mayor instead of at Havana as required by a former decree. The other, by the consul for Spain, proclaims a reward of ten thousand dollars for any information which shall lead to the capture within Spanish waters of a filibustering expedition. A few days later this offer was extended by Captain General Weyler to include immunity from all responsibility to the filibustering captains and crews who shall give the desired information.

(Ind.) *Public Ledger*. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

[President Cleveland's proclamation] will have more effect in Spain than in the United States, and probably that was the expectation in issuing it. At all events it should have so much effect in Spain as to convince the Spanish authorities of the good faith of our government, and thus make them more disposed to grant its appeals on behalf of the Americans incarcerated in Cuban military prisons.

(Rep.) *The Denver Republican*. (Col.)

Whenever armed bands have been organized in the United States and transported to Cuba to fight against Spain there has been a violation of the neutrality laws. But it is no such violation to ship cargoes of arms or merchandise of any kind to the island.

(Rep.) *The Mail and Express*. (New York, N. Y.)

When the Spanish minister can force an unnecessary proclamation out of the president of the United States—a president who consistently and persistently closes his mouth on subjects where speech is generally regarded as essential and is demanded by the people—there is a screw loose somewhere. It may not be a mental screw, but it is certainly a moral one.

(Dem.) *The Argus*. (Albany, N. Y.)

It adds nothing to and detracts nothing from the consistent position maintained by this country during the present insurrection in Cuba.

(Dem.) *The Sun*. (New York, N. Y.)

It is understood in Washington that this second and stringent proclamation has been issued in

deference to the wishes of the Spanish minister, who ever since the passage of the concurrent resolutions has desired to give the world decisive proof that Mr. Cleveland feels nothing but contempt for the will of our federal legislature, and that the ferocious Cuban policy of the Madrid government has the cordial approval of the American executive.

(Rep.) *Baltimore American*. (Md.)

It appears that the executive is slowly coming to a realizing sense that there is "a state of war" in Cuba. . . . Filibusters know very well they are violating the law, and the president's proclamation will throw no new light on that subject for them.

(Rep.) *New York Tribune*. (N. Y.)

The proclamation is not a manifestation of hostility to the patriot cause on the part of the United States, though it will not unnaturally be construed in an unfriendly way by the insurgents and their sympathizers in this country.

(Ind.) *The Independent*. (New York, N. Y.)

It does not indicate that the sympathy of the United States is with Spain; only that we mean to be faithful to our international obligations.

(Ind.) *The Chicago Record*. (Ill.)

Mr. Cleveland's proclamation is not only a simple measure of compliance to international law, but it is in accord with the dictates of common sense. It ought to be obvious that until the nation is justified in beginning actual hostilities against Spain it cannot tolerate individual attacks upon that power by private citizens.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

July 6. The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching holds its fourth convention, in Philadelphia.—A convention of the National Education Association opens in Buffalo.—The National Association of Naval Veterans begins its eleventh annual meeting in New York, N. Y.

July 7. The Central Conference of American Rabbis of the "Progressive wing" of Judaism is held in Milwaukee, Wis.

July 10. Henry Ballentine, of New York, is appointed by President Cleveland to be United States consul at Alexandretta, Syria.

July 11. A letter is received by President Cleveland from the emperor of Japan thanking the United States for its attitude during the Japan-China war.—A collision of an excursion train and a fast freight train occurs on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad near Logan, Ia., in which 31 persons are killed and 39 injured.

July 15. The divorce law which has been in effect in Kansas for twenty-five years is declared ineffective by the state Court of Appeals.

July 16. The Baptist Young People's Union is in annual session at Milwaukee, Wis.

July 20. The National Federation of Afro-American Women holds its first convention at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, presiding.

July 21. A statue to John Brown is unveiled at North Elba, N. Y.

July 22. Cleveland, O., celebrates the centennial of its founding.

July 25. The Union Pacific Railroad is sold at auction under an order of court, at West Superior, Wis., and is bought in for \$10,000,000, by a reorganized company.—At a foreclosure sale in Superior, Wis., the Northern Pacific Railroad is bought in for \$13,075,000 by the reorganization committee.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Southwestern Road is bought at auction by the Illinois Central for \$1,500,000.

July 30. In the collision of an express train on the Reading Railroad with an excursion on a West Jersey Railroad, near Atlantic City, N. J., forty-seven persons are killed and many are injured.

August 3. The brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America meets at Chicago in its fifth annual convention.

FOREIGN.

July 6. The British House of Commons adopts a measure making the expenses of the soldiery in Luakim payable from the India exchequer.

July 9. By the action of the International Telegraph Convention, at Budapest, the use of the official cable code between countries beyond Europe will not be required.

July 11. The Italian cabinet resigns.—French and British warships arrive off the coast of Newfoundland.

July 14. President Faure of France escapes without injury from a lunatic who fires two blank cartridges at him at the Longchamp review.—Premier Rudini's new cabinet is approved by King Humbert of Italy.

July 15. The *Britannia* wins the Campbelltown yacht race by time allowance over the *Meteor*, *Ailsa*, and *Satanita*.

July 18. The *Ailsa* wins the Royal Ulster Yacht Club regatta over the *Meteor*.—The Robert Burns centenary exhibition begins in the Institute of Arts in Glasgow.

July 22. Princess Maude of Wales weds Prince Charles of Denmark in the Chapel Royal, London.—According to reports from China six thousand imperial troops are almost annihilated by Mahometan rebels.

July 24. In honor of the queen regent of Spain's birthday, 180 political prisoners are liberated from Havana prisons, 70 from Santa Clara, and 33 from Guanajay.—Rev. Baird succeeds the expelled missionary, Rev. George P. Knapp, at Bitlis, in Asiatic Turkey.

July 28. The Grindelwald conference begins at Berne, Switzerland.

July 31. Eight thousand and sixty-nine deaths from cholera are reported in northern Egypt.

August 1. Four thousand persons are killed by a tidal wave on the coast of Ha-chan, China.

August 2. Li Hung Chang visits London.

NECROLOGY.

July 7. A. D. F. Randolph, book publisher.—Sir John Pender, deep-sea cable magnate of England. Born 1816.

July 10. Antonio Maceo, insurgent Cuban leader. Born 1846.

July 12. Prof. Ernst Curtius, German philologist and archaeologist. Born 1814.

July 16. Edmond Louis Antoine de Goncourt, French writer. Born 1822.

July 21. Joseph Wesley Harper, of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers.

July 29. Robert Garrett, ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Born 1847.

August 10. Lady Emily Tennyson, widow of the late Lord Alfred Tennyson, poet.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The C. L. S. C. Books for 1896-97.

The first book to which the members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will give their attention this year is "The Growth of the French Nation,"* the third in the "Growth of the Nation" series published by Flood & Vincent. This book is the work of George Burton Adams, professor of history in Yale University, a high authority on the subject with which he deals. He begins the story of the French people with a simple presentation of the condition of Gaul before the Roman conquest. Then follows in regular order the Roman and German conquest and the establishment of the Merovingian dynasty. From that point the author continues the account in the same masterly style through the rise and fall of the feudal system, pointing out only the most conspicuously important events which resulted in the organization of the French nation of to-day. The volume closes with a history of France since 1815 and a review summary. As a supplement to the history of our own country it is especially important, so closely related were the affairs of the two countries in the earlier centuries.

Another book which gives a deeper insight into the character of the French nationality and points out the potent influences in the development of the French nation, from the "barbaric Frankish personality" to the time when "solidarity is not only secularized but popularized," is "French Traits."† The subjects, dealing with the social, moral, intellectual, and artistic "traits" peculiar to these people, are extremely interesting to the student of racial characteristics, and they are presented in a style eminently literary. Nowhere is the contrast between America and France made more apparent than in the chapter on "New York after Paris." Throughout this collection of essays on "Comparative Criticism" there are evidences of careful study and rare discrimination in which the thoughtful reader will see a proof of the authority of the writer, gained from his several years of residence and research abroad.

That which will soonest arouse in the busy, workaday reader of to-day a permanent interest in the sciences is a book attractively written in simple language, free from the technicalities and theoretical abstrusities of the formal text-book. Such a book is "A Study of the Sky,"‡ by Prof. Herbert

A. Howe, director of Chamberlin Observatory, University of Denver. We have only to read the introductory chapter, which contains an historical sketch of astronomy, to get a taste of the charm and entertainment in the style of the author as well as in the contents of the book. Practical observations are made possible during the first six months of the year by the descriptions and charts which show the position of many stars and constellations visible during those months. A visit to an astronomer's workshop is made by the reader, who will also be interested in the history of the telescope and the description of the sun, moon, meteors, planets, and asteroids. A large number of fine illustrations appropriate to the subject is an excellent and attractive feature of the book.

Written especially for the C. L. S. C. is "A Survey of Greek Civilization,"* by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, the well-known specialist in historical research and the author of several works pertaining to the different elements of Hellenic nationality. He shows clearly how the opinions concerning early Greek civilization, which were based upon Homer's literary pictures, have been revolutionized by the use of the spade and ably discusses the problems arising from the discoveries made by Schliemann at the places mentioned by Homer. The philosophers and their philosophy, art, and literature—each has an important place in the discussion, which fully shows the elements of the national culture of the Greeks. While presenting such a clear delineation of ancient Greek life, the author opens up a vast field for speculation and investigation, the wealth of which will well repay the student for the time spent in pursuing further such an interesting and prolific subject. Several full-page illustrations add much to the general appearance of the volume.

One branch of learning which we as Americans have somewhat neglected is the "study of art for art's sake," seeing in it no practical utility. We have therefore missed much enjoyment which "art alone supplies." So, for the purpose of awakening in his readers a love and appreciation of the beautiful rather than to add anything to the volumes of history on the subject, Prof. F. B. Tarbell, of the University of Chicago, has written "A History of Greek Art."† He opens his history with an introductory chapter on Egyptian and Mesopotamian art for the purpose of "making clearer by compar-

*The Growth of the French Nation. By George Burton Adams. 350 pp. \$1.00.—†French Traits. By W. C. Brownell. 316 pp. \$1.00.—‡A Study of the Sky. By Herbert A. Howe, A.M., Sc.D. 340 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penn.: Flood and Vincent.

*A Survey of Greek Civilization. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., D.C.L. (Oxon.). 334 pp. \$1.00.—†A History of Greek Art. By F. B. Tarbell. 295 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penn.: Flood and Vincent.

ison and contrast the essential qualities of Greek art" and thirty pages are devoted to "Prehistoric Art," a subject about which very little was known until recently. The remainder of the book is for the most part taken up with a consideration of Greek sculpture, with a single chapter on the history of painting. Almost two hundred reproductions of sculpture, architecture, and painting make this an artistic as well as an instructive production. These five books, uniformly and substantially bound in brown cloth, stamped with appropriate artistic designs, are valuable not only as literature but also as indicating the progressive spirit pervading the broad system of education which they represent. For, excellent as have been the C. L. S. C. books in previous years, none have excelled and few have equaled the present publications in literary and artistic excellence.

Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. During the warm days of summer when the whole world is living out of doors all nature seems eager to yield her secrets to the tireless student. Of all the beautiful things in nature none are more easily studied and few are less understood than trees and their leaves. A full appreciation of their beauty and utility is directly proportionate to the knowledge one possesses of the characteristics of the different species, of which there is an almost endless variety. But F. Schuyler Mathews, the author of "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves,"* thinks one might easily become acquainted with about two hundred trees and then he would have "a serviceable introduction to the life of the woods" and his enjoyment of the forest would be much enhanced. In a volume of convenient size he has carefully described over two hundred trees and their leaves in clear, lucid statements, particularly attractive and entertaining to the general reader because comparatively free from perplexing technicals to which the average reader objects. The species described may be easily identified by the numerous dainty illustrations—sketches made by the author from nature—which make a volume not only interesting and useful to the student of nature but pleasing to those who have a taste for the artistic in the bookmaker's art.

Briseis. "Away up on the heights of Scouter Hill, overlooking the wide and wooded valley of the Dee," is the place where William Black introduces Briseis Valieri,† a Greek girl—an orphan—possessing a subtle attractiveness which charms every one. It is here too that she meets

only a moment Sir Francis Gordon, of Grantly, who for a time passes out of her life. The uncle of Briseis, John Elliott, a nature enthusiast whom she accompanies on his botanical expeditions, dies, soon after this meeting, of a fever which might not have proved fatal but for a joke—"a contemptible trick" which some mischievous boys perpetrated. Briseis, left with little money and no home, goes to London to live with an aunt, Mrs. Elliott, and several cousins who so impose on her good nature that her position in the family soon becomes little better than that of a servant. While living in London she again meets Sir Francis Gordon but not until he has plighted his troth to Miss Georgie Le- strange, one type of the new woman, who lacks the maidenly reserve and *naïveté* which characterize Briseis. During Miss Georgie's absence in America, where she is attending a sick brother, Sir Francis finds much pleasure in the society of the young ladies of Mrs. Elliott's household and suddenly awakes to the fact that only one of them has any attraction for him and that his "word is given one way and his heart turned another," a not unusual complication in a novel, but one from which is successfully worked out a happy *dénouement*. It is a pleasing story, not alone for the plot into which a variety of interesting characters and odd situations are introduced but also for the vividness of the delineations by which the author makes an attractive picture of the sport to be had by angling in the waters of the Dee and the Skean and of the excitement of deer-stalking in the picturesque region of the Grampian Hills. The illustrator too has shown himself to be an adept in his art by the full-page illustrations which help to make the scenes depicted more realistic.

Other Fiction. The friends of Mary E. Wilkins may still delight in her originality—originality in plot, characters, and in descriptions; for in "Madelon"* she fully sustains the reputation she has acquired for inventive literary genius. The heroine, Madelon, is of French-Indian descent, and her swarthy complexion, her revengeful cunning, remind one of the wild man of the forest. One of the strongest characters is Lot Gordon, but every time he acts his part in the play the reader has an uncomfortable sense of his uncanniness and at once wishes for his disappearance, even as did Madelon, to whom his worshipful affection was most repulsive. But a knowledge of that fact did not prevent him from committing suicide to shield her and one whom she loved from retributive justice which their fellow-citizens were ready to mete out to them. If Lot is the strongest personage of the story the other important characters are more attractive and

* Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. Described and Illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. 330 pp. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Briseis. A Novel. By William Black. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. 406 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Madelon. A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins. 376 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

they display unexpected qualities on various occasions. Altogether it is an interesting and excellent story, worthy of study.

After reading a few pages of "Tom Grogan" * surprise is the predominant emotion, for we discover that Tom is not a man but a woman doing the work of a stevedore. She is a remarkable character, combining the tenderness of woman with the masculinity of the opposite sex. The recital of the efforts made by the members of the trades union to compel Tom to join them shows in a very pointed way the general tendency of these organizations and the evils resulting from a strike. It is an excellent story, well written, and admirably illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart.

A perfectly delightful story† and one conveying sweet lessons which all should learn is the work of Clara Louise Burnham. An acquaintance with the one Wise Woman of the story—a woman endowed with unbounded common sense, tact, and sagacity—makes one feel that though money is a desirable thing to have, wealth and nobility of character are after all far more important. The story has its strong and its weak characters and is most excellent in its high moral tone.

The very appropriate name of a pleasing, wholesome story is "The Heart of a Mystery."‡ The death of a bank cashier, the robbery of the bank, the circumstantial evidence which almost convicts an innocent man of murder, and the parentage of a lovable young woman are the secrets which give a mysterious tone to this entertaining novel. The many personages necessary to the development of the plot, which is rather unique, are generally consistent in their conduct and represent a variety of human characteristics.

Henry James is the author of a collection of unique stories called "Embarrassments."|| In each of the stories—"The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," "The Way It Came"—the author has artfully analyzed human motives and emotions with a style as charming as it is original and lucid.

"Maggie"§ is the title of a vivid portrayal of a certain phase of life in New York. Maggie is the daughter of inebriate parents and the sister of a dissipated brother, but her conduct, very displeasing to these friends, disgraces the family and causes a brawl between her brother and lover in a bar-room.

* Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by Charles S. Reinhart. 247 pp. \$1.50. —† The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. 430 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡ The Heart of a Mystery. By T. W. Speight. 331 pp. \$1.25. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

|| Embarrassments. By Henry James. 320 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

§ Maggie, a Girl of the Street. By Stephen Crane. 158 pp. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"Where the Atlantic Meets the Land" * is a collection of tales the scene of which is Ireland. The stories, all interesting and well told, reflect the grandeur and danger of the sea and the picturesque beauty of the bold rocky coast. Tragedy with very little comedy characterizes the stories, which depict several phases of life among the Irish.

A collection of tales in English dialect is called "In Homespun."† Though a similarity in style renders them rather monotonous they are not altogether without merit.

A recent volume of "Appleton's The Annual Cyclopædia"‡ registers the important events of 1895, and fully

maintains the standard of excellency for which this series of publications is noted. Among the subjects of international interest and importance treated in the present volume is that of the Monroe Doctrine and its application to the Venezuela boundary question, which is discussed in a lengthy article on "Venezuela." Fourteen pages are devoted to a detailed account of the National Guard in each state and territory of the Union, the article being amply illustrated with portraits of some of the leading officers of the Guard. An explanation of the currency and bond questions, lotteries, copyright, the Nicaragua Canal, and many other subjects of national interest is embodied in the article on the Congress of the United States, while the "Financial Review of 1895" is a summary of causes and effects of happenings in monetary centers. A description of the international exhibition held in Atlanta, Ga., is illustrated with a map and several excellent views of different portions of the grounds and the largest buildings. Among other articles prepared especially for this work by contributors of recognized ability are those on "Football," "Irish-American Alliance," "Search Light," "Polish Alliance," "Sloyd," "West Africa," and "Oleomargarine." Commerce, literature, science, agriculture, manufacturing, and ecclesiastical affairs also receive a requisite amount of attention. The large number of biographical sketches and portraits of eminent men at home and abroad, who have died during the year, forms a notable feature of the present volume. Throughout the book are numerous full-page illustrations, besides a large number of small ones in the text. A complete index to the twenty volumes composing this series closes the book, which embodies a concise, though very complete summary of current history for 1895.

* Where the Atlantic Meets the Land. By Caldwell Lipsett 268 pp. \$1.00. —† In Homespun. By Edith Nesbit. 189 pp. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.

‡ Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1895. New Series, Vol. XX. 866 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Religious.

The many eager students of the Bible will welcome the practical methods of study suggested by the superintendent of the Chicago Bible Institute in a volume called "How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit."* He gives half a dozen excellent plans, any one of which, if carefully followed, must yield beneficial results. "Fundamental Conditions of Profitable Bible Study" is the subject of the second part of this little volume, which is full of helpful suggestions.

From material gathered from the educational department of the Student Volunteer movement, the Rev. James Edward Adams has edited a small volume especially for busy pastors.† It contains many practical ideas on plans for obtaining a missionary library, themes for missionary sermons, and suggestions on conducting meetings and classes, with an extended list of literature, maps, and charts pertaining to this branch of Christian work.

Packed full of precious thoughts for laymen as well as ministers is a volume of thirteen addresses by Prebendary Webb-Peploe.‡ They were originally addressed to the Northfield Bible Conference, and written in a plain cursive style, they treat of such subjects as faith, unbelief, "True Devotion," "The Curse of Compromise," "Fellowship with Jesus," "The Rest of God," "The Peace of Christ," and "Deliverance and Service." The book is neatly bound in cloth and will be a valuable addition to any library.

A volume containing college lectures, sermons, and addresses to Sunday-school teachers, preachers, and friends, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has for its subject "The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Savior."§ In his inimitable forceful style he has presented many ideas which will be very suggestive to the thoughtful Christian minister in his efforts to win souls to Christ.

"In 'The Student's Life of Jesus'§ the main facts connected with the life of Christ are clearly and tersely presented. The author first examines critically the historic value of the four gospels and then proceeds, by comparing the four different records, to give a detailed account of the life of Christ without discussing at length any of his teachings. It is a work peculiarly suited to the needs of students.

* How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. By R. A. Torrey. 121 pp. 50 cts.—† The Missionary Pastor. By Rev. James Edward Adams. With charts prepared by Robert J. Kellogg. 171 pp. 75 cts.—‡ The Life of Privilege: Possession, Peace, and Power. By the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe. Introduction by D. L. Moody. Edited by Delavan L. Pierson. 202 pp. \$1.00.—§ The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Savior. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 318 pp. \$1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

§ The Student's Life of Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. 443 pp. Chicago: Press of Chicago Theological Seminary.

Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities.

Pertinent to the serious problem which now confronts not only every government of Europe but also the United States are the contents of an extended work on "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities,"* by the Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss. The object of the book as stated in the preface "is not merely to set forth the situation in Turkey as it is to-day but to trace the influences that have produced it." This object the author has accomplished by considering the geographical situation and physical features of the country, the habits, customs, and religious beliefs of the people, and the relation of the Turkish Empire to the other nations of Europe. In all the delineations temperate, unimpassioned language is used, which cannot but convince the reader of the truth of the facts which he has presented. That it is the duty of every Christian nation to aid the Armenians and compel a discontinuance of the pillaging, persecutions, and massacres cannot be doubted after reading the arguments of this author. A large number of excellent illustrations increases the value of the book, which is printed in large, clear type and neatly bound in cloth.

Frederick Davis Greene, M.A., also considers a phase of the eastern question, which is proving such a troublesome one to solve, in a small volume† the first chapter of which tells of the massacre at Sassun in 1894. The horrors depicted by the letters it contains from people living in cities not far from the scenes of these atrocious deeds are in themselves enough to arouse every Christian nation from its lethargy. The work contains valuable information concerning the country, the people, and the methods of government, which the author has obtained by observation in the country of which he writes. He also discusses the results of the Berlin treaty, the connection of Islam with the great question, and gives a short history of the Armenians and shows the influence of Americans in Turkey. It is a timely and valuable work, bringing vividly before the public the appalling situation in the far East, and its influence must be to arouse public sentiment in the interests of afflicted humanity everywhere, and especially the long-suffering people of down-trodden Armenia.

For additional information of a literary character and educational announcements see pages 353 to 384 of the July issue.

* Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities. By the Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss. With an Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. 574 pp. \$1.50. Philadelphia: Hubbard Publishing Co.

† The Rule of the Turk. A Revised and Enlarged Edition of "The Armenian Crisis." By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A. Fully Illustrated. 211 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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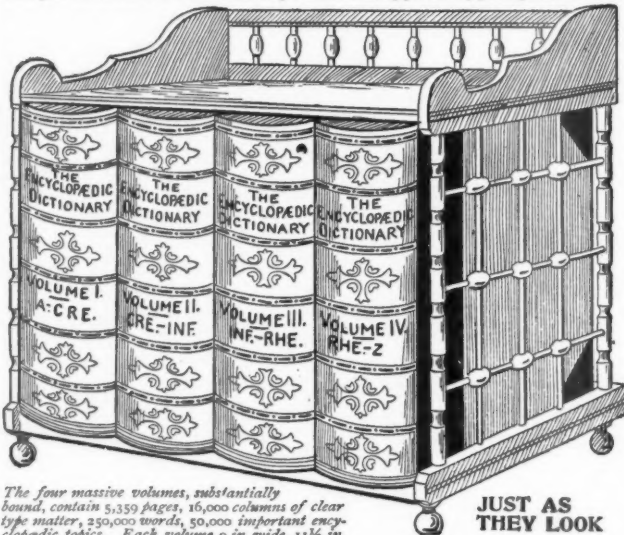
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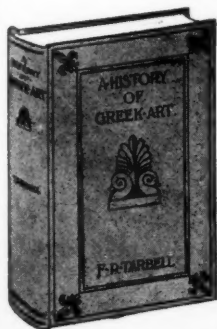
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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

The 24th Volume begins with the October Number.

Partial Announcements for 1896-97.

The twenty-fourth volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN begins with the number for October, 1896, and it may be confidently expected that the future numbers of this magazine will measure up to the high standard which it has for so long maintained. The articles to appear will be of the right length, the selection of subjects being made in each case to the end that they may be varied, popular, and timely. The contributors will continue to be representative men and women skilled in the art of popular presentation, who write authoritatively from information obtained at first hand.

A Notable Discussion of the Money Question.

The October number, the first of the new volume, will contain a timely discussion of the money question by two eminent authorities, whose engagement to write upon this important issue for THE CHAUTAUQUAN is important and noteworthy.

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The Maintenance of the Existing Gold Standard

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PROFESSOR WILLIAM G. SUMNER, LL.D.,

Professor of Politics and Social Science in Yale University.

OTHER FEATURES OF FORTHCOMING NUMBERS.

As the official organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle THE CHAUTAUQUAN will emphasize, in its department of Required Reading, those topics which engage the attention of the members of the Circle during the new year. Following this plan special care has been taken to provide a large number of articles on French and Greek subjects, by the best writers, inasmuch as the new year in the C. L. S. C. Course will be known as the French-Greek year. In no sense does the pursuit of this plan restrict the field of this magazine. The general readings will contain the usual number of articles of popular interest, while the regular departments of the magazine will be continued with constant improvement.

It is believed that the following partial announcements will appeal to the favor of the present large constituency which this magazine is pleased to serve, and that they will attract many new readers who desire to be brought in touch with the best thought and broadest scholarship of the times, who wish to secure a monthly periodical which combines in happy proportions those elements which go to make a well-balanced magazine for the home.

The French Revolution.

It is a pleasure to announce an article upon this important subject by one of the leading historical scholars of the country, Professor H. Morse Stephens of Cornell University, who will also consider in a separate paper The Revolution and First Empire.

A Century of French Costume.

An article dealing comprehensively with the history of French costume during the last one hundred years, by Alice Morse Earle. Illustrations of representative types of dress during various periods of the century will accompany the article.

Bishop John H. Vincent

will continue to select the Sunday Readings.

Greek Social Life.

A two-part paper discussing the Social Life of the Ancient and Modern Greeks, by Professor Edward Capps of the University of Chicago, lately resident in Athens.

French Biographical Articles.

An important series of French biographical articles. Mr. James Breck Perkins, author of "France Under the Regency," will write of Richelieu and Mazarin, and Professor Richard Hudson of the University of Michigan will discuss Louis XIV. and His Time. Other writers of distinction will contribute to this series.

The Geographical Position of France.

A practical discussion of the influence of geographical position and environment upon the political and commercial history of France, by Professor Charles F. A. Currier of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Plato and His Republic.

A scholarly article by Professor Paul Shorey, of the University of Chicago.

French Settlements in the United States.

A two-part paper of much historic and timely interest by Professor Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin.

Mirabeau, and the Old and New Regimes.

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French Politics, Social Life, and Institutions.

A series of five articles, among which will be the following: The French Republic, by Professor Charles M. Andrews of Bryn Mawr College; The French Army and Navy, by H. W. Raymond, an able writer and specialist upon naval topics. Other subjects to be discussed are The French Character in Politics, French Commerce and Industry, and The French Educational System.

FOUR SPECIAL NUMBERS.

During the new volume four special numbers will be issued, affording in each case an opportunity for the comprehensive presentation of a large subject between the covers of a monthly issue and facilitating the study of that subject quite beyond the limits of the ordinary magazine article or series of articles published at intervals. Following this plan the space given over to the Required Readings in four regular monthly numbers will be devoted to the consideration of several important phases of a single subject. Thus the numbers for November, January, March, and May will contain these new features: the first will be the Molière number; the second will treat, in a more general way, the subject of French Literature and the French Academy, while the remaining two will deal specifically with Greek and French subjects.

The French Literature Number.

This will be one of the notable numbers of the new year, to the success of which an especially distinguished coterie of writers will contribute. An historical survey of French literature will be grouped about a discussion of its *personnel*, to be supplemented by a critical and authoritative consideration of present literature in France. Professor F. M. Warren of the Western Reserve University will treat of the Hotel Rambouillet and the Rise of the French Academy, that historic institution of France which has numbered among its members those most famous in the world of letters. The French Academy as an institution will be described by Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*. Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia will discuss the Historic Names of the Academy, supplemental to which will be timely studies of the present French Immortals in a separate article. Mr. Thomas A. Preston, an able journalist resident in Paris, will write authoritatively of the Newspaper and Periodical Press of France, and a critical review of French Literature To-day will be given in an article of ample proportions by Vicomte Henry Houssaye, one of the present distinguished members of the French Academy.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

The remarkable success achieved by the department of *Current History and Opinion* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN has proved that this feature of the magazine meets the needs of the times and supplies the constantly increasing demand for a periodical setting forth in concise and reliable form the important history and opinion of the period. The widespread appreciation which has been accorded this department from its beginning will give stimulus to the work of maintaining its standard in the future, so that it may continue to be of the greatest efficiency to THE CHAUTAUQUAN's large constituency of readers. The numerous portrait illustrations lend an attractive character to the pages devoted to this department each month, and make of it an illustrated epitome of contemporary thought and action.

Many Other Articles

By eminent writers of which announcements will be made from time to time.

To avoid delay in the receipt of the initial number of the new volume it is urged that subscriptions be forwarded at an early date.

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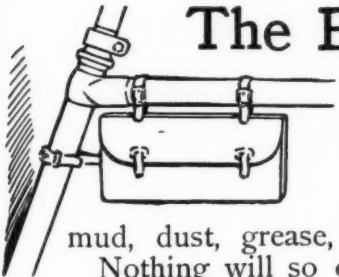
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THE FRENCH-GREEK YEAR, 1896-7.

The new C. L. S. C. year which opens October 1st brings with it a new class—the Class of 1900, the last class to graduate in the 19th century. The class has already received large accessions to its membership from many parts of the country and starts upon its four years' course under most favorable auspices. There are many advantages in beginning the C. L. S. C. course with the French-Greek year, since the student is enabled to trace in his four years' course the natural development of history from Greece, through Rome and France and Germany to England and America.

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- FRENCH TRAITS. By W. C. Brownell, of Scribners', New York. 316 pages. 1.00
- A STUDY OF THE SKY (illustrated). By Herbert A. Howe, Professor of Astronomy, University of Denver. 340 pages. 1.00
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tauqua readers expect at one time or another to visit Chautauqua or some one of the other assemblies, his class membership proves a source of the greatest pleasure. The graduates of the C. L. S. C. are already a great host and many men and women famous in the world of letters and of active life to-day are members of the various C. L. S. C. classes.

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NOTE.—This blank is only for new members joining the Class of 1900.

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In connection with the College, preparatory courses are offered for those who are not sufficiently prepared to undertake college courses advantageously. These include high school or academy Latin, Greek, Ger-

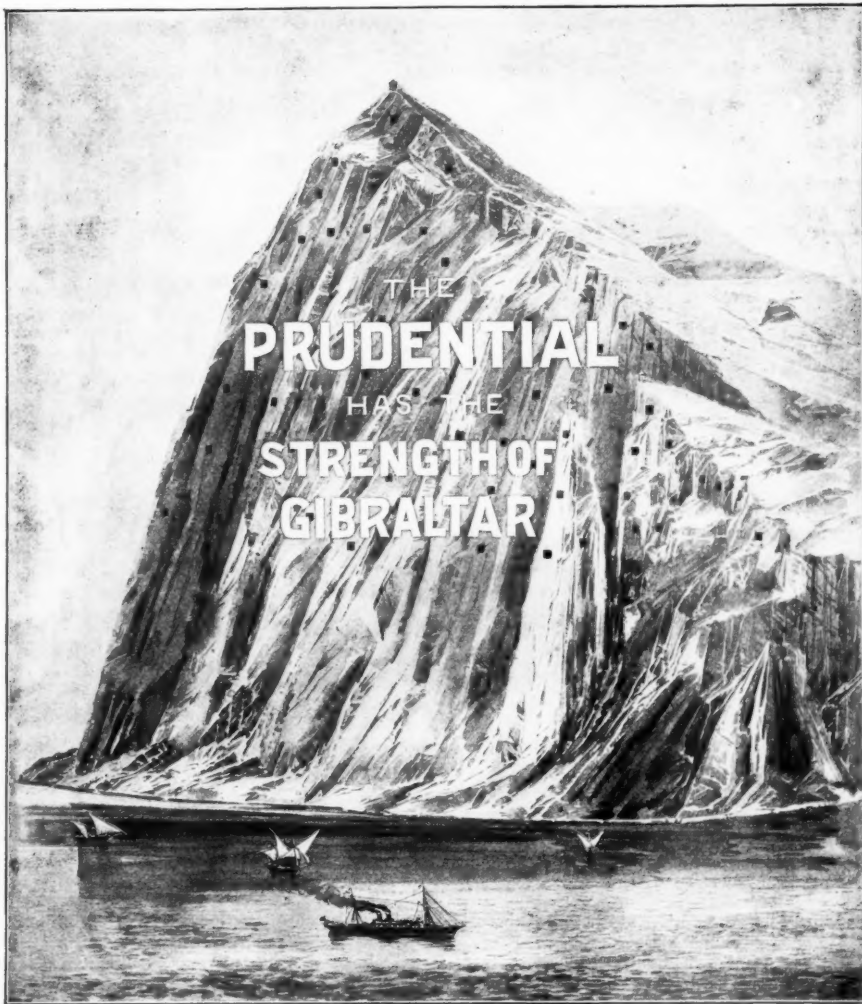
man, French, English, Mathematics, and Physical Science. The faculty is made up of instructors in leading American colleges and universities including Yale, Northwestern University, Vassar College, University of Chicago, Ohio University, University of Wisconsin, Syracuse University, Wesleyan University, and Hamline University. The courses offered in Chautauqua College are on a par with those offered in the institutions where the faculty give resident courses.

The courses in German are conducted by Prof. Henry Cohn, of Northwestern University, and include both preparatory and college work. The courses are planned logically from the literary and historic standpoint. The advanced courses are conducted entirely in the German language, no English being used. A special course has been arranged for Germans who wish to study the elements of the English language.

The School of English, conducted by William D. McClintock and Porter Lander McClintock, of Chicago, offers a very attractive list of courses. Any one who has a fair command of common school English or who can make himself understood in writing can take up preparatory work in this department. Advanced courses include Anglo-Saxon, Old English, and a study of the masterpieces of different epochs. A special course in Shakespeare may be taken independent of the regular work of the school.

In the department of Mathematics Prof. William Hoover, of the Ohio University, offers preparatory courses including arithmetic, algebra, and plane geometry, and college courses which are equivalent to those offered in the best residence colleges. Special advanced courses are offered in such subjects as Analytical Mechanics, Mathematical Astronomy, and Mathematical Theory of Heat. All the courses of this department are valuable not only for their own sake but as leading to a better appreciation and ability to grasp the exact sciences.

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WORDS FROM MEMBERS OF CHAUTAUQUA COLLEGE.

Carntown, Ky., May 25, 1896.

It is far easier for me to feel the benefits than to point out the faults of your system—if there are any. It may be considered unjust to compare this system with resident institutions but I will say that I spent a year in the State College and judging by what I did there I have derived as much this way, according to the ground I have covered, as if I had been there. Of course I have missed the associations, societies, etc., of a college which I think are of considerable advantage and I have spoken of Chautauqua merely as far as it goes—the discipline of the mental powers. I think that the disadvantages of your system are as few as could be expected and I desire to thank you for the prompt attention which you have given all my communications.

Hurley, S. Dak., May 27, 1896.

I like your system of instruction very much; it is a great help to the person who is trying to secure an education and has not the means to attend a college, or is so situated that he cannot leave home. I am getting along nicely with my studies in arithmetic, only not quite as fast as I would like. My time during the day is wholly taken up by my business. I only have a short time in the evening after I close up my store to give to my studies. I have learned at least twice as much under your instruction as I could have learned by plodding along by myself. Wishing your school a well merited success and a large enrollment of students,
I am

Monterey, Mass., June 2, '96.

I heartily endorse the methods and think it a splendid movement, especially for those who have been deprived of a higher education and have the perseverance necessary to study without the stimulus of the classroom and personal supervision of an instructor. The course I selected was the Preparatory English under Prof. W. D. McClintock and I have found it very interesting, especially Ward's *English Poets* and Beer's *English Literature*. I have been studying alone, a fact which I very much regret, for I think that where two or more study together much more might be gained and more enthusiasm exist than by individual study.

Topeka, Kans., May 30, 1896.

I can offer nothing in the way of counsel, as I consider the system now used in the college perfect. Owing to sickness I only went through the first half of the preparatory course in Mathematics and have since been unable to take up the regular work. In the time previous to my illness I covered more ground than is usually covered on one study in school, or about what would be done in review. I was much benefited and think it one of the best investments I have ever made.

Xenia, Ohio, June 2, '96.

I enjoyed my work this winter more than I can describe. It answers my desires exactly as I cannot leave my school work to secure an education at college. I have learned a great many things which I knew very little about before and have been very much strengthened mentally. I feel the disadvantages were with myself and not with the system. I might have accomplished more if I had had the time to spend.

Nashville, Tenn., June 29, 1896.

In regard to inquiries about the Chautauqua system of teaching I may sincerely say that I see no improvements which could be made upon the present methods. The particular benefit to be derived from study by correspondence is, I think, the absolute accuracy of expression which one requires, as answers to questions must be exact. The writing also helps to impress the lessons upon the mind.

New York City, June 3, 1896.

I have found the professors willing and painstaking, and although I know personal contact would add very materially to the benefits, yet where this is impossible I believe that large permanent results can be derived from the system of work.

For full information regarding Chautauqua College and a copy of the Calendar address John H. Daniels, Executive Secretary, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Always enclose stamp.

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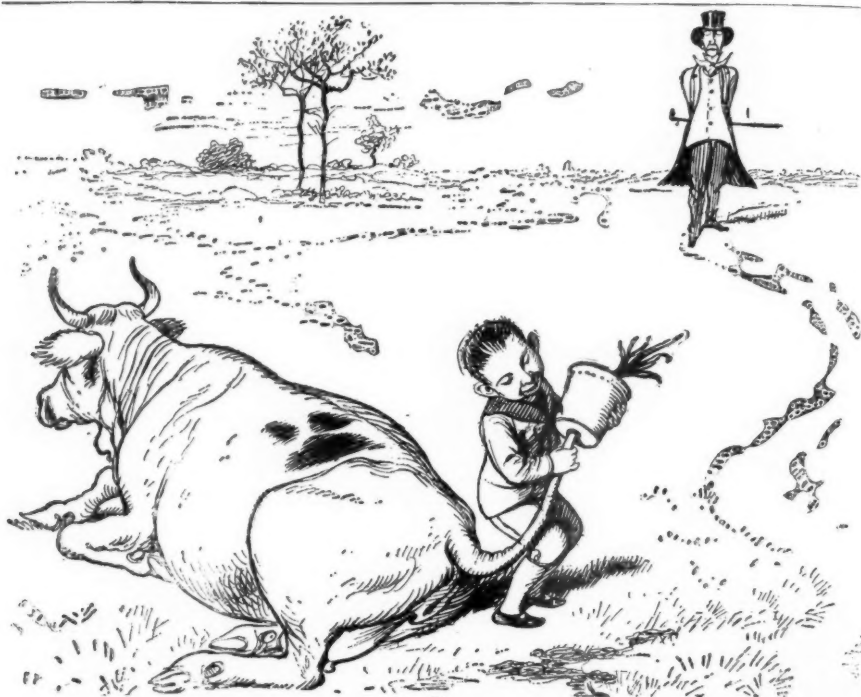
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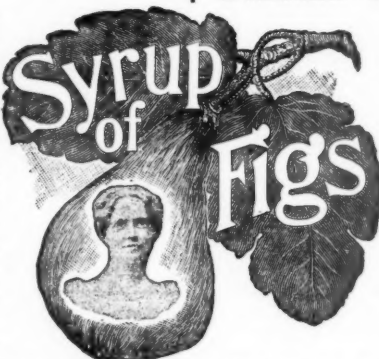


I.
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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes.

That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its



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Manufactured by CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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ITS SOLVENT POWER OVER URIC ACID DEPOSITS.

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FIGURE NO. 1.



FIGURE NO. 2.

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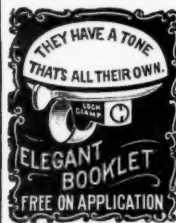
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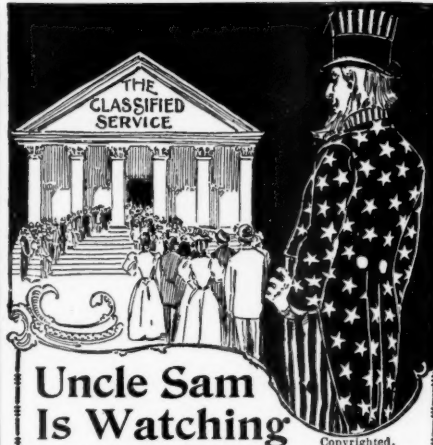
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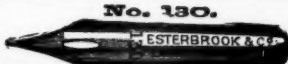
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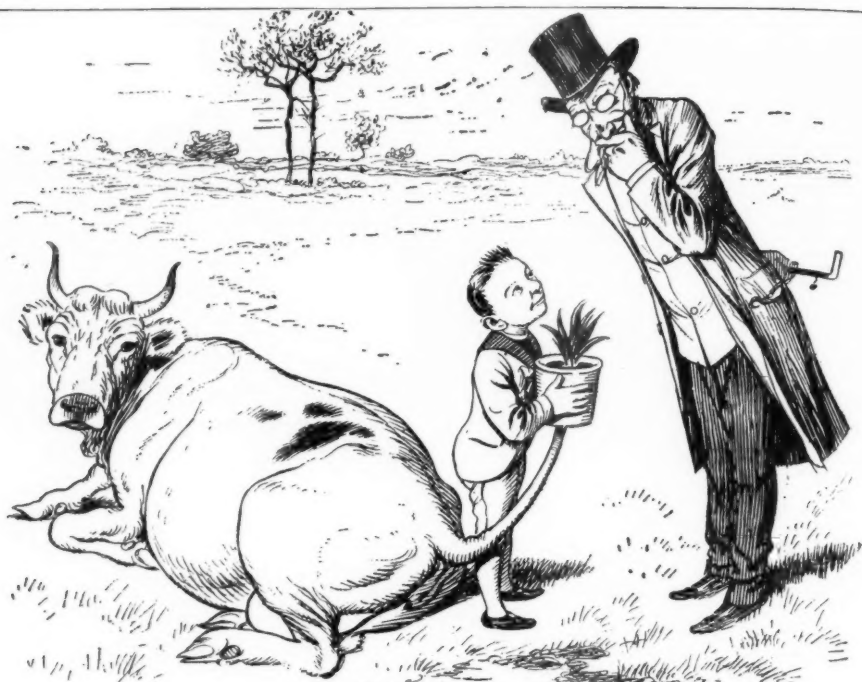
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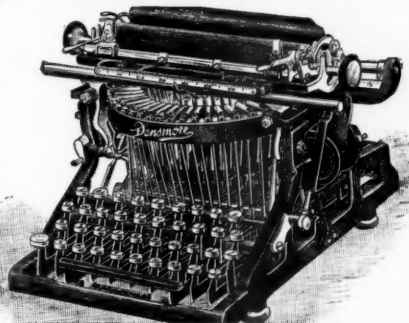
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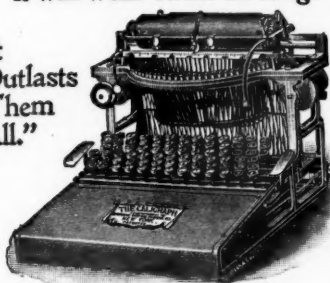
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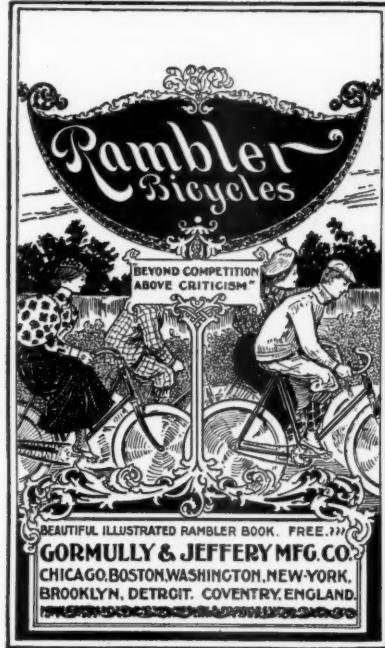
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